THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

DECEMBER 27, 1913 — 5cts. THE COPY

The Lump of Gold—By James Hopper

Chalmers—1914

The New "Six"

$2175

Fully Equipped—f. o. b. Detroit

In Record Time the Master "Six" Has Sold Itself to the Nation

Public opinion has endorsed our own belief in the new Chalmers "Six."

Record sales prove the new "Six" the most popular of all Chalmers cars. East, West, North and South this Master car has leaped to instant favor.

We began shipping 1914 cars the last of August. In September we received twice as many orders as we could fill. In October we shipped 1,111 cars—the biggest single month's sales in the history of the Chalmers Company. In November we had more orders on our books for the new "Six" than for any other model we ever built. In December, instead of slowing down for the winter, we are running the big Chalmers factory full force. The country over, Chalmers dealers have been unable to fill *all* their orders.

This phenomenal sales record is simply the result of unusual value in the Master "Six."

For the 1914 Chalmers "Six" sells itself.

We have made strong claims for the new "Six"—claims that have caused a sensation in the motor world.

Yet every claim has been proved.

The Chalmers Standard Road Test reveals the Master "Six" through a course of sprouts which can neither hide its defects nor exaggerate its virtues—a trial such as not one owner in a thousand would give his car.

This is the plan by which the Master "Six" has sold itself to the nation.

Here are extracts from a few of the scores of letters we have received from owners of the Master "Six." Read how this great new car is making good wherever motor cars are used. And please feel free to write any Chalmers owner. We rest our case for the new "Six" with the opinions of the people to whom it has sold itself.

Read What These Owners Say About the Master "Six"

Price Doesn't Indicate Real Value

I did not believe there was a car built at anything like the price that would do what this wonderful "Six" does. All I can say is that everything you claimed for it has been fulfilled in performance—and then some.

It climbs such hills on high as I never believed a car could mount. The motor is practically noiseless. The new one-motion electric starter can be described by only one word, "perfect."

You have brought into my life a factor of enjoyment for which the money I have paid for it does not begin to compensate.

W. L. HARRIS, President
New England Furniture & Carpet Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Chalmers-Entz Starter Works Perfectly

I wish to express my pleasure and satisfaction in the new 1914 Chalmers "Six" which you recently sold me. I have tried this car out very thoroughly; have been away on several long trips, over bad roads, and have yet to find a cause for complaint. I wish to state my appreciation of the perfect working of your new self-starter. Not once since I have had this car has my chauffeur had to leave his seat to crank up.

To sum up, it is a comfortable, luxurious, and in every way a satisfactory car. BERNARD LOWENTHAL, President
Acme Lace & Embroidery Co., 100 Fifth Ave., New York.

Equals Highest Priced Car

The Chalmers Model 24 "Six" you delivered to me October 11 has been in use every day since without trouble.

I have driven several high priced cars, and consider the performance and looks of the new Chalmers as good as any car at four or five thousand dollars.

W. A. CHEATWOOD, 1511-1513 E. Main St., Richmond, Va.

Didn't Know He Had Tools

You may be interested in knowing how the Model 24 in which Mrs. Tucker and I left your factory Saturday evening last, has behaved. We encountered rain, mud and heavy sand all the way from Ypsilanti to Terre Haute, Ind., yet reached Mattoon, a distance of almost 500 miles, with no trouble at all. Never had any of the tools out. In fact, I did not know what tools there were. The starter never failed.

Mrs. Tucker drove the car a portion of the time with the greatest ease. E. B. TUCKER, Secy., Daily Journal-Gazette, Mattoon, Ill.

Car Itself Better Than Our Claims

The 1914 Chalmers "Six" is, in my opinion, a better car than any other make on the market at the same price.

I bought your Model 24 without a demonstration as I was convinced it was the car I wanted and that it would ride smoothly and easily. I am more than pleased, as it has demonstrated itself beyond my expectations. J. M. REYNOLDS, 300 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Best Car for the Price

After driving my new Chalmers "Six" nearly 3000 miles I am even more pleased than when I first received it. As you doubtless know, this mileage has been distributed over not only state highways but also country roads of all kinds through the Adirondacks and Berkshires.

Its hill climbing ability, flexibility and general quietness of operation are particularly commendable. The electric starter and lighting system operate perfectly.

I consider it the best car for the price on the market today.

W. M. DEMING, General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

New "Six" Motor is Ideal

The new "Six" is the most complete and best all-around designed car that has ever been produced and I am more than pleased with the whole appearance. The motor is ideal. The electric starter is a masterpiece. You have reduced everything to its simplest form.

GEO. B. POOLE, 70 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

Prefers Master "Six" to Any Other

My six-cylinder Model 24 has given satisfaction far beyond my expectations.

The pleasure I have had with it is such that I would recommend it to any of my friends who are considering the purchase of an automobile at any price. DAVIS PEARSON, 904 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You cannot be sure of getting the best automobile value unless you examine carefully the merits of the Chalmers Master "Six" and make a careful comparison with other cars. We offer you the way to such examination and comparison—The Chalmers Standard Road Test. Any Chalmers dealer will be glad to give you this test at your own convenience. Catalog on request.

Chalmers Motor Company,

Detroit

Needs Only One Transmission Speed

The new Chalmers "Six" is designed to meet the wishes of anyone who wants a good car of moderate price and low up-keep. Nearly all people have ideas as to what ought to be in a good machine. I believe that the new "Six" just about fills the bill.

A person who never owned an automobile or drove one, could throw the switch and start the "Six." The improved disc clutch makes it easier to make a good start than a bad one. Not a jerk to it. Some of the speeds seem unnecessary. I have started on any of them, but I suppose that when you are in the mud, sand or water they ought to be used. Its speed capacity is more than I care to monkey with.

F. H. ROBERTSON, Sec. & Treas.
Hartford Western Land Co., Wichita, Kans.

Every Claim Fulfilled

My beautiful Chalmers car is giving the very best of satisfaction and service. It is all that you represent it to be.

FRED A. MAILANDER, Pres., The Mailander Co., Waco, Texas.

New "Six" Best Buy on the Market

In the thirty days since I received my Chalmers "Six" it has fulfilled every claim made for it. I have driven it over 1000 miles; I have thoroughly enjoyed every mile of it.

One of the first trips taken was through very heavy roads, but that made no difference. It pulled through 35 miles, without my once shifting to a lower gear.

This car, in my mind, is the handsomest on our streets.

I conscientiously believe that you have in the new "Six" the best automobile "buy" on the market regardless of price. It looks as if your success this season depends merely upon being able to supply cars to fill your orders.

W. E. EGLE, Waterloo, Iowa.

Easy Riding; Strong Pulling

I surely appreciate the ease with which my Chalmers "Six" carries itself over the rough pavements of our city.

The engine is a marvel. Its pulling qualities are simply wonderful. Its ability to throttle down on high speed is something in which the prospective buyer should be more interested than that the machine can run 75 miles an hour on high. The steering gear makes it glide around corners as though it were automatically controlled.

ALFRED B. KOCH, The LaSalle & Koch Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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THE LUMP OF GOLD

By JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

THE little narrow-gauge train went balancing like a tightrope walker across the last, high, creaky trestle; then rattled down into a cut, and emerging entered, with a naïve cry of triumph, its terminal, the depot of Red Dog. Only a few weeks before a heavy Concord stage, the relic of days of romance, had still galloped daily over hill and dale between the plain, the overland and this small but important mining town; but now its inhabitants possessed the customs of citizens who live along rails of steel.

A third, at least, of the population was here at the station; the men had a brushed, sleek appearance of having stopped at the washstand and of having sat in the bootblack's chair; and the girls, far more numerous, walking in twos and threes, wore light, bright-colored dresses, the very freshness of which somehow told of a very long day passed in wrappers listlessly in a stifling heat.

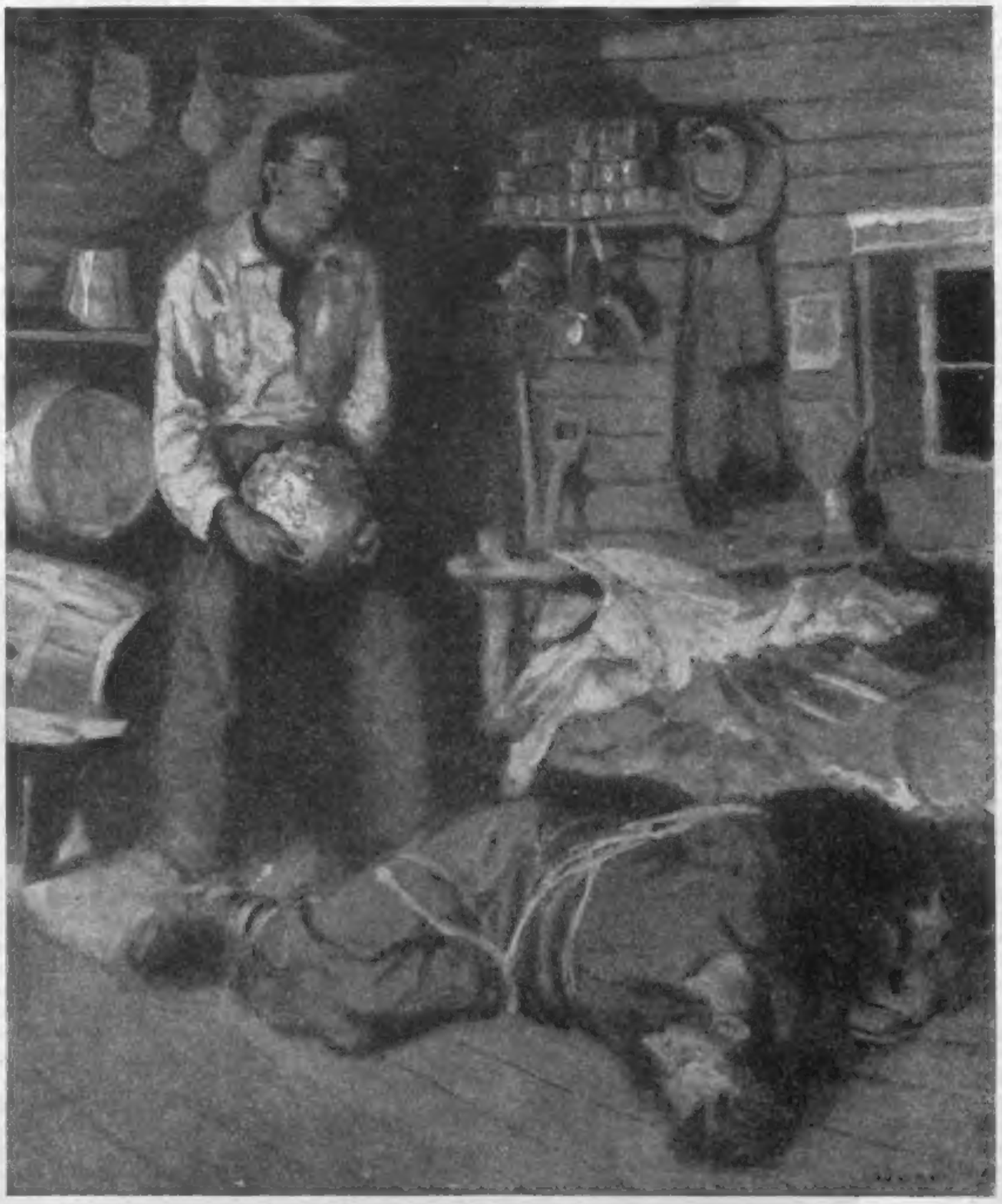
Three buses were backed against the curb; and three men, with caps, bawled simultaneously: "Grand Palace!" "Great Western!" and "Golden Eagle!" My brother, who was waiting, seized me by the arm and charged me through the giggling girls.

"I haven't brought the buggy," he explained. "I thought you would like to walk through the town for old times' sake." With which I cordially agreed.

So we walked along the main street, which, in spite of its new concrete sidewalks, had changed but little. There was yet an astonishing number of swinging doors and behind them jangling pianos; there were many boots and many sombreros; and lurid ladies loitered about, easily accepted by democratic groups. As we walked I cast side glances on my brother. I did not like his appearance. There was in his cheeks that queer redness, that sort of internal inflammation which usually announced one of his nervous breakdowns: those nervous breakdowns caused by the exaggerated multiplicity of his enterprises, his faith in men—and subsequent disillusions.

"You're near another breakdown," I came near saying; "look out!" Instead I said: "How is the pocket mine?"

Besides the vague trouble I had discerned in his rare letters, it was the pocket mine that had done most to cause my visit. Of all his enterprises nothing amused me like his pocket mining; for pocket mining is like life itself. In ordinary quartz mining you dig along a vein that contains, right along, more or less gold; but in pocket mining you start digging along a pure white vein, absolutely virgin of the precious dust, but within which—somewhere—all ready for you, lies a pocket of absolutely pure gold.



Stewart Carried the Heavy Mass of Metal Toward Us

The thing is all set for you, just like your destiny. That pocket which means your fortune may be forty-eight years of digging away from where you start, and you may stop after digging forty-seven years eleven months and twenty-nine days. Or it may be just one blow of the pick away from where you think of starting; and you may give the blow—and maybe you do not. And you may work years and quit just one scratch of your fingernail away from consummation; or you may not work at all—and one day, idly aiming a pick, you may bring down on your head the shower of gold.

"How is the pocket mine?" I asked again, for he seemed not to have heard me.

The old fresh enthusiasm flamed again in his eyes.

"Great!" he asserted cheerily. "I think we're very near something now. The indications have been good for a month. The men are all excited."

"Who have you working on it?"

"I've grubstaked Winkelmann and a Canadian named Stewart; they get one-third."

"Winkelmann!" I said, discontented. "Have you still that fellow?"

"Why not? He's always done good work for me. He's faithful."

"I suppose so," I said. "I suppose so."

He tapped my back lightly.

"Old cynic!" he exclaimed.

His bungalow was perched on a knoll above the town, which, preferring its gulch and its typhoid, called it the "stuck-up." As he climbed the slope I noticed my brother was limping.

"You are limping," I said.

"A little," he answered. "It's that last runaway."

"Another runaway?" Ever since he had left home, years before, we had been kept nervous by the series of his accidents, due perhaps to an inborn inability to take care of himself, but which at a distance took on a singular character of pursuing fatality. "What have you done now?"

"Oh, on the Big Oak Flat. My buggy broke in two. Of course the horses ran away."

We had reached the top of the knoll where stood his bungalow, but he took me first to the stables.

"I want to show you the wreck," he explained. He opened the wide door and I stood before what looked at first like a gigantic spider—an intricacy of twisted and broken spokes, rims, tires, shaft and splintered box. "I had it dragged back twelve miles," he explained proudly. "It had landed at the bottom of the Tuolumne Rapids."

"You might have left it there," I observed.

"I don't know. It's not of any use, of course, but it's an interesting—relic."

I was finding it interesting myself, as a matter of fact. Stooping, I was going over the pieces like a naturalist over fossil bones. The buggy had been one of those light, strong vehicles peculiar, I think, to American builders. There was a strong, resilient frame, set on springs, that in turn were on the axles; and on this frame was the box, with its seat. I held one side of the frame, a piece that had gone from rear to front axle. It was broken in two.

It was as my brother said—the buggy had broken in two under him. I examined the break—and was astonished. Half of the break was as it should be—a rough, irregular surface, with long splinters; but the other half was smooth to the touch—the evident work of a saw. I searched and found the companion piece on the other side of the frame. The same phenomenon was there—a smooth cut halfway through the wood; then the rough, splintered tear. Before it had yielded and had broken, the buggy frame had been half sawed through! I placed the pieces beneath my brother's eyes.

"Yes, I know," he said, with an absent-minded gesture.

We went on toward the house. As we reached the porch he turned suddenly to me.

"I shouldn't have an enemy in the world, Frank," he said to me. "Not one enemy, Frank!"

"No, George," I replied. "You should have no enemy."

"Not an enemy, Frank; not an enemy!" he repeated.

Looking at him I felt abruptly rising through me—strong—the old fraternal tenderness.

The Great Dane, tied to his kennel, barked much that night and fretted at the end of his chain; I heard him dully through the enveloping torpor of a heavy but restless sleep. When finally I woke the bark had risen to a frenzy, though I had the clear knowledge it was not that which awakened me, but a sense of absence. In a minute I knew what this was. On the other side of the room, through the darkness, my brother's cot felt empty. So sure was I that it was empty I did not pass near it as I slipped out; and it was with no surprise I found my brother on the veranda of the bungalow. He was leaning out, with both hands on the rail, searching the darkness with his eyes; while his voice, low and constrained, sought to quiet the dog's bark, which was now one of baffled anger. The night was a beautiful one—moonless, but sparkling hard with stars. The ground about the house was bare for some three hundred feet. The thick chaparral then began; and it was into its indistinct blackness he was looking with an intentness that brought his neck and chin into one taut line.

"What is it?" I murmured.

His posture changed. He drew back his head and relaxed himself.

"It's nothing," he said.

"But why do you come out here for nothing?"

"The dog wouldn't let me sleep. It's that cat, I suppose."

"What cat?"

"There is a cat that lives yonder in the chaparral. He is a domestic cat racially, but you would think him a wildcat. He's twice the ordinary size, leaps like a leopard and has the impudence of a skunk. He breaks right into my house at times and steals food from my kitchen. When cornered he'll face you and spit like animated poison. Martin—the Dane—hates him, of course, with the most vigorous hatred. It must have been that cat tonight."

We strolled along the veranda—clean round the house—several times, looking up at the stars, throwing now and then a still suspicious glance toward the chaparral. The dog's bark had sunk to a rumbling growl; Martin was chewing the cud of his disapprobation.

"Let's go to bed," said my brother abruptly.

We did that and after a while found sleep; it was probably the break in our rest that was responsible for it. When we got up the sun was already warm on the hill. My brother's Chinese servant had left him two weeks before; so we set out to cook our own breakfast, which all Californians can do. It was while engaged in this that my brother, going out on the porch, stumbled over a box lying there. He stooped and examined it.

"By Jove, we are in luck!" he cried. "Fresh trout! Ben Green must have been here this morning—early, I guess."

"Who is Ben Green?" I asked.

"He is the foreman of a lumber camp up in the hills. Whenever he comes to town he brings me trout from the stream up there." He had a hatchet by this time and was attacking the box. "Queer," he murmured as he pried carefully, "that he didn't stay to have his little nip. We must have been sound asleep."

The cover flew open with a crackling sound; and iridescent in a beam of the sun a row of beautiful rainbow trout appeared on their bed of green.

"Quick!" cried my brother, stepping back into the kitchen; "a little flour, bacon and a hot frying pan!"

It was while we bustled about these things that the dog Martin's voice rose in a roar—at first of warning, then of fury. We sprang out. On the box, which we had left so carelessly out there, an animal squatted, so large, so strangely mishapen by his posture, that at first I did not know what it was; and at the uninterpreted sight I felt a shiver rise up my spine and settle at the base of my hair. The animal sprang back, leaped the railing with incredible grace, struck the ground, and started trotting across the flat, its head high, a fish lying crosswise in its half-open jaws—and I saw that it was a cat, a domestic cat, but bigger than any I had ever seen, with heavy muscles and a powerful chest, vaguely reminding one of a stallion.

"Quick! My gun!" my brother whispered, reaching his hand within the kitchen and withdrawing it holding a rifle. He passed it to me. "Take a shot."

The cat had three hundred feet to go to reach the chaparral. It had made one hundred by the time I had the gun. It was two hundred feet away by the time I held the stock to my shoulder. I pumped the cartridge in; and just then, to my intense astonishment, I saw the cat go high in the air, with rearing forepaws, and descend perpendicularly. It lit on its tail, went over sidewise to the ground, gave one kick and lay still. I stood where I was, looking with stupor at my gun.

"I didn't shoot!" I said.

My brother burst out laughing.

"You didn't," he agreed. "You simply looked at that cat."

We walked slowly across the flat toward our unearned game. George had released the Dane, whose forward streak toward the cat was broken only by his master's decided voice. He fretted and wriggled about us, and fawningly asked permission, without obtaining it.

The cat lay there, dead beyond doubt. There was no sign of a wound on it. The fish was still athwart the mouth, which had gone wide in its last pang. We could see where the sharp teeth had torn into the gleaming, scaly flanks.

"Here, Martin!" said George. "A reward for thy diligence."

He held the fish up high by the tail, dropped it, and it disappeared into the dog's capacious cavern with one single loose clack of the jaws.

"I wonder what killed the beast," I said, turning over the stiffening corpse with my toe.

My attention went back abruptly to the Dane. The dog was standing in an extraordinary fashion, with trembling four legs apart on a wide base, exactly as I had seen a horse stand once that was bleeding to death. His eyes, turned to us, were full of a question. They became a misery. He opened his mouth in the beginning of a howl that broke off short—and he fell stiffly over on his side. He made one undulant movement there along the ground, then was still—just like the cat.

When we had gone back to the house we examined the fish in the box. They had been carefully cleaned; in the belly of each lay a wisp of sweet grass. But there was something besides the grass: in the belly of each was the sprinkle of a white powder, the very appearance of which in some mysterious manner tightened my stomach in nausea.

"We must get that analyzed," I said, going very pale.

"Yes," said my brother George.

A little later, though, hearing him rummaging about the clanking stove, I saw him stuff the last fish into the roaring fire.

"It's better not to investigate such things," was his amazing remark.

"What sort of a fellow is that Ben Green anyhow?" I asked.

"Ben Green? Oh, he didn't send that fish!" He was silent a moment. "Ben Green packs his fish in a basket. This morning it came in a box," he said.

When we saddled our horses and set out for the pocket mine it was much later than we had expected it to be; we had meant to go in on Winkelmann and Stewart at their lunch. The first part of the way was easy—a gallop through the main street and out on the road. Then we took a rough trail through corroded country, rose to the beginning of the timberline, and the trail became a ribbon that wound between huge boulders halfway up the side of a gulch, with a vertical wall on the left, and on the right a sheer drop to a foaming river. I had a gray that picked his way with the sagacity of a mule. On his back, I had no vision of the gymnastics he was performing; but the hoofs ahead, of the bay my brother rode, held my eyes with a sort of horrible fascination. Now and then we came to an amphitheater carved out of the flank of the hill, and for a moment the horses swaggered freely across soft turf dotted with mariposas.

Thus for some two hours; then we slipped down a thousand feet, reached again a land denuded and eaten up with past diggings of men, and came suddenly on the cabin, in a small circus hot with sun. The cabin was backed against the rock; higher up, down the same rock, a waterfall descended in rockets of spray to a green pool; from the pool to the house a pipe had been laid; and at the sight of that pipe I said to myself: "The men that live here live in comfort."

Nor was my impression altered when we had entered. The two men were still lingering about their midday repast; the room was blue with a fragrance of tobacco; they lounged in comfortable campchairs. From the rafters sacks of flour, hams and sides of bacon hung suspended; the shelves

We Cowered Low and Close to the Wall

bent under pyramids of tinned foods. I remembered with an inward smile my brother's proverbial reputation as a provider for those he grubstaked. Of twenty he had grubstaked, that reputation said, one worked and nineteen got fat.

These belonged to the nineteen, I thought, as, having accepted a chair, I observed them. Here it was past two o'clock and they were still about that table. They had started up from their chairs almost brusquely at our coming, but now they were again reclining on the long, low seats with an ease that was not quite an ease—that was almost an ostentation.

Stewart, the Canadian, was a big fellow, light-haired, with blue eyes, a sunbaked face and broad shoulders—"A strong man," you thought, until your eyes, running along those sinews, those powerful lines, came with astonishment on a chin that ran into the neck like water—a chin that was not a chin.

Winkelmann, the German, had changed very little since I had last seen him; he was still the same squat, powerful, black-bearded man, with that same you-know-me assumption of great frankness in his speech, and with that same something about him which I did not like—that subtle something which had baffled me when I had first known him five years before; which, since that, had puzzled me often as I remembered him; and which even now evaded me irritatingly—a something I did not like and could not name.

He rose after a while, finding that we had not eaten, and prepared us a lunch. He handled the pans with a sort of diligent tenderness which proved him to be one of those bachelor bon vivants one finds occasionally among prospectors; and the results were worthy. His hot, burning biscuits were perfect; his coffee, aroma itself; and the small rainbow trout—yanked out of the stream but two hours before, he explained—were so delicately crisp that one took them by the tail and ate them right down from the head.

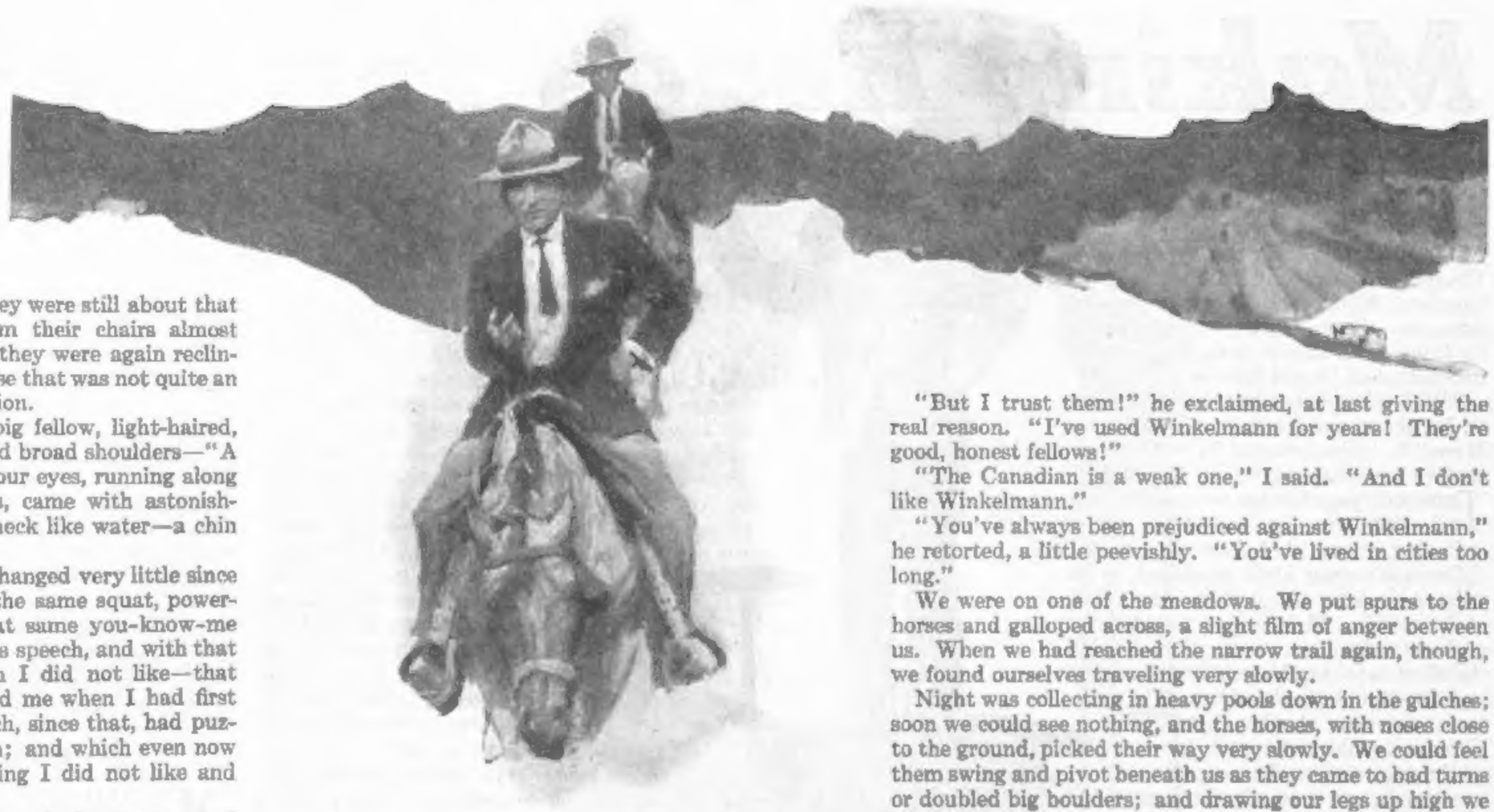
With our biscuits open and spread before us, he said:

"Wait a minute!"—and tiptoed to the corner of the cabin, where stood a great cask on a flat stone. He reached down into it and returned with a pat of butter, firm, cold, white, with little drops as of dew on it.

"You have a good cooler there," I said.

"Best in the world!" he answered heartily. "Keeps things safe—where we want them—away from heat, prying hands and beasts."

The Canadian was looking at him with a sort of begging expression in his china-blue eyes. Maybe the Canadian thought it better not to draw our attention to their comforts; but the boastful German did not seem to understand.



We Took a Rough Trail Through Corroded Country

"Just come and see that cooler—just look at it!" he shouted invitingly.

I rose and went to the big barrel, and admired it. The pipe from the waterfall behind the cabin entered here and dripped into the barrel a musical and cool trickle. A hole cut into the barrel halfway up from the bottom let out the overflow. Above this little lake of cool, ever-changing fluid small shelves held the meats, the eggs, the butter and the cream.

"You're a wonder, Winkelmann!" I said. Looking down I could see my face reflected in the diminutive pool—and, beneath, the bottom. "It's strange," I said idly, "how near the bottom looks through clear water thus."

"Yes—just like in a creek, isn't it?" said Winkelmann.

"Just as in streams," I agreed.

"Only more so," prompted the German. "More so—ain't it?"

"It does seem more so," I agreed, my mind not really on what we were saying.

I turned away; and as my glance fell on Stewart I was surprised at the way his eyes were still glued on his partner. And now his expression was one in which admiration struggled with awe. "He envies the German's ease," I thought.

We were still loitering about the table late in the afternoon, and it was almost timidly that my brother at last suggested we look over the pocket mine. We went out—all four—and entered the tunnel. It was, of course, a small exploitation; we had to bend double—at times to crawl. All along here a small white vein, virgin of gold, had been taken out in the hope of coming at last to the pocketful of pure gold.

Probably several generations of miners had come here and hoped and toiled—and finally had given up. My brother's men had been at it a year. He pointed to the place where they had started. "And we were here a month ago," he said later.

A few steps farther we came to the end of the tunnel and faced the small white vein. His workmen had certainly done wonderfully little in the past month! I spoke of this to my brother as we were riding back.

"They haven't done much in the last month, have they?" I said.

He smiled.

"They've let up a little in the last month; but they were working hard before. There have been several holidays this month—and the rock is hard."

"It didn't look so to me," I said. "What arrangement have you with them?"

"I grubstake them; and whenever a pocket is found they'll get one-third."

"But supposing that they do come on a pocket—a fortune like that," I objected; "what is to prevent them from keeping the fact secret and getting away with all of it?"

"Oh, I inspect the workings pretty often. We're near something good too; I've been expecting it for a month. Then the only way out is along this trail and by the town. They couldn't leave very well without my hearing of it."

"Pretty thin guaranty!" I growled.

His Voice, Low and Constrained, Sought to Quiet the Dog's Bark

"But I trust them!" he exclaimed, at last giving the real reason. "I've used Winkelmann for years! They're good, honest fellows!"

"The Canadian is a weak one," I said. "And I don't like Winkelmann."

"You've always been prejudiced against Winkelmann," he retorted, a little peevishly. "You've lived in cities too long."

We were on one of the meadows. We put spurs to the horses and galloped across, a slight film of anger between us. When we had reached the narrow trail again, though, we found ourselves traveling very slowly.

Night was collecting in heavy pools down in the gulches; soon we could see nothing, and the horses, with noses close to the ground, picked their way very slowly. We could feel them swing and pivot beneath us as they came to bad turns or doubled big boulders; and drawing our legs up high we sought to escape broken bones.

We had reached the last long cañon. Beneath our left stirrups was the void, with the river down there somewhere, visible only now and then as a bubbling and dissolving whiteness, like the face of an angry ghost; on our right the wall, which our shoulders touched at times, rose steeply to pine-crowned heights—and suddenly, far up there somewhere, we heard a great crackling through the underbrush.

"A bear!" my brother called back to me.

The sound was, in fact, like the precipitate and ludicrous flight of a startled bruin; but now it increased in volume, hardened its quality—it was not a bear. Something immense and growing in bulk, something solid and massive, was bounding down that hill with increasing speed, with lengthening leaps.

"A slide!" my brother shouted as we lowered ourselves along our horses' flanks. There was a roar, a hiss, almost a whistling sound, and a great rock sizzled by over our heads like a meteor, and went crashing hugely down the cañon into the river.

"It was a rock," said my brother, in the stillness that followed.

And then, as he said it, we heard again far up above us that same preliminary crashing through brush. We sprang away from the horses, cowered low and close to the wall, and drew them up as tightly as possible, while in long, elastic bounds, with a sort of wild, increasing, reckless joy, the thing came down on us again. Like a bolide, a great rock passed over us, ending its free parabola in the river.

Three times more, as we crouched there in the darkness, a great boulder ran down the hill toward us, missing us through its sheer impetus. Then finally silence returned to the mountain gulch and immobility. The soft champing of one of the horses came to us in singular and sweet reassurance; we rose on our cramped limbs and were able to speak.

"I think it is all over," my brother said, whispering, as though a full tone might throw the mountain down on us.

"I think so," I agreed.

After standing very still for a while longer we rose into our saddles and went on.

"It was a bad slide," my brother said.

We reached home with a longing for it—a longing for the lamp, for dinner, for our beds; but were confronted, instead, by the view of an unpleasant duty left undone. Returning from the stable to the house we came on the dead dog and the dead cat stretched there as we had left them; so by the light of a lantern we dug a hole and laid them side by side, as though they had been friends.

It was late by this time; but then, after our hasty meal, as we were all ready for sleep, we found ourselves taken with an unaccountable dislike for our beds. Seated on the veranda beneath the stars, we consumed several black cigars before, at last, the dictates of common sense triumphed and sent us to our well-earned rest.

I slept badly; nor was it a long time before I woke. I found myself on my back in my bed, with my heart pounding in my chest as though a moment before, in my sleep, I had been frightened. There was an electric taste on my tongue, but now, as I lay still in the darkness, all my senses fairly pumping at the void about me, there was nothing to make me afraid, nothing to see, nothing to hear.

The house was absolutely quiet; then I heard on the other side of the room my brother's breathing. He moaned once, and a curtain swelled whitely to a cool breeze from

(Continued on Page 35)

Making Heads for the Road

By RUFUS STEELE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

I FIRST heard the name of Mitch Carmany when it was being tossed back and forth in a conversational bout by two trainmasters and a division engineer. The four of us sat in an anteroom at headquarters. Each waited to see the general manager—the trainmen being by no means his immediate inferiors who had come in to report, but his old friends.

"While I'm sidetracked here to chin the G. M. about nothing in particular," said Meredith, trainmaster at West Oakland, to Overton, trainmaster at Bakersfield, "I'm wondering what has become of young Mitch Carmany—he that did a bit of switching in my yard some time back."

Overton's chair arms squeaked as he twisted his bulk and flashed a gray look at Meredith. McPherson, the division engineer at Sacramento, shook his head in the effort to take in Meredith with one eye and Overton with the other. That mere mention of the mysterious Carmany could rouse such interest on the part of these three captains of men was enough to open both my ears.

"Why the mischief do you ask me?" Overton exploded. "I haven't seen his tail lights in four weeks—not since we got through clearing the cave-in at Tunnel Nine, at Tehachapi."

"Then you didn't shunt him into the derailer?" asked Meredith.

"Did I shunt him? Say!" Overton's words were like red-hot bolts being tossed to a riveter in the shops. "Somebody stole him on me—that's what happened! When I find out who the thief is just watch me tie into him!"

"I wouldn't get hectic," admonished Meredith. "Same thing happened when I had him."

"You chumps might have known enough to keep an eye on his markers," cut in McPherson. "Didn't I have him ahead of both of you? And didn't he streak away from a great future with me, just like an engine with the throttle caught? The wonder of it all is this: When he left me he was an assistant engineer who had just spent a million dollars for the company; and two weeks later he was working as assistant to a one-armed switchman over in Meredith's yard at West Oakland. What did it, Meredith—insanity or hypnotism?"

"You wouldn't hate me so if you knew the truth," said Meredith slowly. "It's funny; but I swear I don't know how I got Mitch Carmany any more than I know how I lost him a good many months later. What do any of us know about him, except that he has more mystery and more red neckties about him than any slick youngster that has broken into the company's payroll in a long time?"

McPherson hauled out his brier and loaded it to one-hundred-and-ten-per-cent capacity. He was a busy man, who got in his smoking together with his talking.

"I inherited Carmany, though I never knew just how," he said as he put the match stub carefully back into his leather case. "He was a college-cut engineer, but for some reason his first work was in the accounting department. He didn't stick there any more than he stuck in other places. When he came to me at Sacramento as temporary assistant I found that he knew the town by reason of having spent several months there once in the stores department. He had wrestled iron pipe and gate valves, and he knew engine supplies like a hostler."

The Disappearances of Carmany

"I WAS just starting the double track from Sacramento to Garden Junction. After he had set stakes for the gangs a couple of months I began to have some respect for the engineers the colleges turn out. When it came time to build the new terminal at the Junction, with a hundred miles of track and two humps in the yard—not to mention roundhouses, shops and buildings—Mitch Carmany had got to where he wasn't any more useful than my right arm and I made up my mind to push him in as resident engineer in charge of the big work.

"Of course I didn't take chances on spoiling him. I made him so miserable for a week before the Garden Junction promotion that he thought it was a crowbar instead of a blue pencil I was handing him. In his first six months there he made so good that I planned to keep him with me until I died of old age. He was a hummer!"

"Remember, he has hummed a little for us too," said Meredith, as he reached for McPherson's tobacco.

"But he was more than an engineer," McPherson went on. "He savvied mix-ups like a lawyer. You know how the congestion after the San Francisco disaster made the operating people holler for track room at Garden Junction faster than we could lay and ballast. Every time Carmany got a mile of rails down they would jam the siding full of boxes before he could get his track surfaced. Carmany locked the switches—the switchmen used crowbars. Then he spiked the track—the switchmen fetched the clawbar.

"When the Gang Arrived for the Funny Business They Knew Better Than to Rough-House a Friend of Red's"

Mitch schemed to get Tom Risley, the head switchman, alone and talk sense with him. When he found that logic didn't mean anything to a switchman he put down his blueprints and sailed into Tom with a corkscrew punch he never learned at dancing school. Just as soon as Tom could see that logic was as necessary as lanterns in railroading Mitch let up. After that they got along.

"The lad worked out a new trick in geometry. He showed us that it was a mistake about a straight line being the shortest distance between two points. A farmer near the Junction had a hog spring exactly where one of the tracks was to run. He wanted a fortune for right-of-way—you'd have thought the spring spouted champagne! Carmany tried to go ahead. The farmer got a sixty-day injunction on him. It was then Mitch proved that a curve—a bend no locomotive engineer could see at all with a cinder in one eye—was about fifty-nine days the quickest distance between the two ends of that siding. The way Carmany went round the mudhole has still got that farmer guessing.

"Mitch's troubles came in bunches. I had told him to get up one roundhouse with double shifts. The stores department sent him the roof timbers but mislaid his requisition for the bedplates. Carmany straddled a gasoline jigger, rolled down to Sacramento and flew into the bunch in the stores. The last time they had seen him he was one of their own clerks; now he was an engineer who knew everything about them he needed to know, and the things he did round the place that morning weren't forgotten for a year. He had to hurry to get home ahead of his bedplates. A deputy sheriff was occupying the office shack. It seemed dirt was needed for a fill in the yard, and the steam shovel, obeying Mitch's orders, had tackled a county road that had been turned over to the company but was not formally vacated.

"I guess the deputy would have pinched the entire three hundred men if he hadn't fallen down on trying to write Greek names into warrants. Mitch tried logic. The deputy didn't recognize logic at all and the star he wore wouldn't let Mitch teach him any. It happened that the county supervisor for the district was making an open-air speech in the village, boosting his own reëlection. Mitch hurried over, gave the orator a distress signal and tried to whisper to him. The supervisor was fussed up at being interrupted and shouted that he didn't have time to hear the troubles of a corporation that oppressed the people."

Patrolling With a Broomstick

"MITCH climbed up on a drygoods box and told the crowd just what had happened. 'Our three hundred men are stopped from work,' he said. 'Their wages stop too. They've been spending about a thousand dollars a day in your town. Don't you think the supervisor ought to call off this deputy sheriff when he knows there is no actual violation of the law or the public rights?' The crowd said 'Yes!' so hard that the supervisor ran all the way down to the shack to hoist the deputy.

"Mitch had built an oil tank like a baby roundhouse on a hilltop and stuck some steel water tanks up in the air; and wherever he set an oil column beside the track he raised a water column, too, so locomotives could smoke up and tank up at the same time. He walled up a mountain cañon for a reservoir to supply this water, and when he started to lay pipe down the mountain he got into a peck of trouble. The Blank water concern, a local company, claimed about every piping right that existed in that part of the earth's surface. Carmany knew he would win out in the long run, but he needed water right away. Mitch worried his man until Blank came down here to row with the G. M.

"Mitch worked a gang all that night and laid his pipes. For the next week a half-witted fellow from town patrolled the pipeline with a goose gun. Neither Blank nor his lawyer dared go near enough to the half-wit to argue matters. And not until the company's rights had been established did Blank learn that in making the half-wit's goose gun Mitch had used a blackened broomstick for the barrel.

"Carmany's turntables would have satisfied a jeweler. He put the finishing touches on his big job in great shape. I went down to the Junction to reward him with a little piece of information. 'Now you're through here,' I told him; 'and just to show how I feel about your work I'm going to keep you on the division right along.'

"'What's my future?' he wanted to know.

"'You'll be regular assistant engineer,' I promised him. 'When I die or get promoted you'll be division engineer. In time you ought to become district engineer, and a bright one like you might even get to be assistant chief engineer of the system by the time the frost is on his whiskers.'"

McPherson stoked the brier evenly with a pencil.

"Well, what did Mitch Carmany say to all that?" demanded Overton, the gigantic trainmaster of Bakersfield.

McPherson grinned and replied:

"He said the company doctor had told him I'd likely live a million years. I thought, of course, he'd jump at the chance of being my permanent assistant. He promised me his answer the next day—and next day he was gone. He vanished as clean as a mogul engine crossing a tissue-paper trestle. I gave up searching when I found he had

settled all his affairs and taken all his red neckties with him. It was two weeks before I knew that the idiot who had been drawing pay as assistant engineer of my division was putting in ten hours a day learning switching at West Oakland yards. I was too peeved to go after him, but I'm willing to forgive him now and take him back; so I've come down to see whether ——"

"Yep; Mitch Carmany learned switching under One-Wing Jackson in my yard," corroborated Trainmaster Meredith. "He arrived one day with a card from the Old Man telling me to put him on at the bottom. He didn't look much like a fellow who had been frittering away a million of the company's money, and you know he always got tonguetied when you asked him about himself. The roughnecks of the yard crew didn't fall in love with him. I guess any college man might have hard work learning the password of that bunch. One-Wing treated Mitch pretty well; but as soon as he got to running with the cannon-balling crew between the Mole and West Berkeley his merry time began. One fellow didn't want to pair with him for fear he would leave a switch open.

"Red Flanigan told Mitch he was engineering a plot to chuck him under the wheels down in the furniture-factory sheds. Now Red's pet goat was that he was a born orator. He could string words together faster than he could cars, even if he didn't know what they meant. About the time somebody was to be scared into thinking he was going under the wheels over on the furniture tracks, Mitch had Red Flanigan rolling off speeches to him on a car *roof*, and when the gang arrived for the funny business they knew a lot better than to rough-house a friend of Red's."

Mitch Wants to be a Wiper

"I WAS ready to make Mitch an assistant yardmaster when the Old Man told me to set him to firing. He spent three months in the cab of a switch engine; and when I asked whether I could do something for him, meaning could I get him a regular fireman's run, he said what I could do was to give him a crack at the regular examination for locomotive engineers. He hadn't wasted a minute in that cab; and when we put him through a stiff exam. he won his papers hands down. I told him he would have to stay in the left-hand seat until he had served a fireman's full time, when I would get him rated an engineer; but the simpleton begged me for a job in the roundhouse.

"'Why, you'd have to break in there as a wiper,' I said.

"'That's me!' he says. 'Lemme wipe.'

"By this time I'd given up trying to make him out. He was the first man ever to make a practice of falling out of a good job into a rotten one in my yard without the aid of liquor, and I passed him up as the original human pigs-in-clover. When he wasn't wiping he was packing the jack round. The gang had him picking up all the hot iron in the place. He hadn't been setting locomotive valves very long before he invented one that was easier to set.

"When I had made up my mind Carmany was sane enough on everything except how to get ahead I began to do a little planning. I saw a good future for him with me."

McPherson and Overton snorted in unison. The West Oakland trainmaster disregarded the sarcasm and went on:

"I fixed things so Mitch could leave the roundhouse and ride trains with me for a month. After that he rode trains alone and made suggestions for improving the switching at different points, and usually his suggestions were good enough to try out. I had something in view for that fellow. You know my specialty is jockeying the circus trains so all four sections will hit the haytowns in time for the big show without holding up the limited to let the elephant get by. Well, I had Mitch chaperon the Wild West Show over the division under my eagle eye, but without a word from me. 'If he gets through without knocking the paint off the Indians,' I said to myself, 'I'm going to make his eyes stick out by offering to make him my assistant.' We told the show good-by at San José and deadheaded back to West Oakland; and the next day that fool had—had ——"

"Had what?" snapped the trainmaster of Bakersfield.

"You can tell better than I," Meredith answered resentfully. "I lost him and you got him. When I heard of him again he was an assistant trainmaster, all right—but your assistant, not mine. You never got that fellow on a waybill. Did you kidnap him?"

"Kidnap nothing!" rumbled Overton from the depths of his bulk. "Two of my freights went off into the alfalfa at the same time and this Mitch Carmany was shot down from headquarters to help out in the emergency. He picked up his little wreck in a way that made me willing to have him round. He wired somebody or other and got permission to stay. In a week he was my assistant. After a long day of working with the tourist traffic, which seemed to be his hobby, he would stick at some lonely crossing half the night exploding torpedoes under unsuspecting engine men. When he caught an engineer off guard he would take a ride with him in the cab and talk matters over. He always made out reports on the boys, but I think usually he didn't have a stamp to mail the report.

"Mitch had been with me about a year, and his end of the division was in such nice shape that I wanted to adopt him as my son, when Tunnel Nine caved in. The hole was being retimbered, you know, and the timbers got afire. We sealed the tunnel and pumped it full of carbon-dioxide, but the cave-in had already occurred. I got Mitch on the 'phone and told him to make Tehachapi quick in any way he could and turn it into a division point.

"I knew we'd have to turn trains back from both ends of that closed tunnel and transfer passengers and baggage round it. In forty-five minutes the operator at Tehachapi gave me Mitch's O. S. He had gone over a mountain in an automobile without waiting to build a road. The front wheels of the automobile had all they could do to beat the rear wheels down that mountain.

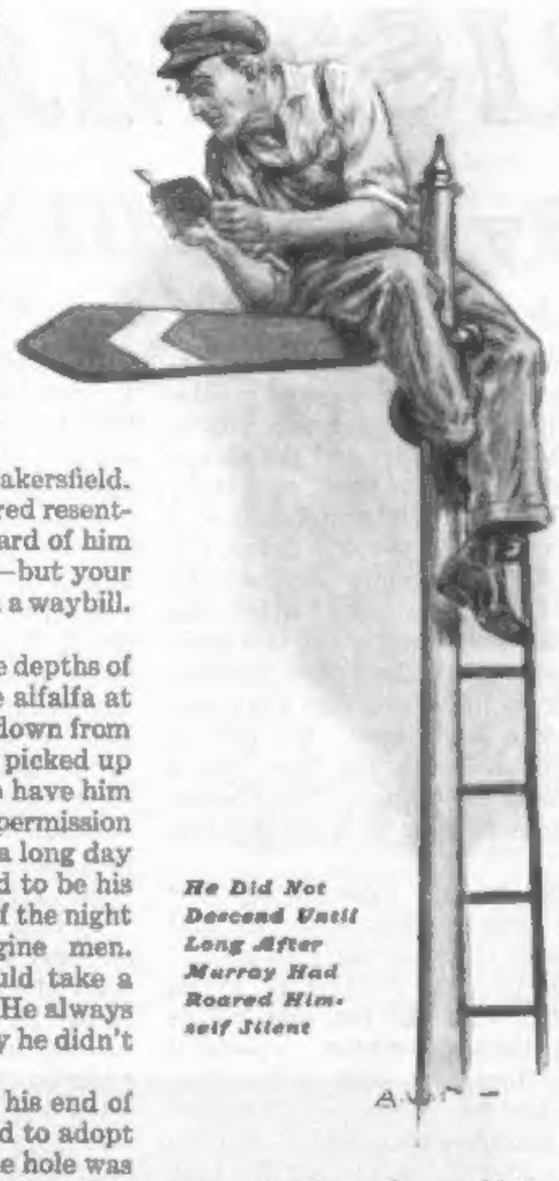
"Mitch had things ready in three hours. He grabbed all the box cars in the neighborhood, ran them on to a siding and turned them into eating and sleeping quarters for trainmen and for the gangs of workmen that were already arriving to tackle the tunnel. He took passengers off trains, whisked them in autos round the tunnel over a road he had scraped in a night; and presently the regular trains were almost on the schedule. He didn't stop at that—he jollied the passengers in his autos and made them feel that they were having a great lark at the expense of the company.

"The grub trains were delayed somewhere. The trainmen eating dinner in the box cars began to holler for something besides prunes; the Greek tunnel busters were about to go on strike. Mitch went over and let a grocer tell him a story of hard times and bum business. Then Mitch bought out the grocery store and staved off a mutiny.

"The tunnel was cleared in three weeks. The day after trains began to go through I went down to Tehachapi to thank the boy in person; but he—he ——" Overton stopped speaking and began to sputter as if his collar choked him.

"I can guess," said McPherson; "the son-of-a-gun had skipped out!"

"I found his final reports," Overton supplemented—"that was all. I wired in that the assistant trainmaster had mysteriously disappeared and got an answer saying it was all right. I don't understand it. In my thirty years with the company I've never known another case like it. I shouldn't have guessed that a young man—even a crackerjack—could turn somersaults in the face of every tradition and rule of the railroad game."



He Did Not Descend Until Long After Murray Had Roared Himself Silent

"Nor I!" exclaimed Meredith.

"I don't claim to savvy it either," McPherson agreed; "but I'm free to say I've forgiven Mitch Carmany. I'm down today to see if I can get him back. My division needs ——"

"You robber!" roared Overton. "You want to steal my man on me, eh? I've come here today to ask the G. M. to find Carmany and chain him to my division for keeps ——"

The Old Man Explains

THE door of the inner office opened. The general manager stepped out. Three men leaped for him simultaneously, but it was Meredith who first laid a hand on the G. M.'s arm and shouted:

"I've come after Mitch Carmany and I've got to have him. Where's he hiding?"

McPherson and Overton tried to say about the same thing at the same time. The general manager swept all three faces with a comprehending eye and commanded silence with a gesture that would have caused any locomotive engineer to reverse his throttle. Out of the open door of the inner office came a cheerful young man, with bright blue eyes and a noisy cravat.

"Mitch!" shouted his three former bosses. The young man gravely shook hands with each of the visitors.

"Gentlemen," said the general manager, "I'm sorry I can't turn Mr. Mitchell Carmany over to any of you. The fact is I may have to turn one of you fellows over to him. He is going to be our youngest division superintendent."

Overton got his voice first.

"Say, what does all this funny business mean?" he rumbled.

"It means," answered the G. M., "that you fellows have been kindly helping to train Carmany for his present position. I dare say the young man has seemed somewhat erratic in his movements to all of you, but really the fault is my own. We have been so busy during the past two or three years that I haven't taken time to explain the new student system even to my oldest friends."

The student system of the Espee began in 1904. In that year Vice-President Julius Kruttschnitt—with the personal approval of E. H. Harriman, it is said—promulgated a plan he had worked out for a short cut to the official chairs of the company for young men whose feet could bear to have the thorns set close together. The ancient system of letting men's works prove their worth had not ceased to bring the fittest to the top, but it had the fault of delivering men whose youth and enthusiasm had been pretty well spent in getting there.

This road regularly made a practice of investing in its men who proved themselves; Kruttschnitt

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"Mitch Sailed Into Tom With a Corkscrew Punch He Never Learned at Dancing School"

CHRISTMAS PREFERRED

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THERE was a row downstairs in Europe. Its reverberations rumbled through the underworld slums of Continental politics, and on a far-away frontier hillside a little band of earnest-eyed gentlemen rose suddenly from behind a rock. Each was attired prettily in an accordion-plaited white skirt and red sheepskin boots amusingly turned up at the toes; and each, besides, carried a neat small-bore Mannlicher-Schönauer of the latest, most highly perfected killing power. Across the valley, it happened, an equally picturesque band was to be seen—another little coterie, each member of which was decked in baggy trousers, short boots and a felt tarboosh. Observing them, the kilted gentlemen raised their military pieces and with one accord let go, browning into the mass.

Two o'clock had just struck in Wall Street. The Balkan War was on; and round the corner in the New Street brokerage office of Rooker, Burke & Company, Mr. Pincus, one of the firm's oldest customers, rose with an abysmal yawn.

"Vell," he observed between gapes, "I guess if I get for the old woman a Christmas present I buy some ribs and shoulders. This here European situation ain't so good."

Pork was Mr. Pincus' specialty. Any *Dummkopf*, to use his own expression, could flirt with the rise and fall in stocks. To deal in provision futures, however—especially ribs and shoulders—required brains as well as imagination; and that Mr. Pincus had brains few could doubt. For eleven years he had been gambling on margins—"playing the Street" was what he called it; and to survive that long in the market, particularly when one's only capital is a shoestring, argues not only brains but plenty of them besides.

As for imagination, Mr. Pincus had plenty of it and to spare. For example, in the first half-hour of the Hocking panic—that famous ill-fated flurry—the alert gentleman guessed what was happening as well as foresaw the outcome. He would, indeed, have retired with a fortune but for one unforeseen event—the margin house with which he was dealing seemed to have bitten off more than it could chew: it failed when he tried to collect. Afterward, whenever he referred to this, Mr. Pincus' comment was characteristic:

"Vell, that's part of the double-O and the green—ain't it?—the odds against you in the game."

Stretching himself now, he was indolently making his way toward Beeks, the manager of the customers' room, when, as he passed a chair in the corner, a hand reached out and stopped him. At the same instant a voice said hesitantly: "Say, old man—just a minute!"

"This Here Easy Con Now; I Hear Something About It Maybe"

Mr. Pincus turned abruptly. He long had known the speaker, but he never had been familiar with him. The reason was perhaps evident. The man, a Mr. Jerrold, was reserved to the point of rudeness—a silent, preoccupied person who hour after hour sat peering curiously at the quotation board, his hat drawn down to his eyes, his hands laced together, their fingers never for a moment at rest. Mr. Pincus made it a point, if possible, always to steer clear of such fellows. Their manner not only chilled him—he knew what the manner betrayed. It was evident from every symptom that Jerrold lived in mortal terror that some turn of the market would ruin him.

Of late, besides, the man's air had been more curious than ever. Hour after hour he sat peering fixedly at the board, his eyes narrowed queerly, his head bent forward and weaving slowly to and fro. It was the attitude of one staring through the dark—through that or a heavy mist. Pausing, Mr. Pincus looked down curiously.

"Vell?" he asked.

The man put out his hand, and with an awkward fumbling movement he felt about until he found the vacant chair next to his.

"January Ribs, Pop—They're 9.07½. May Ribs—They're 9.78"

"Sit down," he begged. "I want to ask you something."

Mr. Pincus sat down, though he did not do so happily. In his time he had slipped a two-spot or a V to more ruined men than he could remember—"just to get uptown"; and subconsciously he had already begun to wonder how much Jerrold would ask. To his surprise, however, it was not money—it was advice the man seemed to need.

"Listen!" said Jerrold. "A moment ago you said something about Chicago ribs and shoulders." A little shudder accompanied the words, and Mr. Pincus could see the man's fingers lace themselves more tightly together. "Really, do you know what you're talking about?" The question, far from annoying Mr. Pincus, merely made him grin.

"Vell," he returned oracularly, "that depends. In Wall Street already you know something; it ain't any use—because why? Everybody knows it by then. Only you are a good guesser; maybe sometimes you guess right before all the fireworks is shot off. Then you make a killing." Here, having delivered this, Mr. Pincus leaned back; and, thrusting both hands into his armpits, he grinned. "Get it?" he inquired.

Whether or not Jerrold got it he did not say. Mr. Pincus saw the moisture start suddenly on the man's brow.

"It's action I want, Pincus! Action!" he said abruptly. "I've got to get it right away besides!"

In the margin shops men that want action are as innumerable as the stars, as countless as the sea's uncounted sands. For years, every day in the year, Mr. Pincus had heard the word, but never before had he known it to be uttered in a tone so dire, so startling in its utter hopelessness. He glanced at Jerrold sharply.

"Say," demanded Mr. Pincus, with a sudden return to the vernacular, "*was ist los mit* you?"

He rose abruptly. He was frowning. Jerrold, too, rose. There was a smile on his face—it was a grin rather; and as Mr. Pincus saw it he gasped. Then again Jerrold put out his hand; and with that same fumbling, uncertain manner he felt round until he grasped the back of the chair he had just quit. Now, too, Mr. Pincus saw something else. Jerrold's face had turned to a pasty pallor; his lips had colored blue.

"Action! I've got to get it, Pincus!" he said; and with his head bent forward he peered vaguely and queerly at the quotation board. "Ribs and shoulders are going down, aren't they? Aren't ribs and shoulders going down?"

Mr. Pincus gaped.

"Say, you ain't gone short f'm provisions, have you?" he demanded, and Jerrold nodded heavily.

"Yes, I'm short, Pincus—only you haven't told me yet! Are ribs and shoulders falling?"

"Vat?" cried Mr. Pincus, amazed. So far from falling since morning all the Chicago list had been steadily edging upward. "Hey! Vat's eating you?" he demanded. "Can't you see the board?"

And, at that, Jerrold again put out his hand, groping about him until he had found Pincus' arm.

"No, I can't see the board!" he answered queerly. "I can't see anything!" Then his voice suddenly broke, scaling upward. "Get me out of here, Pincus!" said Jerrold thinly, "I've gone blind!"

The days passed, departing one by one on their way into the irretrievable limbo of the past. In turn the weeks slipped by, bearing with them on slow, scuffling feet the dying year; and in Rooker, Burke & Company's Mr. Pincus still sat staring at the list of Chicago prices. He was scowling.

Already brown October had merged into sere and pallid November; Christmas drew nigh, and now on the Balkan hillsides the little band of kilted gentlemen had become a myriad, a host. Up and down the valleys and the slopes their Mannlicher-Schönauers snicked and guttered; bombs crashed and shrapnel screamed; while in their wake stalked the Great Reaper, making harvest home of it. Nevertheless, for any influence it had on the Chicago list, the Balkan business had been about as effectual as a mothers' meeting or a convocation of Dorcas societies. The market in provisions seemed dead.

"That's right!" averred Mr. Pincus disgustedly. "This here *Geschäft* ain't what a feller c'd expect. Vy, it's a regular bum!"

Rooker, the firm's senior member, emerged from his office just in time to hear him.

"Beefing again, Pink?" he inquired in the polite, happy argot usual to the customers' room.

On his face, however, was a grin the sourness of which belied the jocularity of his speech. The fact is, things were no different at Rooker, Burke & Company's than they were at any of the margin shops. The stagnant list, now for months inactive, had begun to tell on Rooker's nerves; for, without action, commissions are few and far between, and, without commissions, margin shops go broke. At Rooker's speech Pincus loudly grunted.

"Sure, I make a beef! For ten years a feller waits him f'r a war, and when it comes—vat? Vell, look at it yerself, yes!" exclaimed Mr. Pincus; and with eloquent hands outstretched as in an Assyrian bas-relief he indicated the quotation board. "Vy, this here war it ain't so much use as the Giants when they trim the Altoona, Pennsylvania's, team sixteen to nothing in the tenth!" Disgustedly he rose now, thrusting both fists deep into his pockets. "Wall Street it gets to be a smear! I got a good mind I go up to Ninety-seventh Street, maybe, and open a delicatessen!"

Rooker scowled. Talk like this was hardly the thing to help matters and uneasily he glanced about him. Including Pincus, eleven customers were in the room; but of the eleven not one could be said to display that alert, feverish interest in the tape that so gladdens the eye and the heart of every margin-shop manager. The contrary instead!

Three sat perusing the morning's news, their backs to the board, while a fourth had his nose buried in the pages of a popular novel. Near at hand two others dozed, one of them snoring outright; while over in the corner, their heads together, another pair swapped stories. And what the nature of the stories was one suspected from the nudge in the ribs and the loud guffaw with which the point was delivered. Rooker's eye gloomily passed on. Two others

of his clients occupied a pair of front-row chairs, and as his glance rested on them it lightened momentarily. They were intently peering at the board, where at this instant the quotation clerk showed signs of waking animation.

Glancing at the ticker, which after a prolonged interval had just clacked spasmodically, the boy slapped a pasteboard numeral card into place.

"Easy Con, an eighth!" he called, and Rooker abruptly started.

It was the Street's slangy paraphrase for Consolidated Eastern, a big seaboard coaler. However, this had nothing to do with Rooker's agitation. At the quotation one of the two men had passed a coin to the other, and alertly Rooker read the signs. The two were matching nickels on the tape!

In the margin shops this is one of the surest and the deadliest signs that things have gone from bad to worse; and, flushing angrily, Rooker ground his cigar between his teeth. Then, as though he had suddenly reached some decision, he removed the cigar from his mouth and, after glancing about him, loudly cleared his throat.

"If you please, gentlemen. Ahem!"

As this was Rooker's usual method of announcing he meant to say something, the customers' room stirred briefly. The two sleepers woke with a start; the story-tellers ended their stories in the middle of a guffaw; while the others emerged from their reading matter and looked up interestedly. As for the two absorbed in matching nickels, when they caught Rooker's eye they flushed. Assuming an urbane, easy attitude, Rooker indicated the board.

"Gentlemen, if you have studied Consolidated Eastern of late you will have noticed that the road—financially—is now in a highly strategic position—a situation, I mean, that well merits your attention from a speculative-investment point of view. The recent opinions by the courts, the trend of legislation, the view of the Interstate Commerce Commission, as well as other influences with which, of course, you are familiar—the bank statements, for example—all combine to indicate this with definite certainty.

"In addition," said Rooker, and again he cleared his throat impressively, "in addition I am informed on high authority—a source, however, I regret I am pledged not to reveal—that influences on the inside are also at work to make the security a strong market feature. It would, in fact, not surprise me in the least if in a very brief period an activity should be created in Consolidated Eastern that surpassed the list's every other movement for the year." Here his eye, traveling about him, ran from one to another in the crowd. "Do you follow me?" inquired Rooker suavely.

Though the query was addressed generally, Mr. Pincus took it on himself to answer.

"No, I don't follow you!" he returned bluntly. "I get you a lot of words coming across; but what you hands us—rats! What's the bunk, Buck?"

A faint flush mounted into Rooker's face and he scowled.

"You heard me," he retorted. "I said activity might be anticipated in Consolidated Eastern Common."

Mr. Pincus grinned.

"Sure, we might have activity! Yes; and up to the Weather Bureau they tell us we might have some weather perhaps. It rains—maybe it don't; or sometime we have cloudy followed by sunshine—and it snows! Vell, vat's the guess?" inquired Mr. Pincus. "Which way is it goes Easy Con—up or is it down?"

Rooker's lip had slowly curled at him.

"You'll have to decide that yourself," he laughed mirthlessly. "I can supply you information, but I can't furnish the brains to use it, Pincus! If you can't dope out from the stock's strategic position what's to be expected—why, that's up to you!"

Then, having glanced about him with a smile, Rooker retired to his private office. There he closed the door. That he had achieved something, however, seemed evident. In itself it was enough that the seed of mystery had been sown, for mystery is the Street's greatest influence. Thus, for the first time in months, the customers' room stirred like a hive; and, plucking his chin, Mr. Pincus strolled over to the out-of-town board, where he stared at the Chicago list. The incredible was happening!

In the face of a war that might at any moment become worldwide, ribs and shoulders had already sold off half a dozen points for the day; and, frowning dully, Mr. Pincus returned to the other board. There, to his added wonder, he saw something really was happening in Consolidated Eastern. It had risen another eighth, now standing three-fourths up from the opening; and after a moment's thought Mr. Pincus briskly sought the cashier's cage. Beeks, the room manager, stood there, surrounded by a group of anxious dabblers.

"Say, Pink, what d'ye think about it anyway?" appealed one of them—a Mr. Sugden, the owner of an uptown chain of get-filled-quick dental parlors.

Expressively Mr. Pincus hunched up his shoulders.

"Ask me?" he aimlessly returned. "If the skies would fall a man couldn't expect it any more as the way them ribs and shoulders acts!"

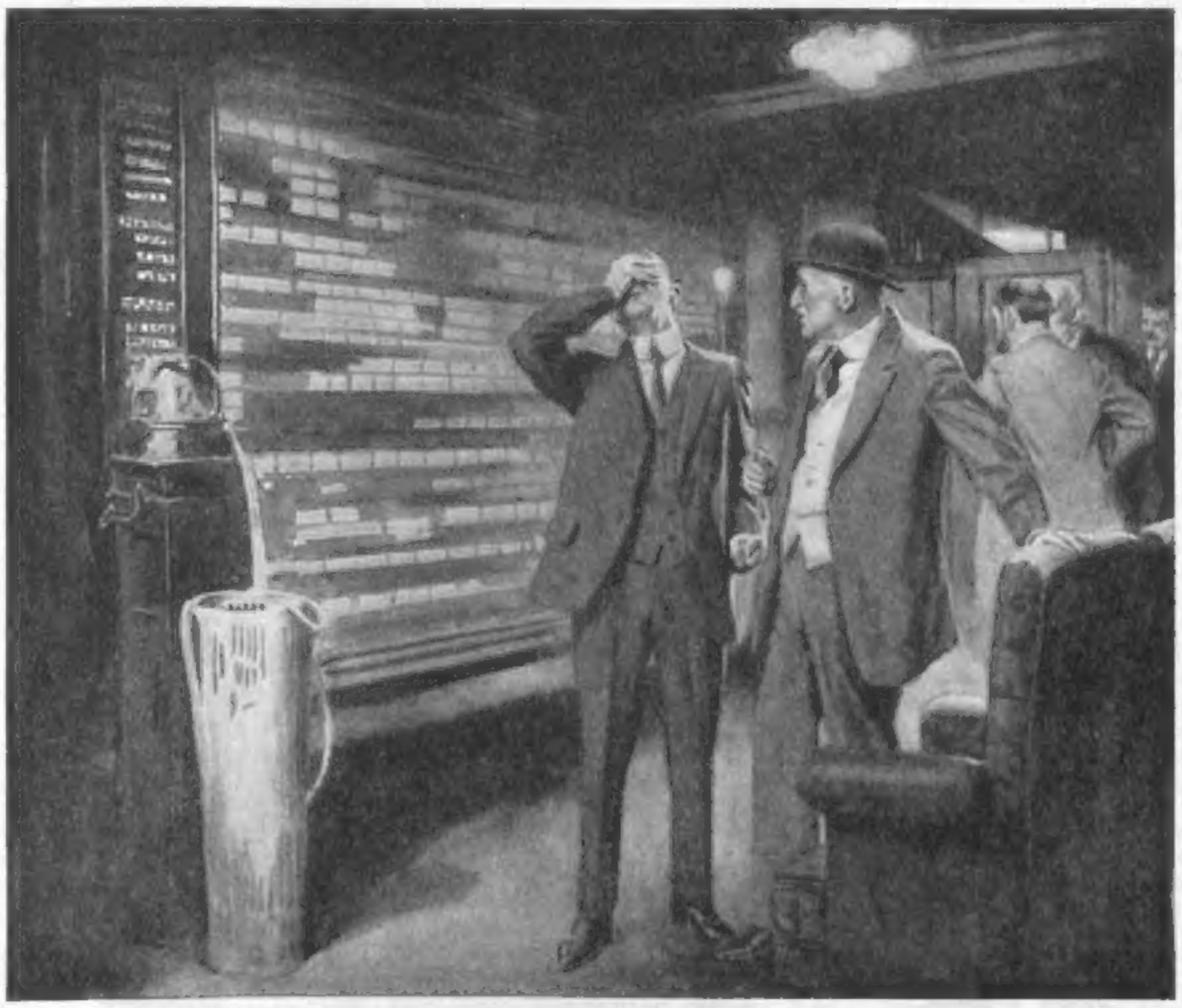
"Ribs and shoulders?" echoed Mr. Sugden. "Why, I'm talking about Con Eastern Common!"

"Vas you?" murmured Mr. Pincus; then he thoughtfully sucked his teeth. "Vell, I go short a little maybe."

Again it was Mr. Sugden's part to look amazed.

"You're going to sell!" he exclaimed. "Why, man, you're crazy! Con Eastern's going up! You heard Buck Rooker, didn't you?"

"Sure, I heard him," Mr. Pincus wearledly returned; "only, as the poet says: Cows may come and calves may go, but the bull it goes on forever!" Then he grunted. "No; I guess I sell myself a couple hunnerd shares," Mr. Pincus was saying—when, with a sudden gasp, he stared



"Get Me Out of Here! I've Gone Blind!"

toward the street door; then let fall an exclamation. His amazement was not without reason.

Jerrold, the now almost forgotten former dabbler at Rooker, Burke & Company's, had just entered the customers' room; and, his eyes hidden by a heavy shagreen eyeshade, he was crossing the floor clinging to the arm of a towhaired schoolboy in knickerbockers!

"Himmel!" said Mr. Pincus, and he gaped.

Since the day when excitement had proved too much for Jerrold's already weakened eyesight and Mr. Pincus had taken him home in a cab, the brokerage office had seen nothing of the man. It had heard of him, however. He was in the hands of an eye specialist; but whether he would ever return to the Street was a question. The fact is, the day's excitement had overcome the man; he was almost at the end of his resources. To Mr. Pincus he had told his story. He had been an artist, a highly paid dress-goods designer, until his eyes began to fail. Then, as a last resource he had turned to Wall Street. There are many such in the margin shops.

Now, his face bland with the peculiar smiling softness of the blind, Jerrold directed the boy where to lead him. His air was eager.

"It's in the corner, son—in the corner," he said hurriedly, as if fearful, perhaps, that some one might intervene. "You'll see the name at the top—Chicago!"

A silence had fallen on the customers' room as in startled wonder the others gaped at the singular picture. The boy gave no heed to them.

"I see it, pop," he returned in a piping, boyish voice, and with all his attention centered on his charge he led him to a chair.

Then, when the man had seated himself, the boy sat down beside him. Evidently he had been coached, for he turned to the board and in his shrill voice, clear and unafraid, he began to call off the Chicago prices.

"January ribs, pop—they're 9.97½. May ribs—they're 9.78. Pork's 18.50 for January, and May is 18.10."

It was at this moment that Rooker entered the customers' room from his private office at the rear. His eye, ever active, alert, and always on the lookout, roved about him now, and instantly he took in the situation. The boy, having read the current prices, was calling off the prices at the previous close.

"Oh, I say!" Rooker cried emphatically. "This will never do!"

And he was starting forward, his brow wrinkled in a frown, when a figure abruptly interposed itself in his way. The figure was Mr. Pincus.

"Wait!" he said quietly, his suave oriental face smiling more suavely than ever—"Wait!" Then he looked about him guardedly. "Say," he added meaningly, "nobody out here makes a kick, you know!" Rooker clearly understood him.

"Never mind; I'm not going to have that man round here!" he growled. "Besides, it's no place for the boy!"

Mr. Pincus agreed with him heartily.

"Sure, it ain't," he said—"only what's the good it does if you go bawl them out? Maybe the market, too, cleans out that feller soon if you wait!—Huh?"

The logic of this appeared unassailable. At any rate Rooker went grumbling back to his office; and, grinning slightly, Mr. Pincus made his way toward the two at the Chicago board.

"Vell, friend," he said affably as he laid a hand on Jerrold's shoulder, "how's tricks? You and the kid here cleanin' up a little Christmas money—what?"

At noon that day Con Eastern began to buzz. By fits and starts it sold up within the hour to 90¾. Then for another hour it shuttled back and forth, ranging half a point up and down, but never crossing 91¼. Evidently whatever interest was behind the stock had it pegged there.

As the news spread that something at last was doing in the Street, the customers' room at Rooker, Burke & Company's began presently to fill. Familiar faces long absent from the place began to reappear, and soon every chair was occupied. Rooker, emerging from his private office, cocked up the cigar in the corner of his mouth. Commissions at last were coming in; and, as the crowd began rapidly to get aboard, his air grew more and more appeased. Nevertheless once or twice, when he found time to glance over toward the Chicago board, Rooker scowled darkly.

Jerrold and his boy were there still. Slouched down in his chair, his chin on his breast, his fingers laced together, the man sat detached and alone, absorbed in the solitude of thought. Aside from Rooker—and now and then Mr. Pincus—none gave any heed to him. He had been forgotten in the excitement over Easy Con's growing flurry.

All this time the boy had kept a sharp watch over the quotations on the Chicago board; and, though the changes in it were few and far between, his interest never for a moment lapsed. Each time the quotation clerk indifferently lolled over to their corner, the boy's eyes brightened.

"Here he comes, pop!" he would pipe excitedly. "Maybe it's gone up now!"

Then, waking briefly from his revery, the father would wait in strained attention for the boy's shrill announcement of the price. That day, however, it was fated; Chicago provision futures hung dull and stagnant. There was no indication of a rise. If anything, the market hinted

of a further decline; and each time the figures were read from the board to Jerrold his fingers laced themselves a little more tightly together, his chin sank a little lower on his breast.

Then, at half-past two, half an hour before the close, Easy Con crossed 91½, climbing fitfully in the face of a perfect bombardment of short sales and profit-taking orders; and in the stir that followed in Rooker, Burke & Company's office Jerrold abruptly woke.

He seemed at last to have caught some fever of the excitement that, unseen, surged so close about him. Alertly he raised his head; and as for the first time he caught the murmur of the room's restlessness—the low voices; the scuffle of many feet treading nervously back and forth; the ticker's rasping clack and clatter; the occasional loud and startling laugh of some overstrained dabbler—a tide of color crept up into Jerrold's face and, like the battle-horse of Scripture, his nostrils quivered sensitively.

"Something's happening!" he whispered, and he turned his sightless face toward the throng at the other side of the room. "Something—I can hear it!" Again his hand reached out and, fumbling awkwardly, caught the boy by the arm. "Get Beeks!—Mr. Beeks!" said Jerrold, and he feverishly wet his lips. "Get him—quick!"

Easy Con had just touched 92. Hanging there through four shoestring sales of a hundred shares each, it lapsed to 91¾; then instantly leaped back to 92.

Leaning against the cashier's cage Mr. Pincus watched the board. His manner was idle; but had one looked closely one would have seen that Mr. Pincus was a little white round the gills. Convinced that his judgment had been good, at each point up he had sold an additional hundred of Consolidated. He was now four hundred shares short on the stock.

Mr. Sugden, proprietor of the dental parlors, came bustling toward him. He was tittering hilariously with excitement.

"Say, what did I tell you, Pink?" he bubbled. "The cigars that Easy Con closes at 92 or better!"

Mr. Pincus gazed at him silently. As silently he shrugged himself, a lurking grin in his eyes. Then he turned to Beeks, the room manager.

"Say, Joey, there's one of them born every minute, ain't they?" he observed wearisomely; then negligently he added: "Vell, the fireworks gets over now—huh? I guess I sell me another hunnerd shares." Just then he felt a hand tugging at his coat and, looking down, Mr. Pincus observed who it was. "Vy, if it ain't my young friend, the commodore!" he exclaimed.

The boy, his bright eyes round with earnestness, hurriedly appealed to him:

"Which is Mr. Beeks, Mr. Pincus? I've got to find him!" When Mr. Pincus with an expressive thumb indicated the room manager, the boy as hurriedly appealed to him: "Hey, Mr. Beeks! Pop wants you!" he announced, his voice more shrill than ever in its earnestness. "You've got to come right away!"

Mr. Pincus grinned. Idly leaning against the cashier's cage he detached his eyes from the quotation board and watched the two as they crossed the room toward that solitary figure in the corner. Jerrold, his emotion evident, had half turned in his chair to wait for them. Watching, Mr. Pincus saw him say something to Beeks; then he saw Beeks raise his eyebrows, at the same time dubiously pursing out his lips.

Afterward Beeks said something; and, hurriedly returning to the cashier's cage, he turned over the pages of the margin book. In it, as Mr. Pincus knew, was kept the day's condition of every customer's account; and with waking interest he glanced sharply toward Jerrold, then back as sharply at Beeks.

The manager had found the page he wanted. Time was valuable now, for at every minute something was happening in Consolidated; and with a brisk pencil he figured briefly on a scrap of paper and hurried back across the room. Again Jerrold had turned halfway round in his chair. His face was no longer bland and softly smiling. He waited, intense with torturing emotion; and, looking at him, Mr. Pincus caught his breath.

Beeks leaned over the man's chair, and as the manager spoke Jerrold's mouth contracted sharply. He winced as if he had been struck. Huddling down, for a moment he sat still, his shoulders drooping, his chin again on his breast. After a moment Beeks moved away. Accustomed as he was to misery, to dealing with the wretchedness and the suffering that are a daily part of the margin shops, even he now seemed distressed; and Mr. Pincus started. He was still gazing at the dismal picture when Jerrold suddenly moved.

Struggling to his feet, he turned his face wildly to and fro and muttered something to his son. At what Beeks had said the boy's face and shrewd, earnest eyes had dulled; but now again they brightened. Tugging his cap out of his pocket, he put it on; then he gave his arm to his father. The next moment they started toward the door. Mr. Pincus by an effort got there before them.

"Say ——" he began; but what he had to say he never finished.

As Jerrold came toward the door, the child manfully guiding him, his lips moved as he mumbled brokenly to himself.

Mr. Pincus could see him murmur; and, silencing himself, he held the street door open. Together the man and the boy passed out silently.

Then, closing the door, Mr. Pincus went back to the cashier's cage, where Beeks stood scribbling on an order pad. Consolidated had just closed strong at 92¼ and Beeks was busy again. He looked up uneasily.

"Vell?" inquired Mr. Pincus, his tone full of meaning.

"Well, what?" growled Beeks.

With a gesture that by practice had become eloquent, Mr. Pincus jerked his thumb toward the door.

"That fellow now—the market gets him, eh?"

Beeks sourly nodded.

"Yes," he grumbled as he scribbled an order on a pad; "the week he went blind he was making pike trades in every old thing on the list and all of them went wrong. Nobody told him; but we'd sold him out more than a month ago!" *(Continued on Page 32)*

THE KISS

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

IT WAS during the earlier rehearsals of the Seventh Wave that the idea first came to Helen Deremeau. It rose light as a bubble out of the ferment of her troubled thoughts. For one dark moment it danced waywardly at the brink of consciousness and then it vanished.

It vanished, but it came again in another form. Its return this time occurred in the third act of the Forbidden Way, when she heard the sudden titter of the audience in the middle of Irma Wrenn's love scene. Irma's powdered cheek had rested against the black coatsleeve of Garnett Kemp, the leading man, and had left there a patch of white, which had quickly caught the eye of the audience. The resultant eddy of unlooked-for laughter had suddenly let down the scene. Kemp for a moment or two went dry; and in the wings Helen Deremeau could hear Irma throw him his line. The lost threads were caught up, the play went on; but the spirit of the situation had been sacrificed.

"Say, Derry, What're You Going to Spring on Us Anyway?"

Helen Deremeau stood watching the younger woman, studying her rival with vacantly ruminative eyes. She knew that Irma Wrenn was about to supplant her. That much she vaguely realized when the parts for the Seventh Wave had first been handed out. She saw, with a sudden tightening of the throat, that she was no longer to play opposite Garnett Kemp. The younger and prettier woman had ousted her. Irma Wrenn had been cast for the wayward and emotional Irene in the new play, the Irene that was such a fat part and had stood the one thing in life to reinstate Helen Deremeau with her New York following in general and Uhlmann in particular; for she had seen, months before, that Uhlmann's attitude toward her was an altering one.

The change had come in the same month that Irma Wrenn had been caught up from the movies and put in the company. She had been Uhlmann's find. And the older woman could not blame Uhlmann or any other manager for being interested in that pert and pretty face. Helen Deremeau herself could see its charm. It was a naïvely youthful and audacious face, with the quaint and solemn impertinence of an old French rondeau. There was that in it which seemed to reduce relationships to a personal basis, to disarm opposition, to make men not unwilling to show they were on the side of a spirit so innocent and at the same time so dependent. Helen Deremeau had foreseen what was coming, but she had been too cowardly to admit it. It was the capitulation of maturity to youth. It had happened long before in her own case, though she did not care to remember the exact number of years ago.

Yet there had been a difference. The older woman felt that she had worked her way up honestly, part by part and season by season, through cheap road companies and grapevine circuits and tanktown repertoire and summer stock. She had learned her business from the ground up, as Uhlmann himself once expressed it. And even during the last few weeks her superior technical knowledge had equipped her with weapons for holding her ground forlornly against the younger invader. She had long since learned how a movement could kill a rival's point; how a disregarded wait could shorten a laugh; how the trick of keeping upstage could leave the younger actress with her face turned away from the audience and less dominating in a scene that rightfully should have been hers.

Now, however, she felt, the Great Divide had been crossed—Helen Deremeau had been given the *grande dame* rôle for the Seventh Wave. Henceforward she was to be cast for character parts. She was to play the mother, and the younger woman was to be the daughter—the daughter about whom the action of the play revolved; the daughter who had the fat part and on whom the sympathy of the audience was sure to be lavished. The mother's part, of course, was not without its meager possibilities. From the standpoint of dramatic poignancy, Helen Deremeau could see, it might even be called stronger than the daughter's. It, at least, had something to get one's teeth into; but the thing that cut like a double-edged spear was the fact that the lead had slipped out of her grasp—that the world hereafter would regard her as a woman of self-confessed maturity, as divorced for all time from youth.

Like a sword resting in its scabbard the point of this truth rode in Helen Deremeau's heart. She had always been a proud woman jealous of her prerogatives. By many of that present company, she knew, she was considered a cold woman. And since she chose to discuss her

misfortunes with none of her working companions, the tradition of the stage ordaining that no inferior should first address a superior still protected her from open affront; but she knew, as rehearsals for the Seventh Wave went on, that she was surrounded by a conspiracy of silence—that her eclipse was being discussed in wings and dressing rooms. And the knowledge of it was not easy to bear.

Then came the idea of the kiss. From this idea she was able to wring a vague and somewhat belated sense of deliverance. She went about fortified with a new knowledge, for she now carried with her the reptilian assurance of a venom of which she had given no evidence. She knew that, when driven to it, she could strike at her pretentiously innocent enemy in a way that would prove both effective and unexpected.

A reminder of this had come to Helen Deremeau from the casual and derisive titter of an audience catching sight of a patch of rice powder on an actor's coatsleeve. She remembered how easily in a moment of emotional strain the attention of the house could be diverted to some trivial incongruity. In more than one scene, in her past career, she had suffered from that tendency of overwrought nerves to find relief in ludicrous little accidents of the moment. She knew that in the big scene of the Seventh Wave the chances were almost evenly divided between her and Irma Wrenn. The younger woman, in fact, had the advantage as to part; but there were points the more experienced actress knew could be made her own.

And she knew that, when the Seventh Wave went to New York, in that one crucial scene on that one crucial night there would be a battle for final supremacy between herself and this other woman. It would be a silent battle, undreamed of by the audience under whose very eyes it was being enacted; but it would be none the less bitter and none the less final.

All stage life, Helen Deremeau had long since learned, was warfare. It was fighting for one's chances, a ceaseless maneuvering for position. It was a warfare in which there was no room for the softer issues of life. And when the idea of the kiss came to her she knew she could enter that warfare with a new weapon; for in the big scene of the new play Irma Wrenn, as the unhappy Irene who had come to her mother with a confession of her love for Albert, would be made up almost without color. The mother, during that scene, ventures a confession as to Albert's father which leaves her daughter's passion a hopeless one. At the end of this confession she takes her daughter in her arms and kisses her. Then she leaves Irene alone, face to face with the audience, while she herself brings the letter from the desk.

The daughter then has her chance to express doubt and horror and despair as the letter is read aloud by the older woman. But the kiss would be there like a corrupting blot on the younger woman's face. By that kiss this younger woman could be branded as a failure; for Helen Deremeau realized that, by making up her own mouth heavy with lip-rouge, she could leave on her rival's white face a clown-like blotch of color, a splash of carmine that would at once distract the audience. That diversion of attention at such a perilous moment could not fail to make the younger woman's struggle for sympathy a futile one.

Helen Deremeau secretly powdered her own forearm. Then she lifted the lid from her little round china box of rouge-paste, and with the tip of her finger coated her mouth with the heavy red. Then she pressed her painted lips against the powdered forearm, noting with studious eyes how the ruddier color stood out against the whitened skin. She even sat in front of the mirror in her hotel room experimenting with the placing of that kiss, deciding that the most ludicrous effect could be produced by imprinting it slightly uptilted at one end of the lips. When so placed, she saw, it tended to run the line of the mouth into a wide and one-sided leer; and she knew that no audience could sit quietly before a face so disfigured.

She knew, too, that the younger actress herself would stand in doubt as to both the unrest and the open mirth of those out in front. The result of it all was obvious: It would break up the younger and inexperienced actress. It would leave the older woman once more mistress of the situation. It would save the day for her at a time when she felt she could not afford to lose.

The knowledge of her advantage was not without its insidious effects on Helen Deremeau. She was no longer so desperately alert for every possible point. There was a relaxing of vigilance born of the knowledge that she could reclaim her own. She conceded a step here and there, smilingly allowing her rival to take the stage where before she would have fought for every inch of her territory.

Though Irma Wrenn at first stood a little bewildered before these repeated small surrenders she finally accepted them, with the self-confidence of youth, as something of her own ordering. She watched Uhlmann, wondering all the while why Uhlmann was so perplexedly watching the older woman; but the general result was an indeterminate relief in the indefinite tension that had obtained during the earlier rehearsals of the Seventh Wave. Things went along more smoothly.

The extent of Irma Wrenn's newborn confidence was betrayed by the fact that she calmly went to the older woman's hotel room one night after the performance of the Forbidden Way. It was in an Ohio town, for the company was working its way back to New York to spring the Seventh Wave on Broadway after a dark-horse tryout in Albany.

"I don't think you like the way I've been doing Irene," began the younger woman, whisking the dust from a chair before she sank into it.

"No House'll Be With Me When I've Got a Mother Who Reads Her Lines to Me as Though I Were a Peach-Melba"

"I don't see anything wrong with it," was the older woman's answer. It cost her an effort to speak calmly. Her face was white and drawn with fatigue.

"I've got to make good in that part," announced her visitor.

"Why?" asked the other woman, who for the first time in her life was realizing how relative were these things that seem so absolute to unseeing youth.

"Because everything depends on what I do with Irene," was the answer. "You see, it'll be my first part on Broadway."

"Well, they've given you a good one," said the other, perhaps not without a touch of bitterness.

"But Uhlmann says it isn't a lead—that he doesn't intend to let it be the lead," protested the younger woman.

"The author made it one," remarked Helen Deremeau.

"But I feel I'm missing it," went on the other, immured in her own ends. "I'm not getting what I ought out of it. We don't seem to work together the way we should."

"You mean I'm not being a very good feeder?"

The younger woman looked up quickly, for the first time conscious of the acidulated note in the other's speech.

"I mean that no one could get those lines of mine over unless she had the house with her. They're too mushy. And no house'll be with me when I've got a mother who reads her lines to me as though I were a Peach-Melba."

No sign of anger came from the older woman. She merely turned slowly about and looked at the girl in the chair.

"But I'm so new at these mother rôles," she half whimsically protested. Her voice, none the less, was shaking a little as she spoke.

"Do you want this play to go?" suddenly demanded the girl.

The older woman stood calmly studying her. It was not the first time she had heard eager and egoistic youth clamoring for its chance at the expense of others. It was a way youth had. In years gone by she herself had done the same thing. She still battled for her prerogatives. She was still ready enough to fight for her chances; but time and life, she felt, had taught her certain truths. She had learned to forego the immediacy of youth. Helen Deremeau had become a wary and silent campaigner, asking no quarter, since she knew that on the stage no quarter is given. And the more desperate the struggle, she felt, the more urgent was the call for indirection, for adroitness, for the advance that did not reveal itself to the enemy.

"Of course I want the play to go," was her final response.

Her lips wore a languid smile of forbearance as she spoke. She was inwardly elated by a sudden sense of superiority. She had achieved something that was still unknown to the younger woman. The years had given her clarity of vision. She felt for one brief moment that age was not a deprivation, but a process of mellowing; a humbling, yet at the same time an enriching accretion; a crowning of impulse by discretion. She knew life better than the younger woman could. She was wiser than her rival.

She could even afford to smile as she looked down at the belligerent-eyed girl facing her. She stared at the slender oval of the youthful face, still pretty in its petulance. Where the half-fretful lips ended in their slight upcurve in the rounded cheek she could see, in fancy, the vivid stain of the betraying kiss. The imprint of that kiss, she remembered, would stamp on that willful young face a seal of failure, of incompetence. It would stamp that aggressive young spirit as inadequate—just as a bank teller stamps a counterfeit bill.

Irma Wrenn had risen to her feet.

"You've tried to block me at every move in this play," she flung out. "And now I know just how we stand. I know just what to expect. But I'm going to make good in this part—I don't care what it costs!"

It struck the older woman as being very naïve—that surrender to emotion; that ultimatum of open warfare.

"But why repose these personal confidences in me?" she quietly asked. "Your success isn't in my hands. That's something between Uhlmann and the author and you. That's something you've got to fight out for yourself."

"Then I'll fight it out for myself!" cried the other with the hot ardency of youth. "And I won't look for any help from you!"

The Albany tryout of the Seventh Wave was not so successful as Uhlmann and his overworked road company had hoped it would be. They seemed unable to get it over. The punch, for some reason, was not there. The audience appeared uncertain as to which way the emotional tide was supposed to turn. A division of sympathy left the ends of the author uncertain and the house cold before even his strongest scenes.

Uhlmann, with his instinct for theatrical values, for once seemed to have erred. Helen Deremeau knew that he had been working alone with Irma Wrenn, coaching and advising and piloting her through the new play's bigger emotional moments.

Several times, too, he had demanded scene rehearsals for the letter-reading episode, mistily aware that something was wrong and miserably uncertain as to what it was. Yet, during that Albany first night when Uhlmann and all the company stood in the wings watching that crucial mother-and-daughter scene, it would have been no easy thing to say where the fault lay.

There was not a second's delay in the give-and-take of the dialogue. Irma Wrenn and Helen Deremeau were working perfectly together by this time—without a hitch; without a misstep or a misdirected movement. The alternating voices went on with the quick and rhythmic precision of a reciprocating engine. It was, indeed, like an engine, Uhlmann admitted to Sumner, the author; but that was the most that could be said for it. There was something missing—something to lift it above the merely mechanical; something to give it that mysterious overtone which caught and held an audience. And at the end

of the act it was Irene's closing speech that won the only genuine "hand" of the performance.

Helen Deremeau made her way to the wings with a mist before her eyes. There old Pop Wenzell, the heavy, caught a little ponderously at her limp and listless hand.

"Say, Derry," he whispered, "you sure look good in that silver wig!"

The words were said with the best of intentions, but they cut like a knife. The woman who wore the silver wig knew that she had laid a wreath on the coffin of youth. She knew that her first white milestone on the declining path had been passed. They had torn away from her everything in which she had gloried and, as yet, she had found nothing to fill its place. That sense of bereavement had filled the stage during all her scenes like a Scotch mist, seeming to chill her to the bone; but at the core of that abysmal iciness was one small point of light, one puny touch of warmth.

Helen Deremeau remembered the kiss. She nursed the thought of it. Over and over again she silently dramatized that moment of final betrayal. She could imagine the younger actress' pause as she felt that unlooked-for pressure against her powdered cheek. She could even imagine Irma Wrenn's raising a hand and mechanically brushing aside the moist imprint. This would smear the lip-rouge a little, elongating the gash of color across the whitened cheek. She could fancy the eyes of the younger woman quickly searching her own, with a mute question as to the meaning of that warmer embrace, which before had always been little more than a touch of one averted cheek against another. She could imagine the ripple of laughter that would follow.

She could picture the pained wonder in Irma's eyes; the quick mental groping about for some key to the mystery; the fatal ineffectiveness that would result from those precious moments of hesitation; the blind groping for a lost cue; the prolonged and torturing laugh of derision from the front.

Helen Deremeau hugged her secret, sustaining her spirit on it through the twelve-hour rehearsal of the Seventh Wave before its opening night in New York—through the fatigue and strain which the uncertainties of an uncertain vehicle imposed on all the company.

Pop Wenzell, who had been watching her work from the wings, leaned in at her dressing-room door on his way out for a hurried meal before the final battle of the night began.

"Say, Derry, what're you going to spring on us anyway?" he asked.

The woman in the dressing room laughed a little bitterly. Among other things she had noticed that this dressing room was Number Four. Until that night the first numeral had always been her prerogative. And she had heard Uhlmann's angry cry of exasperation as he had watched her from the "tormentor":

"That woman's as hard as nails!"

"What've you got up your sleeve, Derry?" repeated Pop Wenzell.

"My first mother part!" was the embittered answer.

The heavy figure at the door seemed groping heavily for some thought that could not be easily articulated.

"Well, mothers ain't so rotten!" he said at last.

"You Were Going to Tell Me of Your Love for Albert"

And, as she ate her solitary dinner from the top of a theatrical trunk in her dressing room, Helen Deremeau kept turning that jocosely coarse phrase over in her mind.

She turned it over idly at first, with much of her attention given to other things as she moved about the quiet dressing room. Then out of the core of that trivial and vulgar remark seemed to strike a tiny spark of intelligence. One rôle or another—what difference did it make? No actress could be forever young; and all the victories did not belong to the ingénue. She was refusing to acknowledge the inevitable. She had merely moved into a new world and was refusing to acknowledge it.

Helen Deremeau sank into a chair, suddenly asking herself whether this newer feeling was due to the fact that she had digested her defeat. She had somewhere heard that an army, after victory, must have time to digest that victory. It was the same, she felt, with the battles of the spirit. The world-strangeness that had followed a vast transition was fading away. Her soul was perhaps reconciling itself to a verdict it had not at first understood.

As she sat staring about her dressing room, with its mixed odors of dust and unclean drainpipes, the very walls about her took on an air of familiarity. There were other and only too well-known odors about her—the heavy smell of powder and grease-paint; the still heavier residuary taint of human perspiration. It was in this same theater, she remembered, that she had played her first New York engagement. It had at that time been regarded as an audaciously uptown theater; but the tides of change had long since left it along the lower fringe of the theatrical district.

The thought that she might be in the same dressing room she had made use of thirteen long years ago caused her to rise to her feet and peer more actively about the little chamber of many odors. She could remember her part for that first appearance in her first play on Broadway. It had been one of only two or three sides; but she could still recall the winelike glory of it all—the hope that was as blithe as it was blind; the eager and ardent faith in the future; the rapture of being identified with issues that seemed vast and timeless.

Helen Deremeau moved to the window that opened against a wall of brick which had once been painted white. Teased by a vague memory she carefully examined the windowpanes, rubbing away the incrusting grime with one corner of her make-up towel. At last, in one corner of a lower pane, she found the initials that had been scratched there, so many years ago, with the diamond-chip of her birthday ring. There were her own initials, the date, and the initials of her dressing mate. She found it hard to remember even the name for which those latter letters stood. The wide current of the years had swept them far apart. The silence of life had swallowed up that other spirit, as it was destined to swallow up Helen Deremeau herself. It was all so futile and foolish, so abysmally empty, so entirely based on illusion.

She turned away from the window, warning herself that emotions were too costly a luxury for a first-night ordeal. She remembered that she had stayed in her dressing room to rest—that she was forgetting her long-established practice of privately conserving energy for public expenditure. Her method of achieving this end was through a trick which she had learned on the road—on the road that is a world of tumult where even repose has to be snatched at, as a terrier snatches at a bone. Across her two trunks, placed end to end, she flung a freshly laundered dressing sheet. Along this narrow resting place, as white and hard as a bier, she lay flat on her back, with her eyes closed and her hands folded on her breast.

She remembered that she was very tired; but she could not sleep. The white light of consciousness seemed to glare like an arc-lamp against her frontal bone. In one comprehensive survey she seemed to see all the years of her stage career—the indurating struggles; the embittering disappointments; the fallacy of noisy successes that were at core even more acrid than defeat; the ever-anesthetizing self-interest that left the world about her a phantasmal world.

In one illuminating moment she saw it all, from first to last—she saw it only as the dying are permitted to see the past; for she knew that something within her had perished—that she had entered on the last hour of her obsession to success.

While she lay there, assailed by the muffled and multitudinous noises of a theater making ready for its work hours, she was conscious of a vast inward readjustment that brought with it a vast peace. She was no longer afraid of herself. From that dip into a cosmic consciousness of life she had brought back the knowledge that character was a blade which must in some way be kept clean.

As she lay there with closed eyes the thought of the kiss caused her to shudder. She tried to visualize the act of bestowing it. She could picture herself as being hissed from the stage; as having the cry of Judas! flung up at her from the orchestra; as facing the scorn of the company that ignored her; as being hurried and hounded through a world that had turned into a world of hate.

The vision of it was more than she could endure and she rose restlessly from her bierlike resting place. She knew now that the kiss was impossible—that the thought of it was absurd. She had been blinded by hate and self-interest. She was swept by a sudden hunger for atonement—a passion to make things plain to the younger and less experienced actress. Of what use was the wisdom of the years, she asked herself as she flung on a dressing gown, if it did not bring tolerance? Of what use was age and all it brought if it did not bring forbearance?

The light of rhapsody was still in Helen Deremeau's eyes as she tapped on the door of dressing room Number One. Irma Wrenn's newly acquired maid answered the knock. She explained, still holding the door, that Miss Wrenn was making up and could not be disturbed.

"Tell her it's Miss Deremeau and that it's important," said the woman, with the rhapsodic light still in her eyes.

The door closed, but she could hear the sound of a voice, quick and shrill. The absurdity of it all came home to her as she realized the overwrought nerves which that voice betrayed—the absurdity of herself and this younger woman going out on a stage and attempting a pretense of vast love when nothing but enmity stood between them. They could never, in the language of the footlights, let themselves go. There could be no touch of rhapsody in their work; and, without that touch, she knew the audience could never be won over. It was, she suddenly saw, a matter of technic, of the economics of art.

It was not a sentimental conversion on her part, she tried to tell herself; it was only that time had wrested her older weapons from her. Youth and charm were no longer hers; she must fight now with a newer weapon, the weapon of deeper feeling, which only age can give.

She remembered what a Springfield critic had written in the early years of her summer stock work about her Juliet. He had acknowledged her as being both young and beautiful—"but this is a rôle no actress can master until she is too old to look the part." And it was only now that she had grown into a realization of what that pedantic young press critic had meant. She must acquire a soul. She must find something to take the place of prettiness. She must equip herself or be prepared to drop defeated out of the fight.

Her eyes were still wide and vacant with this new enlightenment when the dressing-room door opened again.

"Miss Wrenn's busy and can't be bothered," was the message the maid delivered to her.

"But please tell her this is important!" persisted the woman at the door, still swayed by that emotional necessity for expiation. *(Concluded on Page 34)*

MADE-BEAVER

What it Means to Jean Baptiste McDougal

By Emerson Hough

In the Land of Made-Beaver

IN THE days of old the "made-beaver" was established as the unit of value in the wilderness fur trade. This term ought to have attached to it the words: *In hoc signo cinches.* The made-beaver is the joker—the rider on the bill. Now you see it and now you do not see it. No one seems to know just where or how the phrase originated. It was used, of course, for the benefit of the concrete savage mind, which cannot understand abstract ideas such as the value of a dollar.

A made-beaver *in esse* is a beaver skin trapped, fleshed and dried, ready for shipment. An Indian can visualize that skin. He knows what it is. He can take such a skin, put it on the counter and get in exchange a plug of tobacco—and he can understand that sort of trade; but the Indian never has understood what a dollar is, because he did not make it. Still less does he understand in the abstract all the variations that can be played to the tune of the made-beaver *in posse.* The term covers considerable high finance.

Time passes, and with it customs. The ancient monopoly of the fur trade in the Hudson Bay region is a monopoly no longer. More than one competitor has penetrated to the uttermost precincts of the Far North; but all these retain much of the old ways of a trade the success of which rests on understanding the native mind. The term made-beaver is neither copyrighted nor trademarked.

In actual application the value of a made-beaver skin, though it is the unit of trade even today over much of the fur country of the Far North, is something wholly arbitrary. A skin may be worth thirty-three cents at one post and fifty cents at another a hundred miles away. Jean Baptiste McDougal, halfbreed, who does not travel a hundred miles from his own post, is indifferent to what goes on elsewhere; and what really does go on is something usually guarded by a dignified reticence on the part of most traders.

Wherefore the value of a skin, or one made-beaver, is really not a unit, but a problem in proportions. It varies as to the intelligence and independence of Jean Baptiste McDougal, as to competition, and as to C. L.—or cost landed—of the trader's goods. Some traders have retired on a competence after a lifetime dealing in made-beaver; but no Indian has ever yet been known to do so.

The real living of an Indian in the fur country comes from the moose, the caribou and the whitefish. Some of the white man's goods have become necessaries to him in the making of that living. The profit of the fur trade does not come from selling the Indian the things he needs, but the things he does not need. The Indian gets not enough goods to make him independent and difficult, but just enough to keep him out on his next winter's hunt for fur.

A dead Indian is not a good Indian in the fur trade. A good hunter is a good asset in any post. I once knew an old Aleut hunter who had killed and traded three hundred and seventy-six sea otters in his life, all to one fur company. He got as low as three or four dollars a skin for some of them and he died broke and drunk. Sea-otter skins have sold for five hundred, one thousand, two thousand dollars. The profits of the fur trade are less today, because of altering conditions, but in the good old days it surely was a game for princes.

Typical Trading Tactics

JEAN BAPTISTE McDOUGAL, pillar of the fur trade, actual maker of made-beaver, stands in the free air at a point not far from the trading store at Fort Steadfast. He has stood there—more or less motionless—for a long time—over two hundred years, in fact. He is a tall man, red-brown in color. His hair is long and black, his coat ragged, the bright sash at his waist threadbare. On his feet are moccasins of moosehide, brightly beaded. His feet are rather small and well shaped, his legs straight and slender, his face bold of outline. His arms are lean and sinewy in their perfection of muscular development. His waist is slim—too slim; the sash shows it, tucked in under the ribs quite too deeply. In point of fact Jean Baptiste McDougal is hungry and has been for some time—say, two hundred years.

Back in the bush a mile away, in a ragged tent, are the wife and six children of Jean Baptiste McDougal; and they, also, are hungry and have been for a long time. The caribou is not within hunting distance of Steadfast; the whitefish for some reason have not run; the ptarmigan are still in the mountains. Last and worst of all, the rabbits, the stand-by of the fur country, have practically disappeared this year.

It is the seventh year—the lean year of the trade. Jean Baptiste has had a hard time making a living. He stands now, however, without complaint, looking at the door of the trading store, which is locked. He saw the trader leave an hour and a half ago to go over to his own cabin where his Slavi wife would have something for him to eat—something from the store.

It takes the trader's clerk almost another hour and a half to get back from his own cabin and to open the store again. He has seen Jean Baptiste McDougal standing there all the time, but it has been beneath his white dignity to notice him. He does not notice him now as he follows into the store and stands silently near the counter. It is several minutes perhaps before the trader—a young clerk not very old in the trade—casually turns round and sees him. In the Slavi tongue he asks him the equivalent of "What do you want?"

Furs to Trade

Jean Baptiste McDougal does not answer at all. He draws from under his coat a fox skin and throws it across the counter. With him this is the same as bringing in a load of wheat, a load of hay or potatoes. He has nothing else to sell. He is going to sell his fox skin, raw, in terms of made-beaver.

The trader's clerk sees readily that the fox skin is dark. A second look convinces him that it is very dark; that it is not a cross fox; that it seems to have no yellow on the neck or shoulder; that in every likelihood it is a silver gray—perhaps a very good one. The clerk also, finding the light a trifle dim, lights a lamp to examine the skin very closely. This proves how young he is in the business. Jean Baptiste McDougal's eyes flicker, but his face does not change. He has had his fox skin examined by the other trader a mile away—and not by lamp-light.

The trader has been reproved for two things of late—first, for not sending in enough highgrade fox skins; and second, paying too much for those he has sent in; both of these facts are attributable in part to the rival store down the beach, where an independent holds out. He wants to buy this skin, but he rubs a hand over it carelessly, tosses it aside and says nothing at first.

"All you got?" he asks after a time. "Haven't you got any lynx or marten?"

Jean Baptiste shakes his head.

"Too much no rabbit for lynx," says he. "Too much heap fire in bush for marten. No rabbit."

"What's the matter with the foxes this year?" asks the trader, warming up.

"Not much little fox now," says Jean Baptiste. "Maybe so not plenty rabbit. How much?" Jean Baptiste points to the skin.

Typical Trading Post—Mackenzie River

Smith Landing—End of First Steamboat Section

"Not very much now," says the trader. "Not very good skin." Jean Baptiste McDougal gathers his fox skin up, puts it under his coat and starts toward the door.

"Hold on, there—you!" calls the clerk after him. "Come back! You've got a little debt on our books from last winter. I thought you turned in all your fur."

"Some debt?" The Indian turns back, puzzled.

Now the outfit for a trapper, enough to last him through the year, will run from three hundred to six hundred dollars in cost, depending on the location and the extent or elaborateness of the outfit. Steadfast is a post which trades skin fashion, and here the made-beaver or skin is fifty cents. The clerk knows that three hundred dollars has been paid for a fox skin no better than this one; but he wants to buy this for a hundred and twenty-five dollars—that is to say, two hundred and fifty skins; the fact that he will get in the fur auctions six hundred to fifteen hundred dollars for the same skin has nothing to do with the case. The fact that Jean Baptiste McDougal is in debt and that he will need more debt to keep him going—he is a good hunter—are facts of interest however.

"How much?" says Jean Baptiste McDougal once more.

"Maybe so two hundred skins," says the clerk.

"Not much enough. My rifle broke. Blanket no good. My people plenty hongry—wantem flour, bacon. Too much fires in bush—too much no rabbit. Me, I go a hondred mile to hunt this time. Must have plenty grub. How much?"

"If this is all you got," says the clerk, "you can't get much outfit here. But your cousin will bring in his fur this winter too—all your people? Suppose I give you good outfit—five-hundred-skin outfit—plenty goods? You give me this fox—I give you two hundred and fifty skins, eh?"

"Maybe so," says Jean Baptiste McDougal, who understands all this but very little. A vague feeling is in his mind that he owes a debt and must pay it before he can get more debt.

The trader takes down a bag of trade bullets and a couple of pans. He counts into each pan two hundred and fifty bullets and pushes one pan toward Jean Baptiste, keeping the other on his own side of the counter.

"Now," says the clerk, taking out a great proportion of the bullets from the pan on Jean's side of the counter, "first I pay your debt—seventy-five skins."

Beating Jean at the Skin Game

JEAN BAPTISTE makes no objection to this. To him these bullets are only counters. Of values he has but the slightest idea. He supposes that the clerk has put the right number of bullets, or skins, in these pans; but he cannot count them accurately enough to know.

The clerk comes of a family which once bought fur on the basis that a man's fist placed firmly in the scale weighed only one pound, and so should bring an equal weight in marten fur—the same family that once in earlier years sold a cheap musket for the number of beaver skins which, piled flat one on top of the other, would reach from the floor to the muzzle of the musket. It is for the Indian scale of comprehension that the made-beaver, and the token of the made-beaver—in this case a leaden bullet—is used in trade. At least Jean Baptiste has known no better fashion.

First he looks round on the shelves and motions for a piece of tobacco—a small one. The clerk lays it on the counter and takes out one bullet from Jean's pan. That completes that particular trade. But Jean Baptiste wants another piece of tobacco; so he does the same thing again and yet again, each trade being a separate transaction. He cannot think in multiples.

The next essential in his life is tea. He motions for a package of tea, a quarter of a pound of a grade long established. When he gets it the trader takes out a bullet from his pan. Jean does this twice over. He wants quite a bit of tea.

Some sugar comes next, and this is sold a skin to the cup. The trader measures the sugar with his thumb inside the cup. Jean says nothing about this. A relative of his once protested to the district agent that the Indians wanted a trader who had no thumb. Personally, however, Jean Baptiste is not trained to niceties like this. He does not even notice the swift disappearance of the bullets from his pan.

Native Cache in the Fur Country

Jean Baptiste now wants flour; and—a bullet for a cup of flour—he has measured into a small sack, which he takes from under his belt, several cups of this flour. There are some interesting packages, large and bulky though not very heavy, which the white man has on his shelves. Jean Baptiste has no equivalent for oatmeal, but he has eaten this stuff on several occasions and called it good. It bulks large—an eight-pound box. The entire package would cost very little in your town. The clerk takes a few more of Jean Baptiste's bullets.

Some grease the Indian must have for cooking—and he has not killed a bear for a long time. He wants some bacon. What he gets is heavy with salt—not prime, as we regard bacon, but useful. He takes the trader's weights, skin for pound, and lets it go at that.

For a time Jean Baptiste engages in thought. He still is a rich man, with all these bullets in the pan. His eye wanders to a gaudy silk handkerchief in a case near by. He does not haggle, but throws down the silk handkerchief and watches the trader count out fourteen of his lessening leaden tokens. But he is not content. His wife must have some velvet, because she needs a new mossbag for her youngest baby. Jean Baptiste buys a yard of cotton velvet and pays for it eight skins or bullets—four dollars. The title to his fox skin is passing rapidly to the man on the other side of the counter.

There must be some decorations for the feminine part of his family, some attire suitable to their rank in life. Jean Baptiste buys five yards of calico as a present, and pays five more bullets from his pan. He stops now; for, after all, it is a woman's business to buy woman's wear.

Now, however, it occurs to Jean Baptiste's mind that this little sack of flour, whose mouth he has tucked under his belt, is not going to last him all winter, since he has to travel a hundred miles to his hunting-ground. He sees a big sack on the floor and hauls it up to the edge of the counter, pointing to it. The trader takes out twenty-four more of the bullets. Jean Baptiste wants some beans, and, one bullet at a time, he gets five cupfuls. He switches back to luxuries now, and buys a cotton handkerchief for five skins.

Jean Baptiste has a shotgun and he must get ammunition for it. He buys some powder at two skins the pound, some shot at three skins the pound. But, since his gun nowadays is a breechloader, he must have some empty cases for it. He pays eight skins a box for empty shells—that is to say, four dollars. A twenty-two-caliber rifle is a thing much prized by the Indians of the North as a practical weapon. The clerk has one left—a repeater.

Jean looks at it longingly. He does not know what the trader knows—that every bullet now out of the farther pan is a debt against him, which must be paid out of his next winter's hunt—if he makes so much. But they conclude that he ought to have the rifle—at sixty skins—and some ammunition for it. Jean Baptiste thinks that with this rifle he can get rabbits and ptarmigan. With his shotgun he can kill plenty of geese when the wavies come down; but for the moose he must have a heavier rifle. He thinks he can make his thirty-thirty do, but he must have ammunition. He pays a skin for each four cartridges that he gets.

Buying With Bullets

JEAN BAPTISTE takes the ragged edge of his coat between his fingers and shows how thin it is. He points to a white blanket capote and the trader throws it down.

"How much?" asks Jean Baptiste for a wonder—he rarely asks the price of anything.

"Twenty skins," says the trader, "ten dollars."

"Ten dollars?" repeats Jean Baptiste. "No see 'um."

The trader reaches into the drawer and brings out ten silver dollars, which he puts on the counter—rare articles in that part of the world and left by a tourist the past season. "This many," says he idly, pushing them out and counting them. Jean counts out ten bullets from the pan and offers them to the trader.

"Not by a long sight!" says the clerk. "I said ten dollars—not ten skins."

(Continued on Page 39)

Where They Never Saw a Horse

THE GOLDFISH

How Smart Society Amuses Itself

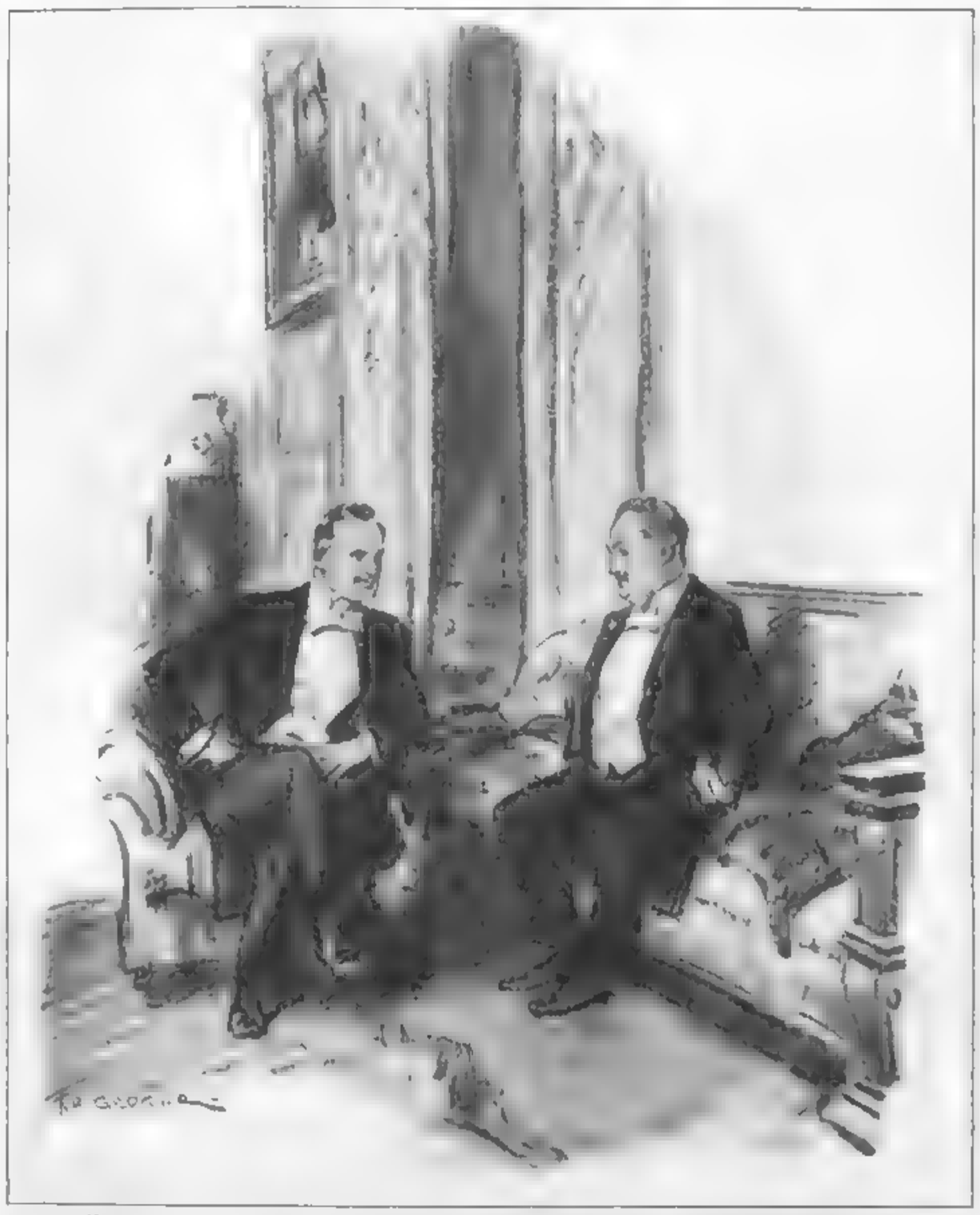
ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

BY VIRTUE of my being a successful man my family has an established position in New York society. We are not, to be sure—at least my wife and I are not a part of the sacrosanct fifty or sixty who run the show and perform in the big ring; but we are well up in the front of the procession and occasionally do a turn or so in one of the side rings. We give a couple of dinners each week during the season and a ball or two, besides a continuous succession of opera and theater parties.

Our less desirable acquaintances, and those toward whom we have minor social obligations, my wife disposes of by means of an elaborate at-home, where the inadequacies of the orchestra are drowned in the roar of conversation, and which a sufficient number of well-known people are good-natured enough to attend in order to make the others feel that the occasion is really smart and that they are not being trifled with. This method of getting rid of one's shabby friends and their claims is, I am informed, known as killing them off with a tea.

We have a slaughter of this kind about once in two years. In return for these courtesies we are invited yearly by the élite to some two hundred dinners, about thirty balls and dances, and a large number of miscellaneous entertainments such as French lectures, private theatricals, costume parties, amateur circuses and gambling parties, as well as in the summer to clambakes—where champagne and terrapin are served by footmen—and other elegant rusticities.

Besides these chic functions we are, of course, deluged with invitations to informal meals with old and new friends, studio parties, highbrow receptions and conversaziones, and similar festivities. We have cut out all these long ago. Keeping up with our smart acquaintances takes all our energy and available time. There are several old friends of mine on the next block to ours whom I have not met socially for nearly ten years.



"Should My Host Come to Florence I Should Not Dare to Ask Him to Dinner"

We have definitely arrived however. There is no question about that. We are in society and entitled to all the privileges pertaining thereto. What are they? you ask. Why, the privileges of going to all these balls, concerts and dinners, of course; of calling the men and women one reads about in the paper by their first names; of having the satisfaction of knowing that everybody who knows anything knows we are in society; and of giving our daughters and son the chance to enjoy, without any effort on their part, these same privileges that their parents have spent a life of effort to secure.

Incidentally, I may add, our offspring will each of them—if I am not very much mistaken—marry money, since I have observed a certain frankness on their part in this regard which seems to point that way and which, if not admirable in itself, at least does credit to their honesty.

A Dream of a Poached Egg

NOW it is unquestionably the truth that my wife regards our place among the socially elect as the crowning achievement of our joint career. It is what we have always been striving for. Without it we—both of us—would have unquestionably acknowledged failure. My future, my reputation, my place at the bar and my domestic life would have meant nothing to us, had not the grand cordon of success been thrown across our shoulders by society.

And as I have achieved my ambition in this respect it is no small part of my self-imposed task somewhat to analyze this, the chief reward of my devotion to my profession, my years of industrious application, my careful following of the paths that other successful Americans have blazed for me.

I must confess at the outset that it is ofttimes difficult to determine where the pleasure ends and the work begins. Even putting it in this way, I fear I am guilty of a euphemism; for, now that I consider the matter honestly, I recall no real pleasure or satisfaction derived from the various entertainments I have attended during the last years.

In the first place I am invariably tired when I come home at night—less perhaps from the actual work I have done at my office than from the amount of tobacco I have consumed and the nervous strain attendant on hurrying from one engagement to another and keeping up the affectation of hearty good-nature which is part of my stock in trade. At any rate, even if my body is not tired, my head, nerves and eyes are distinctly so

I often feel, when my valet tells me that the motor is ordered at ten minutes to eight, that I would greatly enjoy having him slip into the dress-clothes he has so carefully laid out on my bed and go out to dinner in my place. He would doubtless make himself quite as agreeable as I do. And then—let me see—what would I do? I sit with one of my accordion-plaited silk socks half on and surrender myself to all the delights of the most reckless imagination!

Yes, what would I choose if I could do anything in the world for the next three hours? First, I think, I would like an egg—a poached egg, done just right, like a little snowball, balanced nicely in the exact center of a hot piece of toast! My mouth waters. Aunt Jane used to do them like that. And then I would like a crisp piece of gingerbread and a glass of milk. Dress? Not on your life! Where is that old smoking-jacket of mine? Not the one with Japanese embroidery on it—no; the old one. Given away? I groan aloud.

Well, the silk one will have to do—and a pair of comfortable slippers! Where is that old brier pipe I keep to go a-fishing? Now I want a book—full of the sea and ships—of pirates and coral reefs—yes, Treasure Island; of course that's it—and Long John Silver and the Black Spot.

"Beg pardon, sir, but madam has sent me up to say the motor is waiting," admonishes my English footman respectfully.

Gone—gone is my poached egg, my pipe, my dreams of the Southern Seas! I dash into my evening clothes under the solicitous guidance of my valet and hastily descend in the electric elevator to the front hall. My wife has already taken her seat in the motor, with an air of righteous annoyance, of courteously suppressed irritation. The butler is standing on the doorstep. The valet is holding up my fur coat expectantly. I am sensible of an atmosphere of sad reproachfulness.

Oh, well! I thrust my arms into my coat, grasp my white gloves and cane, receive my hat and wearily start forth on my evening's task of being entertained; and as I climb into the motor it occurs to me that this curious form of so-called amusement has certain rather obvious limitations. For what is its *raison d'être?* It is obvious that if I know any persons whose society and conversation are likely to give me pleasure I can invite them to my own home and be sure of an evening's quiet enjoyment. But, so far as I can see, my wife does not invite to our house the people who are likely to give either her or myself any pleasure at all, and neither am I likely to meet such people at the homes of my friends.

The whole thing is a mystery governed by strange laws of which I am kept in utter ignorance; in fact, I rarely know where I am going to dine until I arrive at the house. On several occasions I have come away without having any very clear idea about where I have been.

"The Hobby-Smiths," my wife will whisper as we go up the steps. "Of course you've heard of her! She is a great friend of Marie Van Duser, and her husband is something in Wall Street."

Such a Good Time

THAT is a comparatively illuminating description. At all events it insures some remote social connection with ourselves, if only through Miss Van Duser and Wall Street. Most of our hosts are something in Wall Street. Occasionally they are something in coal, iron, oil or politics. I find a small envelope bearing my name on a silver tray by the hat-stand and open it suspiciously as my wife is divested of her wraps. Inside is a card bearing in an almost illegible scrawl the words: Mrs. Jones.

I hastily refresh my recollection as to all the Joneses of my acquaintance, whether in coal, oil or otherwise; but no likely candidate for the distinction of being the husband of my future dinner companion comes to my mind. Yet there is undoubtedly a Jones. But, no! The lady may be a divorcée or a widow. I recall no Mrs. Jones, but I visualize various possible Miss Joneses—ladies very fat and bursting; ladies scrawny, lean and sardonic; facetious ladies; heavy, intelligent ladies; aggressive, militant ladies.

My spouse has turned away from the mirror and the butler has pulled back the portières leading into the drawing room. I follow my wife's composed figure as she sweeps toward our much-beplumed hostess and find myself in a roomful of heterogeneous people, most of whom I have never seen before and whose personal appearance is anything but encouraging.

"This is so nice!" says our hostess—accent on the *nice*.

"So *nice* of you to think of us!" answers my wife.

We shake hands and smile vaguely. The butler rattles the portières and two more people come in.

"This is very nice!" says the hostess again—accent on the *is*.

It may be here noted that at the conclusion of the evening each guest murmurs in a simpering, half-persuasive yet consciously deprecatory manner—as if he were apologizing for the necessity of so bald a prevarication—"Good-night! We have had such a good time! So good of you to ask us!" This epilogue never changes. Its phrase is cast and set. The words may vary slightly, but the tone, emphasis and substance are inviolable. Yet, disregarding the invocation good-night! the fact remains that you neither have had a good time nor was your host in any way good or kind in asking you.

Returning to the moment at which you have made your entrance and been passed along to your place, you gaze vaguely round you at the other guests, greeting those you know with exaggerated enthusiasm and being the conscious subject of whispered criticism and inquiry on the part of the others. You make your way to the side of a lady whom you have previously encountered at a similar entertainment and assert your delight at revamping the fatuous

acquaintanceship. Her facetiousness is elephantine, but the relief of conversation is such that you laugh loudly at her witticisms and simper knowingly at her platitudes—both of which have now been current for several months.

The edge of your delight is, however, somewhat dulled by the discovery that she is the lady whom Fate has ordained that you shall take in to dinner—a matter of which you were sublimely unconscious owing to the fact that you had entirely forgotten her name. As the couples pair off to march to the dining room and the combinations of which you may form a possible part are reduced to a scattering two or three, you realize with a shudder that the lady beside you is none other than Mrs. Jones—and that for the last ten minutes you have been recklessly using up the evening's conversational ammunition.

With a sinking heart you proffer your arm, wondering whether it will be possible to get through the meal and preserve the fiction of interest. You wish savagely that you could turn on her and exclaim honestly:

"Look here, my good woman, you are attractive enough in your own way, but we have nothing in common; and this proposed evening of enforced companionship will leave us both exhausted and ill-tempered. We shall grin and shout meaningless phrases over the fish, entrée and salad about life, death and the eternal verities; but we shall be sick to death of each other in ten minutes. Let's cut it out and go home!"

You are obliged, however, to escort your middle-aged comrade downstairs and take your seat beside her with a flourish, as if you were playing Rudolph to her Flavia. Then for two hours, with your eyes blinded by candlelight and electricity, you eat recklessly while you grimace first over your left shoulder and then over your right. It is a foregone conclusion that you will have a headache by the time you have turned with a sensation of momentary relief to your fair companion on the other side.

Have you enjoyed yourself? Have you been entertained? Have you profited? The questions are utterly absurd. You have suffered. You have strained your eyes, overloaded your stomach, and wasted three hours during which you might have been recuperating from your day's work or really amusing yourself with people you like.

Eating Not Wisely But Too Well

THIS entirely conventional form of amusement is, I am told, quite unknown in Europe. There are, to be sure, occasional formal banquets, which do not pretend to be anything but formal. A formal banquet would be an intense relief, after the noise, confusion and pseudo-informality of a New York dinner. The European is puzzled and baffled by one of our combined talk-and-eating bouts.

A nobleman from Florence recently said to me:

"At home, when we go to other people's houses it is for the purpose of meeting our own friends or our friends' friends. We go after our evening meal and stay as long as is mutually agreeable. Some light refreshment is served, and those who wish to do so smoke or play cards. The old and the young mingle. It is proper for each guest to make himself agreeable to all the others. We do not desire to spend money or to make a fête. At the proper times we have our balls and festas.

"But here in New York each night I have been pressed to go to a grand entertainment and eat a huge dinner cooked by a French chef and served by several men servants, where I am given a lady to talk to for several hours. I must converse with no one else, even if there is a witty, beautiful and charming woman directly opposite me; and as I talk and listen I must consume some ten or twelve courses or fail to do justice to my host's hospitality. I am given four or five costly wines, caviar, turtle soup, fish, mousse, a roast, partridge, pâté de fois gras, glacés, fruits, bonbons, and cigars costing two francs each. Not to eat and drink would be to insult the friend who is paying at least forty or fifty francs for my dinner. But I cannot enjoy a meal eaten in such haste and I cannot enjoy talking to one strange lady for so long.

"Then the men retire to a chamber from which the ladies are excluded. I must talk to some man. Perhaps I have seen an attractive woman I wish to meet. It is hopeless. I must talk to her husband! At the end of three-quarters of an hour the men march to the drawing room, and again I talk to some lady for half an hour and then must go home! It may be only half-past ten o'clock, but I have no choice. Away I must go. I say good-night. I have eaten a huge dinner; I have talked to one man and three ladies; I have drunk a great deal of wine and my head is very tired.

"Nineteen other people have had the same experience, and it has cost my host from five hundred to a thousand francs—or, as you say here, from one hundred to two hundred dollars. And why has he spent this sum of money? Pardon me, my friend, if I say that it could be expended to much better advantage. Should my host come to Florence I should not dare to ask him to dinner, for we cannot afford to have these elaborate functions. If he came to my house he would have to dine *en famille*. Here you feast every night in the winter. Why? Every day is not a feast day!"

I devote space and time to this subject commensurate with what seems to me to be its importance. Dining out is the great national form of social entertainment for the well-to-do. I go to such affairs at least one hundred nights each year. That is a large proportion of my whole life and at least one-half of all the time at my disposal for recreation. So far as I can see, it is totally useless and a severe drain on one's nervous centers. It has sapped and is sapping my vitality. During the winter I am constantly tired. My head aches a large part of the time. I can do only a half—and on some days only a third—as much work as I could at thirty-five.

Gone—Gone Is My Poached Egg, My Pipe, My Dreams!

I wake up with a thin, fine line of pain over my right eye, and a heavy head. A strong cup of coffee sets me up and I feel better; but as the morning wears on, especially if I am nervous, the weariness in my head returns. By luncheon time I am cross and upset. Often by six o'clock I have a severe sick headache. When I do not have a headache I am usually depressed; my brain feels like a lump of lead. And I know precisely the cause: It is that I do not give my nerve-centers sufficient rest. If I could spend the evenings—or half of them—quietly, I should be well enough; but after I am tired out by a day's work I come home only to array myself to go out to saw social wood.

I never get rested! My head gets heavier and heavier and finally gives way. There is no immediate cause. It is the fact that my nervous system gets more and more tired without any adequate relief. The feeling of complete restedness, so far as my head is concerned, is one I almost never experience. When I do wake up with my head clear and light my heart sings for joy. My effectiveness is impaired by weariness and overeating, through a false effort at recuperation. I have known this for a long time, but I have seen no escape from it.

Social life is one of the objects of living in New York, and social life to ninety per cent of society people means nothing but eating one another's dinners. Men never pay calls or go to teas. The dinner, which has come to mean a heavy, elaborate meal, eaten amid noise, laughter and chatter, at great expense, is the expression of our highest social aspirations. Thus it would seem that I work seven or eight hours every day in order to make myself rather miserable for the rest of the time.

"I am going to lie down and rest this afternoon," my wife will sometimes say. "We're dining with the Robinsons."

Extraordinary that pleasure should be so exhausting as to require rest in anticipation! Dining with these particular and other in-general Robinsons has actually become a physical feat of endurance—a *tour de force*, like climbing the Matterhorn or eating thirteen pounds of beefsteak at a sitting. Is it a reminiscence of those dim centuries when our ancestors in the forests of the Elbe sat under the moss-hung oaks and stuffed themselves with roast ox washed down with huge skins of wine? Or a custom born of those later days when, round the blazing logs of Canadian camp-fires, our Indian allies gorged themselves into insensibility to the sound of the tomtom and the chant of the medicine-man—the latter as indispensable now as then?

If I should be called on to explain for what reason I am accustomed to eat not wisely but too well on these joyous occasions, I should be somewhat at a loss for any adequate reply. Perhaps the simplest answer would be that I have just imbibed a cocktail and created an artificial appetite. It is also probable that, in my efforts to appear happy and at ease, to play my part as a connoisseur of good things, and to keep the conversational ball in the air, I unconsciously lose track of the number of courses I have consumed.

It is also a matter of habit. As a boy I was compelled to eat everything on my plate; and as I grew older I discovered that in our home town it was good manners to leave nothing undevoured and thus pay a concrete tribute to the culinary ability of the hostess.

Be that as it may, I have always liked to eat. It is almost the only thing left that I enjoy; and, even so, my palate requires a stimulus. I know that I am getting fat. My waistcoats have to be let out a little more every five or six months. Anyhow, if the men did not do their part there would be little object in giving dinner parties in these days when slender women are the fashion.

Grapevining to Très Moutard

AFTER the long straight front and the habit back, social usage is frowning on the stomach, the hips and other heretofore not unadmired evidences of robust nutrition. Temperance, not to say total abstinence, has become *de rigueur* among the ladies. My dinner companion nibbles her celery, tastes the soup, waves away fish, entrée and roast, pecks once or twice at the salad, and at last consumes her ration of ice-cream with obvious satisfaction. If there is a duck—well, she makes an exception in the case of duck, at six dollars and a half a pair. A couple of hothouse grapes and she is done.

It will be observed that this gives her all the more opportunity for conversation—a doubtful blessing. On the other hand, there is an equivalent economic waste. I make no doubt that each guest would prefer to have set before her a chop, a baked potato and a ten-dollar goldpiece. It would amount to the same thing so far as the host is concerned.

I had, until recently, assumed with some bitterness that my dancing days were over. My wife and I went to balls, to be sure, but not to dance. We left that to the younger generation, for the reason that my wife did not care to jeopardize her attire or her complexion. She was also conscious of the fact that the variety of waltz popular thirty years ago was an oddity, and that a middle-aged woman who went hopping about a ballroom must be callous to the amusement that followed her gyrations.

With the advent of the turkey trot and the tango, things have changed however. No one is too stout, too old or too clumsy to go walking solemnly round in or out of time to the music. I confess to a consciousness of absurdity when, to the exciting rhythm of Très Moutard, I back Mrs. Jones slowly down the room and up again.

"Do you grapevine?" she inquires ardently. Yes; I admit the soft impeachment, and at once she begins some astonishing convolution with the lower part of her body, which I attempt to follow. After several entanglements we move triumphantly across the hall.

"How beautifully you dance!" she pants.

Aged roisterer that I am, I fall for the compliment. She is a nice old thing, after all!

"Fish walk?" asks she.

I retort with total abandon:

"Come along!"

Her Facetiousness Is Elephantine, But You Laugh Loudly

So, grabbing her tightly and keeping my legs entirely stiff—as per instructions from my son—I stalk swiftly along the floor, while she backs with prodigious velocity. Away we go, an odd four hundred pounds of us, until, exhausted, we collapse against the table where the champagne is being distributed.

Though I have carefully followed the directions of my preceptor, I am aware that the effect produced by our efforts is somehow not the same as his. I observe him in a close embrace with a willowy young thing, dipping gracefully in the distance. They pause, sway, run a few steps, stop dead and suddenly sink to the floor—only to rise and repeat the performance.

So the evening wears gayly on. I caper round—now sedately, now deliriously—knowing that, however big a fool I am making of myself, we are all in the same boat. My wife is doing it, too, to the obvious annoyance of our daughters. But this is the smartest ball of the season. When all the world is dancing it would be conspicuous to loiter in the doorway. Society has ruled that I must dance—if what I am doing can be so called.

I am aware that I should not care to allow my clients to catch an unexpected glimpse of my antics with Mrs. Jones; yet to be permitted to dance with her is one of the privileges of our success. I might dance elsewhere, but it would not be the same thing. Is not Mrs. Hobby-Smith's hoarse, good-natured, rather vulgar voice the clarion of society? Did not my wife scheme and plot for years before she managed to get our names on the sacred list of invitations?

To be sure, I used to go to dances enough as a lad; and good times I had too. The High School Auditorium had a splendid floor; and the girls, even though they were unacquainted with all these newfangled steps, could waltz and polka and do Sir Roger de Coverley. Good old days! I remember my wife—I met her in that old hall. She wore a white muslin dress trimmed with artificial roses.

I wonder if I appreciate properly the distinction of being invited to these turkey-trotting parties! My butler and the kitchenmaid are probably doing the same thing in the basement at home to the notes of the usefulman's accordion—and having a better time than I am.

Learning to Laugh

IT IS a pleasure to watch my son or my daughters glide through the intricacies of these modern dances, which the natural elasticity and suppleness of youth render charming in spite of their grotesqueness. But why should I seek to copy them? In spite of the fact that I am still rather athletic I cannot do so. With my utmost endeavor I cannot imitate their grace. I am getting old. My muscles are stiff and out of training. My wind has suffered. Mrs. Jones probably never had any. And if I am ridiculous, what of her and the other women of her age who, for some unknown reason, fatuously suppose they can regain their lost youth? Occasionally luck gives me a débutante for a partner when I go out to dinner. I do my best to entertain her—trot out all my old stories, pay her delicate compliments, and do frank homage to her youth and beauty. But her attention wanders.

My tongue is stiff, like my legs. It has lost its spontaneity. One glance from the eye of the boy down the long table and she is oblivious of my existence. Should I try to dance with her I should quickly find that crabbed middle-age and youth cannot step in time. My place is with Mrs. Jones—or, better, at home and in bed.

However, apart from the dubious delight of dancing, all is not gold that glitters socially. The first time my wife and I were invited to a week-end party at the country-house of a widely known New York hostess we were both much excited. At last we were to be received on a footing of real intimacy by one of the inner circle. Even my valet, an imperturbable Englishman who would have announced that the house was on fire in the same tone as that my breakfast was ready, showed clearly that he was fully aware of the significance of the coming event. For several days he exhibited signs of intense nervous anxiety, and when at last the time of my departure arrived I found that he had filled two steamer trunks with the things he regarded as indispensable to my comfort and well-being.

My wife's maid had been equally assiduous. Both she and the valet had no intention of learning on our return that any feature of our respective wardrobes had been forgotten, since we had decided not to take either of our personal servants for the reason that we thought that to do so might possibly be regarded as ostentation.

I made an early getaway from my office on Friday afternoon, met my wife at the ferry, and in due course, but by no means with comfort, managed to board the train and secure our seats in the parlor car before it started. We reached our destination at about half-past four and were met by a footman in livery, who piloted us to a limousine driven by a French chauffeur. We were the only arrivals.

In my confusion I forgot to do anything about our trunks, which contained our evening apparel. During the run to the house we were both on the verge of hysteria, owing to the speed at which we were driven—seventy miles an hour at the least. And at one corner we were thrown forward clear of the seats and against the partition by an unexpected stop. An interchange of French profanity tinted the atmosphere for a few moments and then we resumed the trajectory of our flight.

We had expected to be welcomed by our hostess; but instead we were informed by the butler that she and the other guests had driven over to watch a polo game and would probably not be back before six. As we had nothing to do we strolled round the grounds and looked at the shrubbery for a couple of hours, at the end of which period we had tea alone in the library. We had, of course, no sooner finished than the belated party entered, the hostess full of vociferous apologies.

Before I Could Assemble My Evening Garments I Had to Unwrap the Contents of Every Tray

I remember this occasion vividly because it was my first introduction to that artificially enforced merriment which is the inevitable concomitant of smart gatherings in America. The men invariably addressed each other as Old Man and the women each other as My Dear. No one was mentioned except by his or her first name or by some intimate diminutive or abbreviation.

It seemed to be assumed that the guests were interested only in personal gossip relating to the marital infelicities of the neighboring countryside, who lost most at cards, and the theater. Every remark relating to these absorbing subjects was given a feebly humorous twist and greeted with a burst of hilarity. Even the mere suggestion of going upstairs to dress for dinner was a sufficient reason for an explosion of merriment.

If noise was an evidence of having a good time these people were having the time of their lives. Personally I felt a little out of my element. I had still a lingering disinclination to pretend to a ubiquity of social acquaintance that I did not really possess, and I had never learned to laugh in a properly boisterous manner. But my wife appeared highly gratified.

Delay in sending to the depot for our trunks—the fault of the butler, to whom we turned over our keys—prevented, as we supposed, our getting ready in time for dinner. Everybody else had gone up to dress; so we also went to our rooms, which consisted of two huge apartments connected by a bathroom of similar acreage. The furniture was dainty and chintz-covered. There was an abundance of writing paper, envelopes, magazines and French novels. Superficially the arrangements were wholly charming.

The baggage arrived at about ten minutes to eight, after we had sat helplessly waiting for nearly an hour. The rooms were plentifully supplied with buttons marked: Maid, Valet, Butler's Pantry, and so on. But, though we pressed these anxiously, there was no response. I concluded that the valet was hunting or sleeping or otherwise occupied. I unpacked my trunks without assistance; my wife unpacked hers. But before I could find and assemble my evening garments I had to unwrap the contents of every tray and fill the room knee-high with tissue paper.

Unable to secure any response to her repeated calls for the maid, my wife was nearly reduced to tears. However, in those days I was not unskillful in hooking up a dress, and we managed to get downstairs, with ready apologies on our lips, by twenty minutes of nine. We were the first ones down however.

The party assembled in a happy-go-lucky manner and gathered round the festive board at five minutes past nine. The dinner was the regulation heavy, expensive New York meal, eaten to the accompaniment of the same noisy mirth I have already described.

Afterward the host conducted the men to his den, a luxuriously paneled library filled with rare prints, and we listened for an hour to the jokes and anecdotes of a semiprofessional jester who took it on himself to act as the life of the party. It was after eleven o'clock when we rejoined the ladies, but the evening apparently had only just begun; the serious business of the night—bridge—was at hand. But in those days my wife and I did not play bridge; and as there was nothing else for us to do we retired, after a polite interval, to our apartments.

Week-End Parties

WHILE getting ready for the night we shouted cheerfully to one another through the open doors of the bathroom and, I remember, became quite jolly; but when my wife had gone to bed and I tried to close the blinds I discovered that there were none. Now neither of us had acquired the art of sleeping after daylight unless the daylight was excluded. I arranged a series of makeshift screens and extinguished the electric lights, wandering round the room and turning off the key of each one separately, since the architect had apparently forgotten to put in a central switch. If there had been no servants when we wanted them before dinner, there was evidence aplenty of their propinquity now.

There seemed to be a bowling party going on upstairs. We could also hear plainly the rattle of dishes and a lively interchange of informalities from the kitchen end of the establishment. We lay awake tensely. Shortly after one o'clock these particular sounds died away, but there was a steady tramp of feet over our heads until three. About this hour, also, the bridge party broke up and the guests came upstairs.

There were no outside doors to our rooms. Bells rang, water ran, and there was that curious vibration which even hairbrushing seems to set going in a country house. Then with a final bang, comparative silence descended. Occasionally still, to be sure, the floor squeaked over our heads. Once somebody got up and closed a window. I could hear two distant snorings in major and minor keys. I managed to snatch a few winks and then an alarm clock went off. At no great distance the scrubbing maid was getting up. I could hear her every move.

The sun also rose and threw fire-pointed darts at us through the windowshades. By five o'clock I was ready to scream with nerves; and, having dug a lounge suit out of the gentlemen's furnishing store in my trunk, I cautiously descended into the lower regions. There was a rich smell of cigarettes everywhere. In the hall I stumbled over the

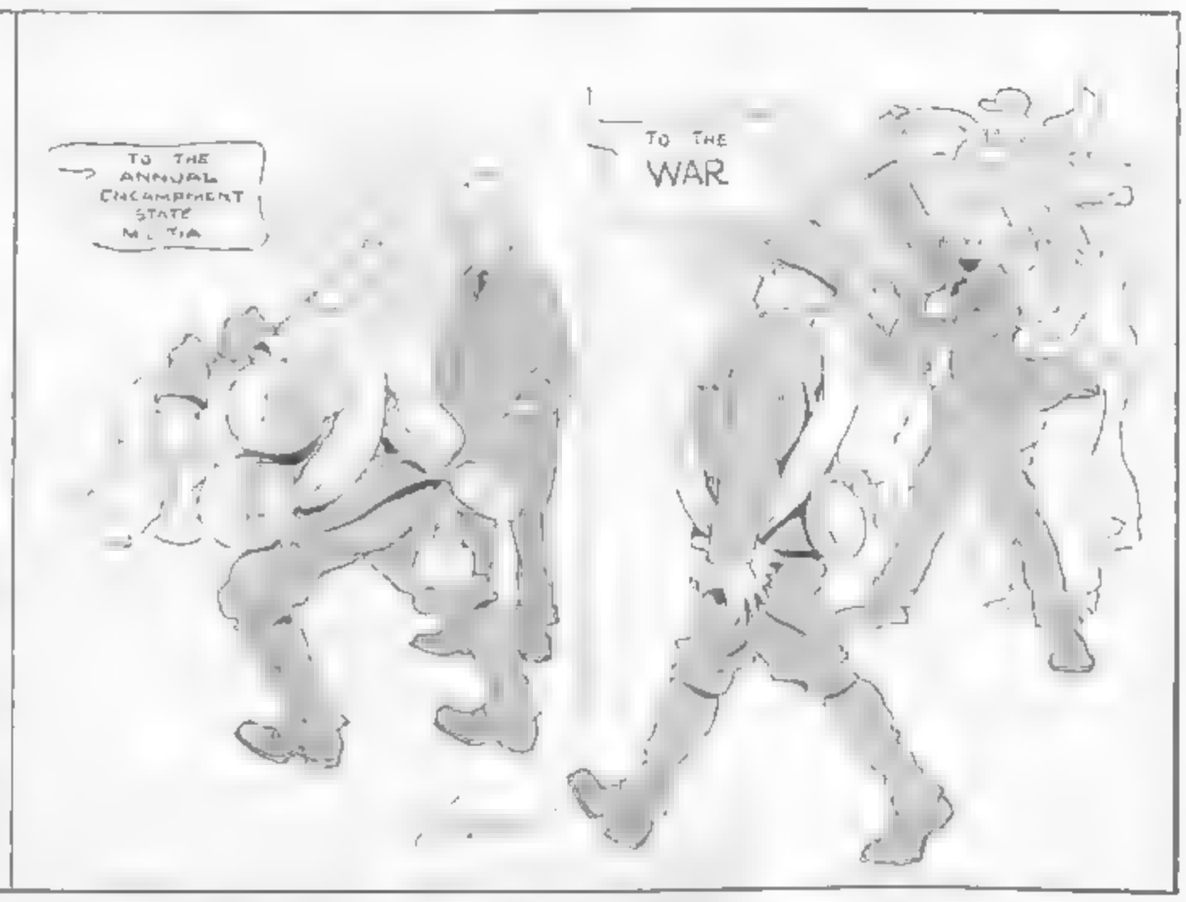
(Continued on Page 42)

Shakspere's Seven Ages and Mine

"THEN A SOLDIER"—By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

When the President Orders One of Those Horseback-Riding Tests



We Do Not Snicker at Jorgenson Now. We Cheer for Him—the Hero!

. . . . Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. . . .

AS YOU LIKE IT—Act II, Scene VII.

BACK there in those days there was more need for soldiers than at the present time of writing. Kings regulated wars instead of financiers, and the spoils of combat went to the warrior instead of the moving-picture operator; but now the paths of glory lead but to the film; and, for compiling the bubble reputation mentioned above, a politician's mouth has superior terminal facilities to any mouth I can recall.

Hence soldiers have come to be more or less of a drug on the market. To be sure, we have our standing army. It was so called back in the time of General Winfield Scott—mainly, I suppose, because the Indians did not give it a chance to sit down very long on a stretch—and it is still so called, though, so far as I am able to judge, there does not seem to be any reason for it except when the president orders one of those horseback-riding tests for all the rocking-chair colonels in the service.

I hear that for the best part of a week after the last little junket of that nature some of them even took their meals standing. I think this is what is known as putting the army on a peace footing—not that our army does not have its little taste of warfare even in times of ostensible peace.

The Annapolis set is also said to excel in this direction; in fact, they tell me that when it comes to working up nice, busy little family feuds the West Pointers have little if anything on the Annapolis setters.

Martial Exercises

OUR officers will not be found in a state of unpreparedness in the event of sudden hostilities with another power. Persons who have felt alarm on this score may as well be quite calm. Those who will lead our forces to the fray are in constant training—if we can believe what we hear. Some of them probably will be glad to get away to the front, where things will be comparatively quiet—or, at least, that is the impression one gathers.

Then, too, to provide an outlet for the military cravings of our young men we have the national guard. I have a tremendous admiration for the national guard—but as an onlooker solely. Personally I could never get all worked up over the prospect of caparisoning myself with a load of accouterments that no humane man would ask a mule to tote, and getting out in the hot sun and going through a series of complicated and laborious calisthenics with my arms and legs every time a young sapling officer looked at me and went Hum-p-p-h! 'way down in his throat. To me it would be an extremely distasteful thing to be called Hum-p-p-h! at frequent intervals all the afternoon by a young officer to whom I had not been introduced.

Where we live now we have a neighbor who is very active in the national guard and from him I have learned a great deal about it. He just exists from day to day for the dear old national guard. Duty seems to call him nearly every night. If it is not battalion drill, or regimental inspection, or target practice, or school for non-coms, or brigade muster—it's something else.

On holidays, such as Memorial Day and the Fourth of July, when everybody else has gone to the seashore or the country he puts on all his things and a pair of white cotton gloves and parades eight or nine miles. And about once in so often, if he has any luck, he turns out and marches to the cemetery to attend the funeral of somebody he did not know—and comes home in the dusk of evening walking on the sides of his feet, with his shoesoles turned up on edge like a pair of flatirons.

Mr. Carnegie Is Disappointed, But He Is Still Active

Then, too, there is a frequent occasion down at the armory—full-dress review, I think is the name for it—which calls for his harnessing himself up in his fanciest trappings. The word is passed round then and all the folks on the street come out on their front porches to enjoy the spectacle. We stand and watch for him just as a few years ago people used to watch for Halley's Comet. Presently he goes by, all embossed with brass and enmeshed in gold braid. His coat fits him faultlessly in the back, and his brain is not giving him any trouble either. After he has gone the street seems dark and sad. You know how gloomy the heavens always look just after a shooting star has passed!

Watch for the Jorgenson Bombshell

ONCE in a while he has an afternoon off, and then he has his photograph taken in full regalia. He has not yet assisted in the taking of a walled city, but he has been present at the taking of more photographs than any man in the state, I guess. I do not believe so many of our leading photographers would own automobiles if it were not for young babies, national guardsmen and members of the uniform rank of the Knights of Pythias.

Our military friend spent an evening with us recently. I do not know how he came to have an evening to spare—the colonel must have been sick or something—but anyhow he came over to see us and put in three solid hours telling me about the big row over the election of the new second lieutenant of L Company. It seems this was one of the most important and significant things that had occurred in this country in years! That affair between Hayes and Tilden is not to be mentioned in the same breath with it. I am really surprised that the newspapers have not taken it up.

Here they had been wasting their time on Mexico, and the tariff, and whether women shall or shall not wear 'em this winter with a slit effect in the skirts, and other comparatively trivial issues, but paying absolutely no attention to the election in L Company. Jorgenson—that is his name—Jorgenson said the papers undoubtedly would take it up when they heard about it, and he has practically mapped out an interview that he expects to give to the press at the proper time. He says it will be a bombshell.

Jorgenson has ambitions himself. I gathered from what he said that if he hangs on for about five years longer, and never is tardy or absent on drill nights, and never misses an inspection, he is liable to be promoted to fourth corporal.

His voice trembled with emotion when he spoke of this to me. Even now he enjoys certain perquisites. He is exempt from jury service—that's one thing—and if war should break out he will be the first to go. He will—if I have any say in the matter.

That is not all either. Every summer he goes to the encampment with his regiment. Oh, but he has the glorious outing then! He spends weeks getting ready for it. He takes his rifle with him, and his cartridge belt, and his sidearms, and his blanket roll, and a canteen and a service kit, and a first-aid package, and some collapsible cooking utensils, and an extra shirt and a change of underwear, and his other shoes, and a lot of miscellaneous tinware and hardware and truck and stuff. He does not haul these things in a wagon—he takes them! And he and all the others go upstate to the camp and stay ten days there. No stuffy Pullmans for them—they travel on a jolly old daycoach, two in a seat.

In the morning he gets up early—at five-forty-five I think it is—and drills all day except when he is tidying up round the camp or acting as orderly to some very prominent officer, who is a shipping clerk when in town. He eats off a tin plate and drinks his coffee without any cream in it out of a tin cup. And at night he sleeps in a tent—except that about every other night he is on guard duty and walks a post with his gun on his shoulder. It is a nice gun, but a mite heavy along toward breakfast-time.

When he comes home you would not know him for the sunburn and the blisters and the mosquito bites. He has to walk with a cane for a week. It is simply great, he tells me. He would not take any amount of money for the experience. Neither would I—and I need the money too.

One summer two or three years ago Jorgenson played in splendid luck. He participated in the big maneuvers. There were national guardsmen from several states in attendance, and regulars from the army posts and batteries of coast artillery. The secretary of war—the one who was made secretary of war because he was such a good corporation lawyer—came all the way from Washington on a private car to be present at the maneuvers.

There were two armies—the Red Army and the Blue Army. Jorgenson belonged to the Red Army. I have forgotten now how many miles he crawled on his abdomen—but it ran up into figures—and it rained most of the time; and he got separated from his command and had to sleep out. The commissary failed to arrive, and he did not eat anything to speak of, except a concentrated emergency ration, which refused to jell when he tried to cook it in his collapsible saucepan.

Dying Varied Deaths

HE WAS chased round a good deal, too, over rough country; and took part in some delightful forced night marches, and was captured several times and killed once or twice—figuratively killed, of course. No person, no matter how brutal and bloodthirsty by nature, would kill Jorgenson intentionally. And the very day they broke camp and started out they met the commissary department coming in!

Jorgenson had a perfectly corking time all the way through and was in bed for a week after he got home, suffering from stone bruises on his stomach. If he is strong enough, and if the physician who is treating him for fallen arches and the rheumatism will let him, he means to go to the next maneuvers. He says they have an excellent hardening effect on a chap and toughen him up for actual campaigning. I judge he is right. One more experience of this sort ought to fit Jorgenson for traveling exclusively on the abdomen without making him footsore there; and when it comes to living on and on indefinitely, without eating anything, he will be able to laugh in a chameleon's face.

Jorgenson is the exception to the run of the race. In these piping times of peace the average young man does not go in for the military life. If his fancy turns toward West Point he is daunted possibly by the reflection that this generous Republic pays its officers, who have dedicated their lives to their country, almost as good wages as a union paperhanger gets, the principal advantage in the paperhanger's favor being that he can change bosses when he feels like it. If he has a leaning toward joining the national guard he sometimes hefts the service gun and reads about those merry practice marches that take place about every so often.

These things also have a tendency to discourage him: he is afraid of contracting hodcarrier's shoulder or mailcarrier's instep. As the preponderance of proof shows, he goes forth to glean a competence from what the poet has called the busy marts of trade, or he goes into one of the learned professions. And when somebody uses the adjective militant we do not think of a young man in khaki, with a gun on his shoulder and a compressed emergency ration that is behaving peaceably if it is outside of him, but cutting up scandalously if it is inside. That vision does not come to us. No; we think of a woman with a mission in life and a purpose; which naturally enough brings us round to the most burning issue of the day—especially in England—to wit: the suffrage movement.

I can think of nothing that more fitly characterizes the effect the suffrage movement has had upon our times than the frequent use of the word militant—that, and another word, Amazon. Originally, in the popular conception, an Amazon was a female residing in a savage clime, wearing her own hair and very little else, who pranced down to the shore when the daring explorer landed and shoved a broad-nosed javelin into him so far that it stuck out a couple of feet behind and made it extremely difficult for him to sit down with comfort. For many years that mental image persisted.

Then, in the last quarter of the past century, came the stage of our national development when somewhere in the country there was always a hardy adventurer eating a quail a day for thirty days; and the James G. Blaine Marching Club was abroad yelling, "Blow, flambeau! Blow!"—and doing so.

Nearly everybody had an uncle who, when wounded at Shiloh and carried to a field hospital, drew his horse-pistol and threatened to kill any surgeon who wanted to cut off his leg; he was our favorite uncle and there were several hundred thousand of him. And between the parlor windows of every well-ordered home was a piece of refined statuary entitled Welcoming the Minister—or else, Bringing Home the Bride.

There Will Never be Another War—Not in Our Own Country Anyhow

Now Mention of an Amazon Suggests a Gentleborn Woman, With a Spirit About Nine Times as Big as Her Body

Amazons Up to Date

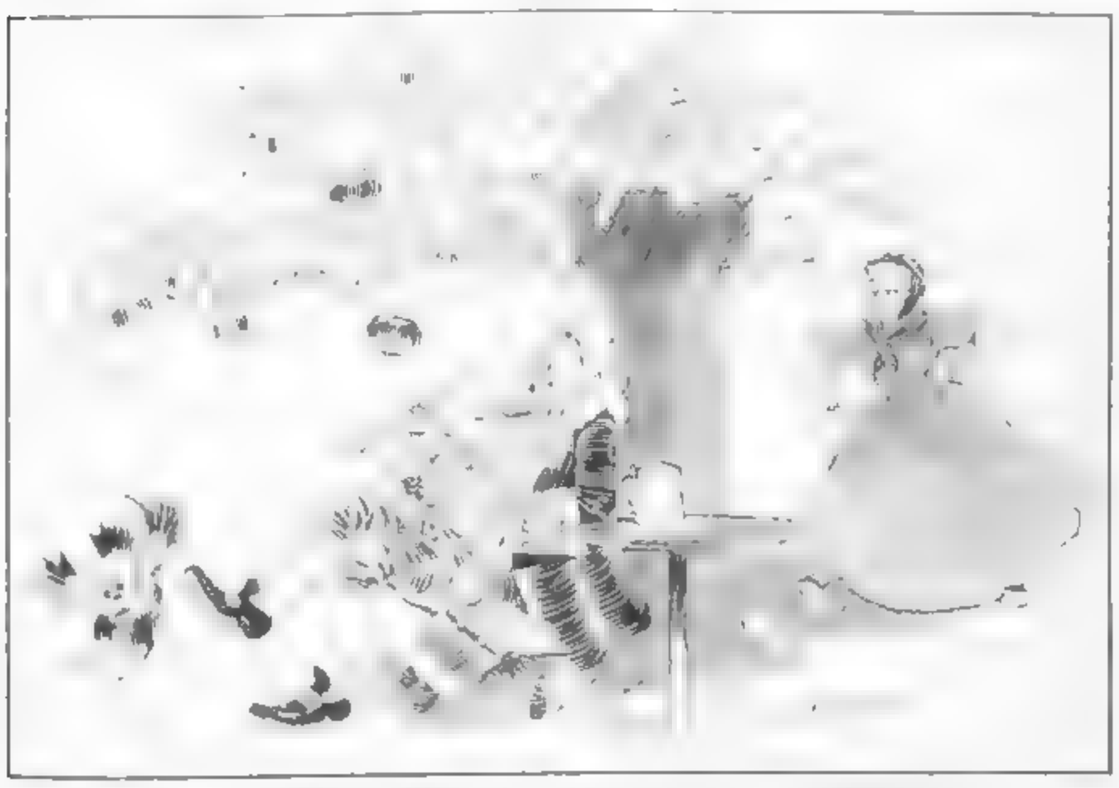
IN THOSE times an Amazon was a large, billowy, blond lady, connected with a burlesque troupe. She came on the stage accompanied by a solid phalanx of her sisters, all of them carrying tin shields and tin spears, and went through a series of fancy evolutions to the intense delight of an audience of gentlemen in tight trousers and plaid vests. But now mention of an Amazon suggests a gentleborn woman, with a spirit about nine times as big as her body; and if she be English she is chaining herself to railings, and breaking up meetings of Parliament, and setting fire to palaces, and smashing windows, and undergoing hunger strikes, and heckling British public speakers—though that last seems to be an unnecessary job. Most of the British public speakers I have heard were pretty well heckled when they started.

If she be American she is taking walking trips to Albany or Washington, with a petition under her arm; or she is addressing the public on the street corners, or is running for office out West somewhere, or conducting a headquarters for the propagation of the faith that is in her. She is doing some one of these things, or all of them, and doing them pretty well too.

There are abundant proofs to testify to the spread of the movement; they abound on every side. You do not have to look for them—they come to your door looking for you. Only a few years ago almost any man laughed at the bare suggestion that a woman should ever have the ballot—that inestimable boon of the freeman which some of the freemen forget to exercise and others exercise at two dollars a head! Now we've quit laughing. We are more serious about it—we jolly well have to be, as our friends across the water say.

That picture in the comic weekly of father sitting in his breakfast shawl, rocking the cradle, while mother in her walking skirt puts off for the office to earn the family's daily bread, or to the club for her evening cocktail, is not as common as it used to be. I think not more than half a

(Concluded on Page 38)



Sir Isaac Newton Came In, I'll Bet You, for Many a Tongue-Lashing

AN AMIABLE CHARLATAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFFÉ

X

BY WHAT certainly seemed to be, at the time, a stroke of evil fortune, I invited Mrs. Bundercombe and Eve to lunch with me at Prince's restaurant a few days after our return from the country. Mrs. Bundercombe was graciously pleased to accept my invitation; but she did not think it necessary to alter in any way her usual style of dress for the occasion.

We sailed into Prince's, therefore—Eve charming in a lemon-colored foulard dress and a black toque; Mrs. Bundercombe in an Okata dressmaker's conception of a tailor-made gown in some hard, steel-gray material, and a hat whose imperfections were perhaps mercifully hidden by a veil, which, instead of providing a really reasonable excuse for its existence by concealing some portion of Mrs. Bundercombe's features, streamed down behind her nearly to her feet.

The *maître d'hôtel* who welcomed me and showed us to our table found his little flow of small talk arrested by that first glimpse of our companion. He accepted my orders in a chastened manner, and I noticed his eyes straying every now and then, as though in fearsome fascination, to Mrs. Bundercombe, who was sitting very upright at the table, with her bony fingers stretched out and a good deal of gold showing in her teeth as she talked with Eve in a high nasal voice concerning the absurd food invariably offered in English restaurants.

Then suddenly her flow of language ceased—the bombshell fell! Mrs. Bundercombe's face became unlike anything I have ever seen or dreamed of. Even Eve's eyes were round and her expression dubious. I turned my head.

Some three tables away Mr. Bundercombe was lunching with a young lady—a stranger to us all! She was not only a stranger to us all but, though she was remarkably good looking, there were indications that she scarcely belonged to our world.

All three of us remained silent for a moment. Then I coughed and took up the wine list.

"What should you like to drink, Mrs. Bundercombe?" I asked in attempted unconcern.

Mrs. Bundercombe adjusted her spectacles severely and transferred her regard to me. I felt somehow as though I were back at school and had been discovered in some ignominious escapade.

"You are aware, Paul," she replied, "that I drink nothing save a glass of hot water after my meal. The subject of drink does not interest me. I appeal to you now as a future member of the family: Fetch Mr. Bundercombe here!"

I shook my head.

"Mrs. Bundercombe," I said, leaning over the table, "your husband during his stay in London plunged freely into the bohemian life of our city. I will answer for it that he did so simply in pursuance of that hobby of which we all know. I am convinced ——"

"Paul," Mrs. Bundercombe interrupted, her voice if possible a little more nasal even than usual, "will you fetch Mr. Bundercombe here, or must I rise from my seat in a public place and remove him myself from—from that hussy?"

I appealed to Eve.

"Eve," I begged, "please reason with your stepmother. There are certain situations in life that can be faced in one way only. Mrs. Bundercombe will no doubt have a few words to say to her husband on his return. Let her keep them until then."

"Paul is right!" Eve declared. "Do take our advice!" she continued, turning to her stepmother. "Let us eat our luncheon quite calmly. I am perfectly certain dad will have some very good reason to give for his presence here with that young lady."

Mrs. Bundercombe rose to her feet. I hastened to follow her example. We stood confronting one another.

"It is either you or I, Paul!" she insisted.

"Then it had better be myself," I groaned.

There Was No Lack of Conversation Between Him and His Companion

I deposited my napkin on the table and made my way toward Mr. Bundercombe. I smiled pleasantly at him and bowed apologetically toward his companion.

"Sorry," I said under my breath, "but I am afraid Mrs. Bundercombe means to make trouble!"

Mr. Bundercombe looked at me with a gloriously blank expression. His manner was not without dignity.

"I regret to hear," he replied, "that any person by the name of Mrs. Bundercombe is looking for trouble. I scarcely see, however, how I am concerned in the matter. You have the advantage of me, sir!"

I stared at him and stooped a little lower.

"She's tearing mad!" I whispered. "You don't want a scene. Couldn't you make an excuse and slip away?"

Mr. Bundercombe frowned at me. He glanced at the young lady as though seeking for some explanation.

"Is this young gentleman known to you, Miss Blanche?" he inquired.

She set down her glass and shook her head.

"Never saw him before in my life!" she declared. "What's worrying him?"

"Hitherto," Mr. Bundercombe said, "my somewhat unusual personal appearance has kept me from an adventure of this sort, but I clearly understand that I am now being mistaken for someone else. Your references to a Mrs. Bundercombe, sir, are Greek to me. My name is Parker—Mr. Joseph H. Parker."

"Do you mean to keep this up?" I protested.

Mr. Bundercombe beckoned to the *maître d'hôtel*, who came hastily to his side.

"Do you know this gentleman?" he asked.

The *maître d'hôtel* bowed.

"Certainly, sir," he answered, with a questioning glance toward me. "This is Mr. Walmsley."

"Then will you take Mr. Walmsley back to his place?" Mr. Bundercombe begged. "He persists in mistaking me for someone else. I am not complaining, mind," he added affably; "no complaint whatever! I am quite sure the young gentleman is genuinely mistaken and does not mean to be in any way offensive. Only my digestion is not what it should be and these little contretemps in the middle of luncheon are disturbing. Run away, sir, please!" he concluded, waiving his hand toward me.

The *maître d'hôtel* looked at me and I looked at the *maître d'hôtel*. Then I glanced at Mr. Bundercombe, who remained quite unruffled. Finally I bowed slightly toward the young lady and returned to my place.

"Well?" Mrs. Bundercombe snapped.

"It seems," I said, "that we were mistaken. That isn't Mr. Bundercombe at all."

Mrs. Bundercombe's face was a study.

"Is this a jest?" she demanded severely.

"I wish it were," I replied. "Anyhow, Mrs. Bundercombe, you must really excuse me, but there is nothing more I can do. The gentleman whom I addressed insisted upon it that his name was Mr. Joseph H. Parker. No doubt he was right. These likenesses are sometimes very deceptive," I added feebly.

Mrs. Bundercombe rose to her feet. I made no effort to stop her; in fact her action filled me with pleasurable anticipations. She walked across to the table at which Mr. Bundercombe was seated. Eve and I both turned in our places to watch.

"Poor daddy!" Eve murmured under her breath. "Why couldn't he have chosen a smaller restaurant. He is going to catch it now!"

"I think I'll back your father," I observed. "He is quite at his best this morning."

The exact words that passed between Mr. Bundercombe and his wife we, alas! never knew. She turned her left shoulder pointedly toward the young woman, whom she had designated as a hussy, and talked steadily for about a minute and a half at Mr. Bundercombe. The history of what followed was reflected in that gentleman's expressive face. He appeared to listen, at first in amazement, afterward in annoyance, and finally in downright anger. When at last he spoke we heard the words distinctly.

"Madam," he said, "I don't know who you are, and I object to being addressed in a public place by ladies who are strangers to me. Be so good as to return to your seat. You are mistaking me for some one else. My name is Joseph H. Parker."

For a lady who had won renown upon the platform as a debater, Mrs. Bundercombe seemed afflicted with considerable difficulty in framing a suitable reply; and while she was still a little incoherent Mr. Bundercombe softly summoned the *maître d'hôtel*. It may have been my fancy, but I certainly thought I saw a sovereign slipped into the hand of the latter.

"Perhaps He'll Understand Now How Well It Pays to Be a Liar!"

"Charles," Mr. Bundercombe confided, "my luncheon is being spoiled by people who mistake me for a gentleman who, I believe, does bear a singular resemblance to me. My name is Parker! This lady insists upon addressing me as Mr. Bundercombe. I do not wish to make a disturbance, but I insist upon it that you conduct this lady to her place and see that I am not disturbed any more."

The *maître d'hôtel's* attitude was unmistakable. Within the course of a few seconds Mrs. Bundercombe was restored to us. I thought it best to ignore the whole matter and plunged

at once into a discussion of gastronomic matters. "I have ordered," I began, "some Maryland chicken."

"Then you can eat it!" Mrs. Bundercombe snapped. "Not a mouthful of food do I take in this place with that painted hussy sitting by Joseph's side a few feet away! Oh, I'll fix him when I get him home!"

She drew a little breath between her teeth, but she was as good as her word. She refused all food and sat with her arms folded, glaring across at Mr. Bundercombe's table. My admiration for that man of genius was never greater than on that day. So far from hurrying over his luncheon, he seemed inclined to prolong it.

There was no lack of conversation between him and his companion. They even lingered over their coffee and they were still at the table when Eve and I had finished and Mrs. Bundercombe was sipping the hot water, the only thing that passed her lips during the entire meal. I paid the bill and rose. Mrs. Bundercombe, after a moment's hesitation, followed us.

"Eve and I thought of going into the Academy for a few minutes," I said tentatively as we reached the entrance hall.

Mrs. Bundercombe plumped herself down on a high-backed chair within a yard of the door.

"I," she announced, "shall wait here for Joseph!"

I realized the futility of any attempt to dissuade her; so we left her there, spent an hour at the Academy and did a little shopping. On our way back an idea occurred to me. We reëntered the restaurant. Mrs. Bundercombe was still sitting there in a corner of the hall.

"Thinks he can tire me out, perhaps!" she remarked in an explanatory manner. "Well, he just can't—that's all!"

I moved a few steps farther in and glanced down the restaurant. Then I returned.

"But, my dear Mrs. Bundercombe," I said, "your husband has gone long ago! He went out the other way. I am not sure—but I believe we saw him in Bond Street quite three-quarters of an hour ago."

"There is another way out?" Mrs. Bundercombe asked hastily.

"Certainly there is," I told her; "into Jermyn Street."

"Why was I not told?" she demanded, rising unwillingly to her feet.

"Really," I assured her, "I didn't think of it."

She followed us out. We all walked down Piccadilly.

"Will you please," she said, "direct me to a teashop."

I pointed one out to her. She left us without a word of farewell. Eve and I turned down into the Haymarket.

"Nice example your parents are setting us!" I remarked.

Eve sighed.

"I wish I knew what dad was up to!" she murmured.

At that moment we met him. He came strolling along, his silk hat a little on the back of his head, a cigar in his mouth, his hands grasping his cane behind his back.

"Bundercombe or Parker?" I inquired as we came to a standstill on the pavement.

He grinned.

"Nasty business, that!" he remarked cheerfully. "Why don't you keep to the Ritz or the Berkeley? Anyway," he added, his tone changing, "I'm glad I met you, Paul. I want your help in a little matter."

I shook my head.

"Quite out of the question!" I declared emphatically.

"Don't forget that Paul is an M. P., dad!" Eve said severely. "You mustn't attempt to bring him into any of your little affairs."

"On this occasion," Mr. Bundercombe expostulated, "I am on the side of the law. Mr. Cullen, whom I am probably going to see presently, will be my brother-in-arms."

"What do you need me for, then?" I asked.

"As to absolutely needing you, perhaps I don't," Mr. Bundercombe admitted. "On the other hand it's a very interesting little affair, and one in which you could take a hand without compromising yourself."

"What about Eve?" I inquired.

"Not this time!" Mr. Bundercombe replied. "The only risk there is about the affair," he explained, "is that it is just possible there may be a bit of a scrap."

"What's the program?" I asked.

"Tonight, at home, at ten o'clock. Can you manage it?"

"Rather," I answered; "if Eve doesn't mind. This is the night you promised to go with your mother to a lecture somewhere, isn't it?" I reminded her.

She nodded.

"Very well," she consented resignedly, "so long as you don't let him get hurt, dad."

"No fear of that!" Mr. Bundercombe declared cheerfully. "If they go for anyone they'll go for me. So long, young people! At ten o'clock, Paul!"

At precisely the hour agreed upon that evening I presented myself at Mr. Bundercombe's house in Prince's Gardens. I noticed that the manner of the servant who admitted me was subdued and there was a peculiar gloom about the place. Very few lights were lit and the farther portion of the house, of which one could catch a glimpse from the little circular hall, seemed entirely deserted. I was shown at once into Mr. Bundercombe's study upon the ground floor. Mr. Bundercombe was seated at a writing table, with his face toward the door. He greeted me with a friendly nod and pointed to a little table upon which stood an abundant display of cigars and cigarettes of all brands.

I helped myself and lit a cigarette.

"May I know something of this evening's program?" I asked.

"Spoil the whole show!" Mr. Bundercombe objected earnestly. "Just play the part of assistant audience and stick this into your pocket, will you?"

He threw toward me a very small revolver that he had produced from a drawer.

"Only the last three chambers are loaded," he remarked. "You'll have to click three times if you do use it. I don't think you'll need to though. Take a stall and watch the fun. I'll tell you only this: You remember Bone Stanley, as he was called in those days—the man who was sent to prison for fifteen years for bank robbery and for shooting the manager? Down Hammersmith way it was. The fellow was an American."

"I remember it quite well," I assented. "He was tried for murder and convicted of manslaughter."

Mr. Bundercombe nodded.

"He was released this afternoon. He'll be here in a few minutes."

"Here!" I exclaimed.

Mr. Bundercombe nodded but did not offer any further explanation. Coupled with a certain gravity of expression he had the appearance of a schoolboy for whom a feast was being set out.

"Quite a pleasant little evening we are going to have!" he promised. "You wait!"

I frowned a little uneasily.

"You are quite sure you're not letting me in for— "

Mr. Bundercombe plunged into the middle of my little protest.

"You're all right, Paul!" he assured me. "Cullen's in the house at the present moment and there are two other detectives with him. They are letting me run this thing simply because I know more about it than they do; and for certain reasons I'm not giving my whole hand away. Don't you worry, Paul! You'll be all right this time. Listen!"

We heard a very feeble ring at the bell. Mr. Bundercombe nodded.

"That's Stanley," he whispered. "Sit down!"

A man was shown into the room a moment later. I leaned forward in my chair so as to see more distinctly the hero of one of the most famous cases that had ever been tried in a criminal court. Of his renowned good looks there was little left. He stood there, still tall, with high cheekbones, furtive eyes and long mouth. He wore good clothes, his linen was irreproachable, and he kept his gloves on. Nevertheless the stamp of the prison was upon him.

"Mr. Stanley?" Mr. Bundercombe said. "Good! I am glad you were prevailed upon to come."

"I am still wholly in the dark as to what this means!" the newcomer remarked.

"I'll tell you in a very few sentences," Mr. Bundercombe promised. "Will you sit down?"

"I prefer to stand," Stanley replied, "until I know exactly in whose house I am and what your interest in me is."

"Very well!" Mr. Bundercombe agreed. "Here is my history: My name is Joseph H. Bundercombe. I am an American manufacturer. I have made a fortune in manufacturing Bundercombe's Reaping Machines. You may call it a hobby, if you like, but I have always been interested in criminals and criminal methods—not the lowest type, but men who have pitted their brains against others and robbed them.

"As soon as I arrived in this country I found an interest in inquiring into the identities of American criminals imprisoned over here, with a view to helping any deserving cases. Your name came before me. I studied your case. I became interested in it. I learned that your time was almost up. A chance inquiry revealed to me a state of things that I determined to bring before your knowledge."

"You sent me a telegram," Mr. Stanley interrupted, "as I was stepping on the steamer at Southampton. I have returned to London for your explanation."

"You will probably," Mr. Bundercombe remarked genially, "be thankful all your life that you did. Now listen!"

"Who is this person?" Mr. Stanley asked, indicating me.

"He is my prospective son-in-law, Mr. Paul Walmsley," Mr. Bundercombe explained; "a member of Parliament. I have asked him to be present because I may need a little support, and also because it may help to convince you that I am in earnest.

"Twenty years ago, Mr. Stanley, you came to the conclusion that honest methods were of little use to anyone seeking to make a large fortune. You joined with two other men, Richard Densmore and Philip Harding, in a series of semicriminal conspiracies.

"You pooled all your money—you had the most—and you determined that if you could not make a living honestly

(Continued on Page 44)

They Stared at Stanley as Though They Were Looking Upon a Ghost

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Concerning Late Delivery

Every copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST sent to a subscriber is mailed at a time that should insure delivery on Thursday. Periodicals, however, do not receive the same handling as do other classes of mail matter, and there is, therefore, occasionally a delay in delivery.

If at any time your copy does not reach you on Thursday do not write to us at once, for the delay is probably not due to any fault of ours. Please wait for a day or two before complaining. The copy will probably be in your hands by that time.

Spain and Mexico

COUNTING, say, from the Tertiary Epoch to the Declaration of Independence, the human world changed more in the last twenty-five hundred years than it had changed in the preceding two hundred and fifty thousand. And in many important respects it changed more from the Declaration to the election of Wilson than it had changed in the preceding twenty-five centuries.

To get from horseback to railroad train took many thousand years. To get from railroad train to flying machine took less than a hundred. The British Parliament of 1832 was constituted substantially like those of the thirteenth century. Now the shopkeepers and laborers sit on nobility's neck.

For another illustration of the constantly accelerating pace at which the world moves, look back only fifteen years. If public opinion in this country with regard to war were in the same state it was when the Cuban matter came up, we should have had an army in Mexico months ago—probably eating unwholesome rations and dying very extensively of camp diseases. The argument for intervention in Mexico is perhaps as sound as that for intervention in Cuba was.

There is vast disorder at our door, much cruelty and suffering, many imperiled business interests—and a Jingo newspaper, with one pious eye on the grand old flag and the other on the cash account, could probably increase its circulation as much by selling extras about a Mexican War as about the Spanish War; but the argument falls on a very different audience.

The country now wants peace as much as it then wanted war. In only fifteen years we have traveled farther along a good road than our forbears traveled in a thousand.

A Misleading Example

TO GET a great many articles from producer to consumer costs one hundred per cent and upward. To get a pound of raw sugar from the ship's hold at the refinery dock into your sugar bowl in the refined state costs only about thirty-five per cent—if you live in New York or vicinity—which includes the expense of refining, packing and transporting, as well as the profits of the refiner, of the raw-sugar broker, of the refined-sugar broker, of the jobber and the retailer; in fact, for a pound of granulated sugar you pay only fifteen per cent more than the refiner gets.

The Department of Labor, whose report we are quoting, gives the spread for six periods. A simple average shows little over half a cent a pound added to the price of the sugar from refinery to consumer. Raw-sugar brokers get a commission of one-half of one per cent. Refined-sugar brokers get five cents a barrel of three hundred and fifty pounds. Refiners, counting the cost of packages, get from a half to three-quarters of a cent a pound for manufacturing and profit. Jobbers get rather less than half as much—say a quarter of a cent a pound. Retailers get half as much as jobbers.

We give only rough approximations, for the report deals only with the spreads at various periods, without attempting an average for all periods; but it is clear that sugar gets from the raw state into the consumer's coffee with a very small margin of added cost as compared with most other edibles.

What is the reason? For one thing, the trade evidently has been well organized. They say retailers commonly handle sugar at little or no profit. But how did sugar come to be selected for that pleasant distinction? Taking the whole commodity field over, the spread between producer and consumer bristles with questions.

President and Congress

THE Senate passed the tariff bill early in September, since which time there has been virtually nothing to occupy its attention except the banking bill. Experts at Washington are now predicting that it will probably get that measure to the president for signature by March first. According to this forecast it will have taken eleven solid months to pass two bills, both of which were acted on with notable dispatch by the House of Representatives.

If Senator Cummins and those like him, who deplore presidential encroachment on Congress, wish an explanation of the indubitable fact that the executive scale tends to rise in popular estimation while the legislative scale tends to sink, they need only ponder the above.

For nearly four months senators had nothing to think about except the banking bill. Much testimony and many expert arguments have been heard. A two-months debate will mean nothing except that the Senate is infatuated with its own loquacity. It is notorious that the country paid no attention whatever to the long senatorial debate on the tariff bill. The newspapers scarcely mentioned that debate, and the country merely sat impatiently waiting for it to end. Does it face another ordeal of that character in respect to the banking bill?

Imagine a framer of the Constitution contemplating this present Congress—with the House, for the good of the country, so bound and gagged that it passes measures of the greatest importance with only the briefest, most perfunctory debate, and the Senate, for the ill of the country, adrift on a boundless sea of pointless palaver!

Probably the framer would say: "There must be responsibility and efficiency somewhere in a government. As the executive branch exemplifies those qualities in an incomparably higher degree than the legislative branch, it necessarily gains power and public favor at the expense of the legislature. Give tools to him who can use them."

If Mr. Wilson can get the Senate to adopt clôture, he will accomplish a reform as important as tariff revision.

Government Ownership

THIS session of Congress no doubt will raise the question: Shall the Government buy and operate the railroads of the country? The argument for the affirmative rests on the unproved and improbable assumption that the Government could raise the necessary capital at three per cent interest.

National banks own two-thirds of the outstanding Government bonds and use them as a basis for banknote circulation. Those bonds are not investments at all in a true sense. The three per cent Government bonds without circulation privilege which do stand squarely on an investment basis now sell slightly under par; and only a trifling amount of them is outstanding. If the amount ran into the billions the bonds undoubtedly would be selling at eighty-odd cents on the dollar, as French threes do—or even at seventy-odd, as German threes do.

To buy only the capital stock of the railroads, disregarding their bonds, would raise our national debt to a total nearly equal to that of France, Great Britain and the German Empire combined. None of those countries has been able for a long while to maintain its debt on a three per cent basis. If railroad bonds were included—as a few enthusiasts propose—our Government debt would equal half that of all the rest of the world.

To absorb any such quantity of capital on a three per cent basis—during the next five or even ten years—seems clearly out of the question.

Railroad stocks as a whole have long paid their holders decidedly more than three per cent on the market value. That holders would voluntarily exchange for a security paying three per cent is improbable. Unless the transaction were spread over many years the capital to buy railroad stocks would probably cost the Government as near five per cent as three.

Where Borrowed Millions Go

THE French Government is borrowing two hundred and sixty million dollars, which is nearly as much as we have spent on the Panama Canal; but France is getting no canal in return for the disbursement. This expenditure of French capital shortens no trade routes, quickens no industry, plants no fields, adds not a pennyweight to the world's productive power, makes life more healthful, happier and more promising for no human being anywhere on earth.

On the contrary it is a step toward making life more laborious and difficult for some hundreds of thousands of French subjects, whose term of service in the army is raised from two years to three. The money goes for deficits that are largely referable to military purposes; for the barren and costly occupation of Morocco, which does no Frenchman any good—except a few officials; and for future military plans.

This vast military waste is mostly as a defense against Germany; but it is perfectly plain that Germany could conquer France anyway—because she has almost double the population and at least as good a military equipment—and that she could gain nothing by doing it.

Following the Franco-Prussian War, France paid Germany an indemnity of five billion francs in principal with more than three hundred million francs of interest; but only three hundred and seventy-eight million francs—or seven per cent of the total—was paid in actual French money. The remainder in one way or another was taken out in trade; and more than half of the total was canceled by German debts owing to France.

A few years after the war the vanquished country was actually more prosperous than the victorious one; and ever since the war Germany has been living partly on borrowed French capital. The only permanent and valuable conquests nowadays come by trade.

Phantom Trade-Balances

IN 1913 the United States' sales of merchandise to the rest of the world exceeded its purchases by more than six hundred million dollars. The final figures will probably show the largest trade-balance in our favor on record. Yet during the year we paid to the rest of the world considerably more actual cash than we received.

We gave the world, in short, six hundred-and-odd million dollars' worth of merchandise over and above our purchases, and paid some hard cash to boot. In seven years the balance of trade in our favor—being the amount of our sales in excess of our purchases—has amounted to about three billion dollars and a quarter; but we have not collected a penny of it in money and never shall. We take it all out in trade—in interest paid on borrowed foreign capital, freights and fares paid to foreign ships, Italian works of art, French tables d'hôte, Swiss scenery and German beer.

And we cannot have a favorable balance unless we do take it out in trade. A great commercial nation's account with the world must balance. Broadly speaking, it must buy exactly as much as it sells.

Since 1875 in only three years—and then by small amounts—have our purchases of merchandise from the world exceeded our sales. The net favorable balance for the period is ten billion dollars; but the world's net payments of gold to us have been less than two hundred million dollars, or two per cent of what it theoretically owes us.

Until this year the guiding principle of our tariff has been to make the world buy from us and to prevent it from selling to us—which is a sheer impossibility.

Syndicate Profits

AN INSIDE apology for the profits that inside syndicates reaped by building branch lines and then unloading them on the now bankrupt St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad contains the following:

"Before constructing the road, land and cash donations were secured as an inducement to the syndicate to build the road, out of which was taken sufficient to furnish right-of-way, depot grounds and terminals. From the balance of land and cash donations was realized the sum of eight hundred and ninety-two thousand dollars."

This, of course, went into the syndicate's pockets. As the donations were sufficient in addition to supply right-of-way, depot grounds and terminals they must have amounted to much more than the above sum.

So far as we know there is no law anywhere against this sort of high finance; but there ought to be everywhere. The railroad builders approach a community and demand a substantial donation on pain of building the line elsewhere. The frightened community, eager for better transportation facilities, hands over a sum that the syndicate pockets. It is an extortion that ought to be prohibited.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

His Own Governor

UNTIL recently Monsieur Charles Henry Aladdin, who, as will be recalled, did amazing stunts through the mediumship of a certain lamp of which he had become seized, held our regard as the citizen who had things organized on a most pleasant basis, so far as his own desires and ambitions were concerned.

The story of Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp has caused every person who read or heard it, from the beginning of narrative until now, to sigh, look away into the future and say: "Gee! I wish I had one of those things!" This may not have been the exact vernacular in each instance, but certainly it was always the vibration.

Well, those days are gone. A share of us in some countries and some languages may continue to wish for a magic lamp, but not many in these United States; for there is a far, far better instrumentality for gaining fortune and favor within our ken—a much more moving tale of adventure and its accomplished aid to be told to the sunny-haired, star-eyed children who cluster round such of our knees as are not gouty and unavailable for clustering places. I refer, of course, to the romantic and inspiring story of Martin Glynn and His Wonderful Mattress.

In the ordinary course of events a reasonable proportion of the population of this country resident without the Empire State knows who is governor thereof; and, by the same token, quite a few New Yorkers do, too, especially those living north of the Harlem River.

It so happens that at this particular moment the identity of that eminent citizen is of greater general cognizance than is customary, and for the simple reason that there was a considerable space of time when nobody did know who was the governor. The uncertainty predicated the forthcoming certainty.

Due to some few allusions in the public press to the impeachment of the Honorable William Sulzer, erstwhile governor, it is more or less understood that the present governor of New York is Martin H. Glynn. And such is the case.

This being established, I proceed with the story of the aforesaid Martin Glynn and his wonderful mattress.

Albany, the fair capital of the imperial commonwealth that Mr. Charles F. Murphy decided to annex to Tammany Hall—but did not—has various points and objects of interest. It possesses, in fee simple—and in fee not so dodgasted simple, too—William Barnes, Junior, for example—a perfect example of the party boss who thinks in the past and talks in the future; a forty-million-dollar capitol which unfortunately is of slow-burning construction, albeit the forty million was mostly incinerated during its construction; the Honorable Garry Benson, whose speciality is teaching dogs to swim; a magnificent state library, mostly unexplored—and Martin H. Glynn.

The Enchanted Mattress in Action

FROM Kinderhook, where he was born in 1871, he came to Albany, bringing his mattress with him; for he had decided to enter journalism and had a soft place to land on, the Albany Times-Union, inasmuch as he was high in the regard of the owner and editor of that good newspaper. Not long for Martin the lumpy bed of the reporter—but in less than a year the downy couch of the managing editor.

For four years he reposed on that mattress, and then came an election for Congress. Martin, a Democrat, took a jump from his editorial sanctum into the campaign as the Democratic nominee. But did he land on the hard pavement of defeat? He did not. Instead, he landed on the mattress of an off year; and he came to Congress at the tender age of twenty-eight or thereabout. Martin had but a single term; but, instead of falling on the stony ground of retirement to private life, the wonderful mattress was there, spread over the knobs and protuberances; and Martin landed, gently and without jar, on the United States Commission to the St. Louis Exposition, as vice-president thereof, with a few thousand simoleons a year for honorarium, and as nifty and pleasant a job as you can imagine.

All fairs must come to an end. The time arrived when it was compulsory to shut the gates at St. Louis, and the United States Commission leisurely become a thing of the past. But Martin—what of Martin? He, feeling indisposed, went abroad and left the mattress in storage in Albany.

Wonderful mattress! While Martin was away his friends brought it out, and when he got off the ship he stepped from the slatted and hard-on-the-feet gangplank to an election as state comptroller of New York—not a nomination, mind you, but an election; for while he was away these little details had been settled—another off year—and there was Martin softly seated on the cushiony curves of his marvelous mattress—comptroller of the state of New York.

This landing on the mattress was in 1906; and there he stayed—there and in his newspaper office, where he had become the boss—until the fall of 1908. In 1912, turning to the place of safety where the mattress was reposing, he took it out, spread it in a convenient place and did a high dive into the state campaign. He landed as the candidate for lieutenant-governor.

As lieutenant-governor his duty ostensibly was to preside over the state senate and hope the governor might choke. More times than not, in the case of lieutenant-governors of New York, a lieutenant-governorship must be taken out in the pleasures of hope, highly commended by Colonel Thomas Campbell, who said, "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view"; but who would remark, were he alive today and doing jingles for the press—as he would be—'Tis mattress lends enchantment to the Glynn! For who, in the name of all that is political and potential, ever suspected they would impeach Bill Sulzer? It never would have happened but for that magic mattress.

They did impeach Bill—impeached him to his subsequent exodus from the People's House—and then what? Oh, nothing—nothing at all—save the mere trifle that Martin H. Glynn turned a double somersault from the innocuousness of the lieutenant-governorship and landed on the innoculed mattress of the governorship.

Nor has the mattress been put by, save temporarily; for, now that Glynn is governor by succession, he desires to be governor by accession, and his administration will be conducted along lines that will tend to bring him a nomination and election at the end of his present term, he hopes. He is an able citizen—is Martin Glynn; a cool, level-headed, cautious man. During the two-governor period in New York, when both Sulzer and Glynn claimed the place, Glynn resisted all counsel—and he had a lot of it—that he should seize the office; but sat quietly by on his mattress and bided his time—which showed much sense.

He has excellent business ability. Under his management his paper has grown greatly in influence and circulation. His record as state comptroller is in his favor. While there he investigated various departments, straightened out a lot of abuses, and straightened up some officials by sending them to jail. He is pledged to reconcile all factions in the Democracy of his state, which is a pleasant pastime and does no harm.

Glynn is for the organization—provided the organization does what he desires. He is quiet, studious, well balanced and astute. He shows signs of being his own governor, which will help a lot. Also, he is a good politician, which may aid in spots.

And have you gathered from all this that he is a wee bit lucky? It is even so. To the Legend of Sleepy Hollow, the story of Rip Van Winkle, and all the other enchanting tales of the Hudson River country must now be added the Tale of Martin Glynn and His Wonderful Mattress.

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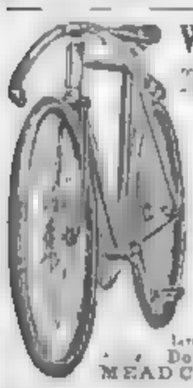

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AXLE-GREASE

By Edward Mott Woolley

MY GRANDFATHER died when I was ten years old and left me thirty thousand dollars in trust, to be paid on my twenty-first birthday; but when that day came the value of the securities had shrunk to five thousand dollars.

Meanwhile I had been counting on the neat fortune I expected to get, and, instead of concentrating my education with a view to earning a living, I took a classical college course and made no plans whatever.

I was anxious, however, to get into business, and when finally I got the five thousand dollars I bought out a general merchandise store in my town of Long Inlet. For this business I paid all my capital and ran into debt four thousand dollars.

My stock was a potpourri of merchandise chiefly along the drygoods line, together with toys and novelties. In my art department I had a copy of a painting by Rembrandt, some oriental tapestries, a lot of little Chinese ivory gods, and some leather-bound books, such as Lucile, Lays of Ancient Rome, and Idylls of the King. On the other hand I sold such plebeian goods as axle-grease; and I sold more axle-grease than art stuff.

It never occurred to me that there might be possibilities in any one line of the medley of goods I handled; in fact I fought shy of devoting too much attention to any particular kind of goods. My boast was that I had a general merchandise store; and, even though some of the stuff did not pay well, I kept on handling it. I laid stress on my sign: Rufus Shoop, General Merchant.

As to axle-grease I never for a moment thought of it as anything but an infinitesimal factor in my career. The business had been pegging along for years; but with me it did not pan out well, and after four years of steady downhill traveling the sheriff hung a sign on my front door. I take you to this point abruptly because I am in a hurry to begin my story where the action really started.

While the auction sale of my stock was in progress Ches Goodhue dropped in unexpectedly. Ches was an old school chum of mine. He did not go to college as I did, but went to New York and got a job in a lubricant factory. He had done well and now he was selling the trade for the Easy Slip Axle-Grease Corporation.

I took him round in some mortification and showed him the stuff that was being sold, and he seemed specially taken with a little oil painting of a barnyard scene.

Planning a Fresh Start

"Rufe," said he, "that's a beautiful picture! It makes me feel as if I'd like to go right down there and sell 'em some axle-grease. Those farm wagons need it—I can tell by the looks of 'em."

He was one of those men who are full of enthusiasm for their business—just the reverse of myself at that time. I had never been able to get up any enthusiasm for the stuff I had been selling; but all you had to do to get Ches started was to mention axle-grease. He could talk about grease by the hour and tell you the secrets of every brand. He could dilate on the problems of heavy, coefficient of friction, corrosive action, oxidation and gumming defects, until you would be willing to swear that Easy Slip grease was the only safe kind to be had.

Now Ches was not a knocker, but he made customers believe he knew too much about lubricants to handle anything but the best.

When the auctioneer put up the barnyard picture Ches bid it in for eight dollars and fifteen cents. Then we went over to the soda fountain across the street and talked of old times and other things.

"It's too bad you've busted up in business, Rufe!" he condoled. "What are you going to tackle next?"

"I don't know," I answered. "I'm pretty well discouraged, Ches. The merchandise field seems overcrowded and—in our town anyway—nobody is making any money. The biggest drygoods store in town is retiring from business. Then I haven't any capital, even if I wanted to get into business again. I'm flat broke and up against it!"

He reflected for a minute while he stirred his ice-cream soda with a long spoon.

"If you want my opinion," he said, "I'll give it. You've been too much of an all-round fellow, Rufe. You've been trying to sell a little of everything, and you haven't had any one specialty you could put the screws on. A general business is all right if it goes; but if it doesn't—that's the time to hunt out some specialty and get busy on it. You chaps in this town are all-round men, and there isn't enough snap and ginger in the whole batch of you to make a cat sneeze! Yet right here in the old burg I've sold enough axle-grease today to pay my wages for a month! That's what a live wire can do with a good hot specialty. Yes, sir; when business is rotten on general lines, find a specialty and make her hum!"

"What specialty would you recommend for me?" I inquired.

"Axle-grease!" he got back, quick as a flash. "Why, the things we've done with axle-grease, Rufe, would make the ordinary merchant turn sick with envy. We've built up such a demand that we've got to have a new factory, and by the time that's ready we'll probably need another. We've done it, too, at a time when a lot of people all over the country were saying they couldn't make a living selling stuff. Of course every man can't go to selling axle-grease—I'm merely illustrating my contention that some of 'em might get out of the hole by less generalization and more of the other sort of thing."

"Supposing I wanted to get into axle-grease," I inquired—"how could I do it?"

In the Teaser Brigade

"I'll tell you," he said. "My concern is sending out a number of chaps we call teasers to stir up the consumers over Easy Slip grease. We don't sell direct to consumers, understand; but we're sending these men out, each with a horse and buggy, to talk and demonstrate. We pay all their expenses—but no salaries. Hold on; don't get excited over that! We give those fellows a chance to show what they can do, and the minute the sales in their territories reach a certain figure we take them on as salesmen and give them a show at the real selling end; so it's a sort of probation, Rufe. If you care to tackle it I'll recommend you. They'd put you in the factory for six weeks to learn something about grease, and then you'd get your rig and territory. Between you and me it's a chance to get into a paying game. It'll be up to you to say how much you can earn. I made six thousand dollars last year myself."

Then Ches got busy with figures. He showed me how many vehicles there were in each of the various states of the Union; how many in the cities; how many in the country districts. The Easy Slip Company had statistics galore—it was evident that this concern had specialized indeed! It had gone out to discover its markets, and it had those markets tabulated and subdivided; so it knew just where to turn its big guns and where not to waste a lot of effort that would not get returns.

"If we could grease even half the axles of this country," he said, "we'd need a plant a hundred times as big as the one we're going to have, but I tell you we're going to grease at least a quarter of 'em during the next five years! What do you say, Rufe? Shall I turn in your name?"

To be brief, I took him up on the proposition, and as a member of the teaser brigade I began to get a new viewpoint on various phases of business. Most of all I saw how little I had done as a general merchant to sell goods. I had merely drifted along in a general sort of way; but I was in a real specialty now and all my energies were centralized upon it.

Before I had been out a month I began to get a notion of going into business again for myself—not right away, but as soon as I could work the thing out. I will tell you how I first got the idea.

There was an old liveryman called Hoss O'Rourke on my route and I made his acquaintance under circumstances a bit odd. When I drove up to his barn and mentioned Easy Slip grease he demanded:

"Got any harness blacking or hoof oil?"

"No," I explained; "my company doesn't handle those things. Besides I'm not selling anything myself—I'm just demonstrating. I'd like to have you look my rig over. It has run a hundred miles with one application of our celebrated grease."

"Your celebrated grease be blowed!" roared Hoss O'Rourke. "It ain't grease I want! Do you think a hossman don't need nothin' but grease? Don't handle nothin' else, eh? You're like all the rest of 'em—handlin' nothin' but their own pet stuff! If I want grease I got to go to one dealer; if I want a tarpaulin I got to go to another; if I want to dose a hoss for splint, spavin or curb I got to hunt up some other fellow. Get out o' here! I don't want none of your grease!"

I found out there was a good deal of truth in what he said. The dealer who sold harness did not handle stable tools; the man who sold the tools did not keep horse blankets; the horse-blanket concern neglected, likely as not, to stock sponges.

I got to thinking about this situation, and in it there seemed to be the germ of an idea that I might adapt to myself. Why could I not get into business after a while by specializing on a line of stable supplies?

In after years I learned that other men had worked out this idea many times—not especially with stable supplies, but in various directions. For instance, there was a civil engineer who had all sorts of trouble getting his supplies while out on his surveys. He could not get the things he wanted from any one house, but had to patronize a dozen; so he saw a chance, quit engineering and started a specialty house that dealt in camp goods, supplying everything from a conical sheet-iron stove down to needles. He told me that three of the houses which had handled some of these things subsequently went into bankruptcy, while his concern grew until it became dominant in its field.

This was merely another example of too much generalization versus the specialty. The concerns that failed had been doing about what I did with my general store back at Long Inlet, and they had not seen that right in their stock of goods, which moved so slowly, there was a specialty that might have been the key to success.

How One Specialist Got Rich

Then there was another man who conceived the idea of centralizing on kitchen supplies. He had been running a hardware store and he handled some of the goods used in kitchens; but oftentimes customers came in and asked for stuff he did not have. For instance they asked for shelf-paper, and he had to chase them six blocks down the street to a store that kept it; they asked for kitchen cabinets, but he did not handle them; they asked for rolling pins, but he did not even know where to send them. So he started a process of assembling everything he could think of for kitchen use—and he built up a big concern that developed a business ten times the size of his hardware business. He got to specializing on hotel kitchens and that made him rich.

Numerous men, I found, had specialized on specific groups of goods; and frequently abandoning their former business, they had made good in a big way. It would not be true to say that the specialty is always more profitable than a general business, but when a general business is unprofitable the remedy may be in axle-grease or something else of that sort.

I did well on the teaser staff; and one day, after four months of it, I got a wire from our sales manager in New York:

"When you get to Manchester leave your rig at Leopold's Stable and report at our Cleveland office for road duty. Check for fifty dollars' advance salary will reach you at Manchester."

The sales in my territory had taken quite a boom during my teaser novitiate and my concern regarded me as very good material for a salesman. Ches Goodhue told me so afterward. I was full of grease—jam-full of it! Grease bubbled up inside of me and ran over. When I was running my hybrid general merchandise store I had not been

much of a hand to talk goods. A lot of my goods had been semi-art stuff, you know, and I had not had any soul for art.

Pitt Miltenberg, who ran the store before I did, had made a fair success of it because he was imbued with the spirit of his goods. He could ramble on by the hour about the mystery of Venus of Milo's arms, but to me the mystery was not the least bit exciting. Rubens, Raphael and Joshua Reynolds were all the same to me. Art stood only for dollars—and for me it stood for mighty few dollars! When I ran my store axle-grease had meant even less than art goods, because I was merely generalizing; but, now that I had got the specializing idea, grease loomed up as the big thing.

I spent about a week at the Cleveland office getting posted; then I went out into my territory and sold Easy Slip. My salary at the start was a hundred dollars a month and I got five dollars a day for expenses; but I sold so much grease that inside of six months I was earning over two hundred dollars a month, while the company became more liberal in the matter of expenses.

I kept thinking all the time about my plan to go into business, but I kept still about it and saved my money. In two years I had fifteen hundred dollars in cash; and one night I wrote to Ches Goodhue something as follows:

"Dear Ches: A bug has been biting me for a long time and I want to set him loose on you. The next time you are going to be in New York let me know and I'll run up to see you."

Two days afterward I got a telegram:

"Bring along your bug!"

I wired the house for permission to go in and got it; and that night Ches and I had a midnight supper together in a restaurant down on Fulton Street. It was then I proposed my plan of going into the stable-supply business.

"Let's form a partnership," I said, "and tackle the thing together as Goodhue & Shoop. You are the man who got me out of an aimless line of generalities into a concentrated effort—now let's join hands in this concentration business."

We did and our first capital was three thousand dollars. We rented a little office and loft on Bleecker Street, and after we got things arranged I started out to sell goods direct to the liverymen and big barn-owners. Ches stayed in New York to look after the office end. Of course I had quite an extensive acquaintance among my prospective customers, many of whom I had met in my teaser days, while I had come into contact with others as a salesman.

The Easy Slip Company had been selling only to the trade, you remember; but I had made it a point while out on the road to drop in and talk axle-grease to vehicle owners just the same. That was where I had a big advantage now. It is an advantage a lot of traveling men never get, because they think they have done their full duty when they have booked the dealer's order. They take off their coats and play billiards until traintime and never see the fellows who really use their goods.

Toothacher's Surprise

I had not been out on the road two days for Goodhue & Shoop when I came to the barn of Newt Scudder, a liveryman I knew very well. Newt had a colt that was a regular devil to kick. The beast was a valuable animal, too, and would get over kicking once he was well broken.

"If I had some sort of stock that would hold the varmint," Newt said to me, "I wouldn't have to carry so much accident insurance. That colt is quicker'n chain-lightnin' with them heels o' his'n. Yesterday his off hind hoof jest grazed my jaw."

I did not know anything about machinery to hold kicking horses; but I wired to Ches and told him to look something up if possible. He found a contrivance designed primarily for blacksmiths and shipped it down to Scudder. I never saw anybody more grateful; and after that he bought almost all his stuff of us.

Ches and I were out for business and we did not care what it was, so long as our class of customers asked for it. Our line of goods included pretty nearly anything a stableman might need. We got the stuff somehow or other, even if we had to sell it again at cost. We were selling service by assembling goods that were for the most part widely scattered. At first, we ran the business from hand to mouth.

There was a liveryman down near Cincinnati named Tom Toothacher—and he was a toothacher, sure enough! One day when I called on him his barn was full of sulphur words because one of the buckles in a set of heavy harness had rusted in and he could not unfasten it.

"Hello, Tom!" said I. "There seems to be quite a lot of excitement over one buckle. I'm in the stable-goods business; maybe I can help you out."

Somehow he thought I was making fun of him. He let fly a wrench in the direction of my feet, but I dodged the missile.

"Go run y'rself round the block!" he roared. "You fellers ain't good for nawthin' 'cept shootin' off y'r mouth! Look at that buckle! If you're so smart, you can open it!"

It chanced that up in New York, while looking for stable novelties, I had run across a little contrivance called a buckle opener; and I had one in my sample case.

"Let me take the strap," I said. "I'll open it in a jiffy."

"Lemme see you!" shouted Toothacher, with some cusswords indicative of incredulity.

I got out my opener and—zip!—the buckle was loose in two seconds!

The Sorrows of Kilpatrick

"Holy horseflesh!" said Tom, his eyes wide open with amazement. "What the deuce is that thing? Where'd you get it?"

"If you are going to run an up-to-date livery stable, Toothacher," I said, "you'll have to buy your stuff of Goodhue & Shoop, specialists in barn merchandise. We do the legwork and get you the latest in the market—and all the staple stuff too. We save you not only money but time and cusswords. Instead of giving half a dozen orders, from Chicago to New York, you give one order—and we get the stuff together for you and land it here. And, of course, being specialists, we get you better stuff at lower prices than some of the general dealers do."

"I'll take that buckle opener anyway," said he.

He took more than that; I got his trade. Whether he wanted cordnets, rein supporters or a harness-repair kit, he bought of us. We sold him even his fancy driving-horse feed and all such stuff that he could not get cheaper at home.

It was not easy sailing, and for two years I did not make as much as I could have earned selling axle-grease; but we kept at it everlastingly, and after a while things came our way mighty well. We opened a branch office in Chicago and after a few years had several traveling men on the road for us.

One summer afternoon, while riding through Ohio on the observation platform of a fast train, I fell into conversation with a haggard-looking man, who told me his name was Kilpatrick and his business that of purchasing agent for a railroad.

"I've got dyspepsia so darned bad," he said, "that it hurts me just to see other people eat; and the cause of it is the trouble I've had trying to buy stuff for my line."

"That ought to be easy enough," I answered. "Usually it's the fellows with the goods to sell that have dyspepsia."

"Is that so!" he exclaimed. "Well, I don't know where you were brought up, sir; but it isn't so—not by a great big jugful! If you'd ever been a purchasing agent you would know better. It's the purchasing agent who does the real work. Why, half the time I am out of the supplies I need most, just because those houses lie to me so and trick me!"

I wanted to draw him out, so I asked in a rather mean tone:

"Why don't you buy of reliable houses?"

"Where are they?" he snapped, and glared at me.

"Do you mean to say there aren't any?" I inquired.

"Well, if there are they haven't got into the railroad-supply business up to date. Of course there may be exceptions, but the general run of 'em will take your order and then take their time about filling it. They are smooth enough on the talk, but they fall down on the performance. They don't deliver! And I tell you the legwork I have to do to meet my requisitions is something awful!"

"Then if I were you I'd pass them up next time; they'd never get a re-order."

"That's not so easy, my friend," he declared. "You have to buy where the goods are. One fall I ordered a lot of lanterns—to be delivered January first. I didn't get any of them until the middle of March—and then only a few! Factory broke down, you know, and new plant not ready on account of delay of contractors! Oh, there are more than a million kinds of excuses for failure to deliver! I told those fellows they'd never get another order from my road; but they came round as nervy as ever next time and I let 'em have an order, because the other fellows in the business were worse yet on the hold-up.

"Then one time we needed some conductors' punches, and needed 'em bad," he went on. "I ordered from the Blank Company and they promised to get 'em to us by the middle of June. Did they do it? Nix!

"And say!" added Kilpatrick, suddenly sitting up straight. "Say! Did you ever buy coal for a railroad?"

"No—I never had a job of that sort," I admitted.

"It's the fiercest game a man ever went up against! I'm not buying the coal now, but I've done it. It's a nightmare to think about it! We were always on the verge of a coal famine; and, no matter where we ordered, the coal never came on time. Often we had to confiscate cars of coal that didn't belong to us in order to prevent our engines from going dead out on their runs. The lambasting I used to get from the operating department came near getting me a site out in the graveyard. I couldn't sleep nights thinking about the fast mail being stalled, maybe, up on some heavy grade. I couldn't sleep a little bit and had to have cold wet towels sopped on my head; or maybe I'd have to get up and soak my feet in hot water to get the think out of my brain. That's what it means to be purchasing agent for a railroad!"

When we got to our destination I shook hands with Kilpatrick and told him I hoped to meet him again. And I did meet him; in fact, Kilpatrick was instrumental in changing the trend of my business. The next time I had an opportunity to talk with Ches Goodhue I said to him:

"Ches, I believe there's a chance to do something in the railroad-supply business. We might make it a much bigger business than stable supplies; indeed, there does not seem to be much of a limit to it. If we make it a matter of assembling allied lines of railroad goods, and sell the roads service and brains, we'll get all the purchasing agents like this man Kilpatrick. We'll have to specialize hard with the things railroads want; but I reckon we know how to do that."

What Might Have Been

At that time, as we discovered by investigation, there were plenty of houses generalizing in supplies of this sort, but very few that made even a pretense of specializing. There were general merchants in plenty selling railroad supplies, but few purveyors to the railroads. Goodhue & Shoop were practically the first house to undertake the plan on a really broad scope.

Since then I have often reflected that, even back in my general merchandise days at Long Inlet, I might have specialized—right there in the store. I did not have to sell out or be closed out by the sheriff in order to get busy on axle-grease and other special lines. Any merchant can do it.

For example, I know a woman who went to a department store in an inland city to get some infant's stockings. It took her ten minutes to locate the infants' wear department, where she supposed the baby stockings would be; but when she got there and inquired for them the clerk told her blandly:

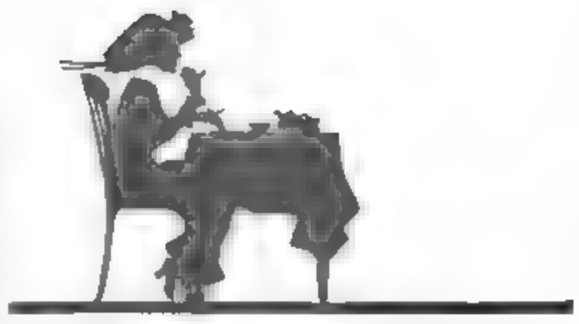
"You'll find them in the hosiery department, madam, on the ground floor."

She had just time enough to catch a train; so she did not buy any infant's stockings that day. Next morning she sent to a mail-order house for them.

One thing a mail-order house does is to specialize strongly on assembling goods and turning them over to the customer with the minimum of effort on his part.

I can look back now and see how I might have gone out after trade in many directions; how I might have grouped goods in a dozen different lines and, by saving customers money and effort, added very largely to my sales; how I might have classified by trade and specialized on each class—how I might have done a lot of things of that sort!

However I have no reason now to feel badly over the fate of my general store at Long Inlet. Axle-grease did a great deal for me, and I am satisfied.



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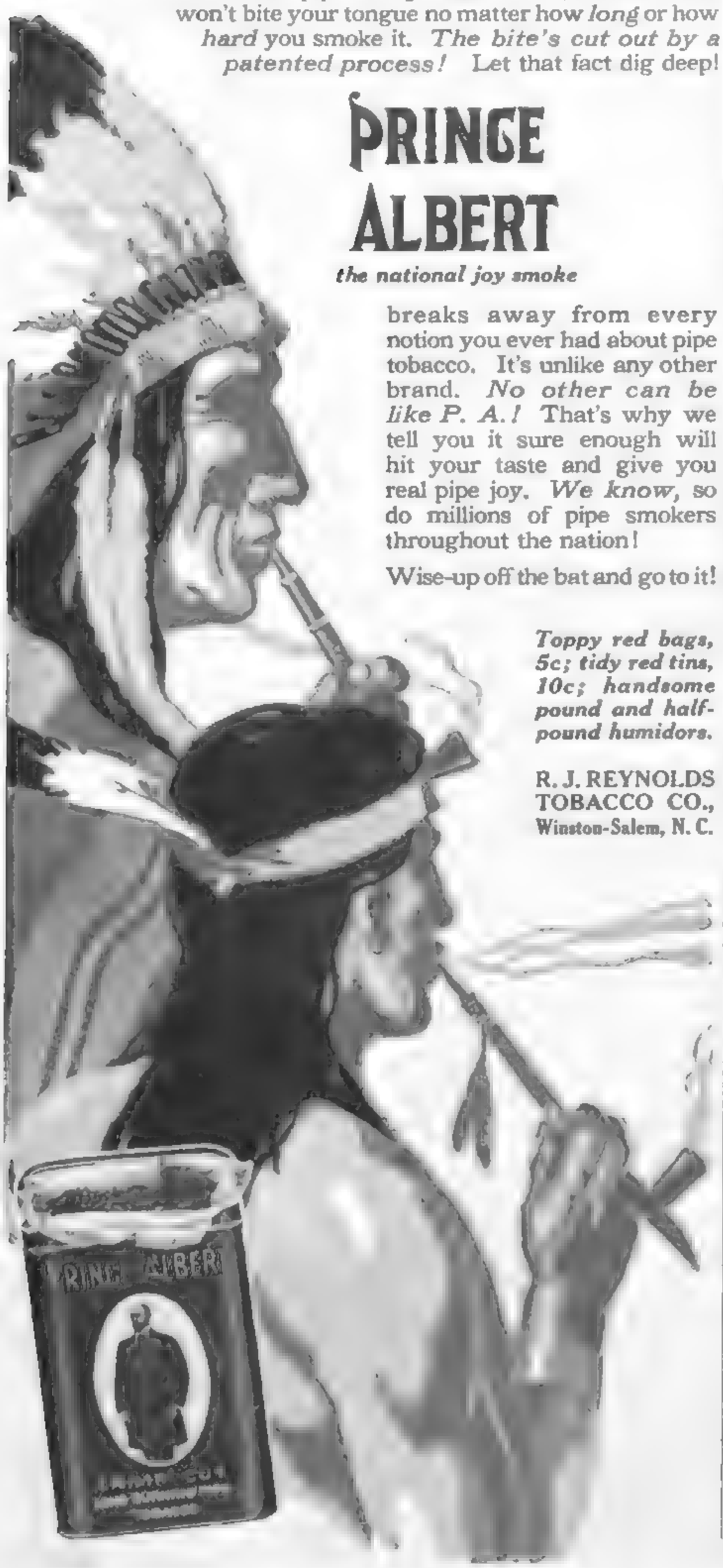

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SELLING STOCK TO RAISE MONEY—By Roger W. Babson

A WISE old banker once said to me: "Babson, selling stocks is the same as selling drygoods; after you get the attention and confidence of the purchaser, it is only necessary to make the goods attractive."

When selling drygoods or other merchandise, however, we obtain the attention of the public by window displays or newspaper advertising; but when a young man with a small corporation desires to sell stock he must resort to other means for obtaining attention.

Now many small manufacturers and merchants, desiring to increase their capital stock by selling some shares to the public, make the worst mistake possible by using the same methods to sell such stock as they would use to sell merchandise. Merchandise can be sold by going out for customers with a net, as the fishermen would seine for herring, but securities can be sold only by the most delicate and subtle methods, such as sportsmen would use in catching trout or pickerel.

This probably is one reason why so few manufacturers and merchants are able to sell their own securities, but are obliged to give large commissions to banking houses for this work. Moreover, as banking houses will not bother with small issues of stock such as the average young business man desires to sell, he is absolutely dependent on his own efforts for selling such securities.

Therefore the first point to remember is that entirely different methods must be adopted when selling securities from those used when selling real estate, merchandise, or any other commodity. Why this is true I do not know, though the same fact applies to various forms of professional work.

Though there are many kinds and various classes, degrees and groups of securities, the young business man need consider for practical purposes only two classes of stock—namely, common stock and preferred stock. When a corporation is organized with only one class of stock that is really common stock. A corporation may have common stock without having preferred; but, practically speaking, it is impossible to have preferred stock without having common stock also.

Critics may deny this latter statement and offer the case of James J. Hill's railroad, the Great Northern, as an illustration; for the only stock of the Great Northern Railroad is known as Great Northern preferred. However, there once was both Great Northern common stock and Great Northern preferred stock, and the preferred stock could not have come into existence unless the common had existed first.

Two Kinds of Stock

It, however, became desirable to have only one class of stock; and, owing to the common stock's being so closely held and for other reasons, it was found easier to eliminate the common stock rather than the preferred. As the purpose was simply to bring about one class instead of two, it really made no difference. Hence the common stock was eliminated and the remaining class is still quoted as Great Northern preferred. On the other hand this Great Northern preferred is really only a common stock today, and the word "preferred" has no meaning whatever.

Briefly, the common stock of a company is that which receives the earnings after paying expenses, interest and every other charge, including dividends on preferred stock in case any preferred is outstanding. Common stock usually represents the speculative ownership in a corporation. At times the dividends on the common stock of a company are very much greater than those paid on the preferred, as is illustrated in the case of the Union Pacific Railroad; but, as a rule, the common stocks of corporations do not sell so high as the preferred stocks.

Moreover, common stocks fluctuate much more in price, while preferred stocks are more constant in price. This, of course, is due to the fact that the maximum dividend on the preferred stock is fixed, while the dividend on the common stock may fluctuate violently from year to year. For instance, take a company with an equal amount of common stock and seven per cent preferred stock outstanding. If one year the company earns ten per cent above fixed charges that means the preferred stockholders will that year receive seven per cent and the common the remainder; but if the next year the company should earn twenty per cent the preferred stockholders still would receive only seven per cent, while the common stockholders might divide up the increased balance.

Stock that has a claim upon the property and earnings of a corporation prior to some other stock is called preferred stock. It comes after the bonds and floating debt—if any—but ranks ahead of what is known as common stock. When preferred stock is created it naturally follows that it precedes another issue, called common stock. The first-mentioned stock is about what its name indicates—it has preference over the common.

The form of this preference differs in various corporations; but, as a rule, in case of the winding up of the corporation the preferred stockholders have the right to be paid out of the assets before the common stockholders receive anything. Such stock is said to be "preferred as to assets."

Cumulative Preferred Stocks

The conditions as to the payment of dividends on preferred stocks also vary. In some cases a dividend must be paid only if earned; in other cases it must be paid before any dividend is paid on the common stock. It may be cumulative; or, after the common stock has received an equal amount, both may share alike—and so on. The most common way, however, is to give the preferred stock the first claim upon dividends only up to a certain percentage, and this is the kind I advise young business men to sell.

There are numerous cases of first preferred and second preferred. Preferred shareholders usually—but not always have the right to vote at stockholders' meetings. In some instances the voting right on a share is greater on the preferred than on the common stock; but this is inadvisable from the company's standpoint.

Cumulative preferred stock is stock on which, if for any reason a dividend is not paid, it must be made up some following year, before the common stock can be paid a dividend. Unpaid dividends on such stocks accumulate from year to year and must be paid before the common or other stocks that come after can receive anything. A cumulative issue often acts to the detriment of the common shares, as it naturally lessens the chances of dividends on them.

In other words, if the above-mentioned company, with an equal amount of common and preferred stock, should earn one year five per cent and the next year fifteen per cent the preferred stockholders would receive better treatment with cumulative preferred rather than non-cumulative. If the stock were non-cumulative the preferred would receive only five per cent the first year and the common would receive nothing, and the second year the preferred would receive seven per cent and the common eight per cent. If, however, the preferred in such case were cumulative, the preferred stockholders would receive only five per cent the first year, but nine per cent the second year; while only six per cent would be left the second year for the common stockholders.

Of course if a company always earns in excess of its preferred dividends it makes no practical difference whether the preferred is cumulative or not; but if there is any liability that some year the company will not earn enough to pay its preferred dividends, then cumulative preferred stock is much better for the preferred stockholders.

With these explanations it will readily be seen that for the common stockholders, who represent the ownership of a business, a non-cumulative or ordinary preferred stock is far better than a cumulative preferred stock. Therefore the young business man should endeavor to sell such preferred stock as is non-cumulative rather than cumulative—provided he plans to issue two classes.

It is not necessary for one to issue two classes of stock, as additional capital can be obtained by increasing the common stock. Moreover, if the business is to be truly successful it is much better for the owners

to sell preferred and limit the dividends. Of course if one is simply trying to get his money out of the business, believing the business is declining, it really makes no difference which class of stock he sells—either common or preferred—as both will gradually pay less until both cease to pay any dividends at all.

If, on the other hand, a young man really believes in his business, it is usually better for him to keep all the common stock for himself and sell only preferred stock to his friends, especially as his friends would really rather have the preferred than the common.

Therefore it will be seen that there are two kinds of stock—common and preferred; and when desiring to raise additional capital the preferred is the kind to sell and the common is the kind to keep. Moreover, it is wise—if possible—to issue non-cumulative preferred rather than cumulative. If the preferred stock is non-cumulative you need pay dividends on it only when you also pay them on the common; for in any year when the net earnings are not sufficient to pay dividends on both classes the earnings can readily be spent on maintenance and improvements. On the other hand in years when earnings are large enough to pay dividends on the common as well as the preferred, dividends can be paid on both classes.

I know it is not good form to repeat oneself, but I wish this point clearly understood—namely: a young business man is justified in selling preferred stock to raise additional capital, even when such stock is preferred as to assets as well as dividends; but he should strive—if possible—to make this preferred non-cumulative!

Of course when one is selling such stock through an experienced banking house its partners will probably demand that the stock be cumulative, but the average local investor does not realize the difference and it is often as easy to sell one as the other.

At the beginning of this article it was suggested that to sell securities for a small business it was only necessary, first, to attract the attention and confidence of one's friends, and, second, to make the stock attractive. I suggested that, in order properly to attract attention and win confidence when selling one's stock, the young merchant must adopt the quiet and dignified methods employed by the highgrade professional man, and temporarily forget the ordinary methods of merchandising.

The word dignified, as used, eliminates all political jobs, for such will not aid one in selling securities or raising capital. It is greatly to be regretted that the young business man cannot be advised to enter politics, for this means that the running of our cities must be left to the unfit.

Keep Out of Politics

Nevertheless, in loyalty to the subject to be covered in this series of articles, I must advise the young business man—especially he who wishes to raise additional capital—to keep out of politics and all other activities that are dependent upon popular vote or political influence. After obtaining the confidence of the community and properly presenting one's securities, selling is simply a question of attractiveness. Now what makes a security attractive? I think all bankers will give the same answer—namely: marketability, security and rate.

For a stock to be marketable generally means that it must be listed and actively traded in on some large stock exchange. If the reader of this weekly happens to be connected with any large American corporation he can think about having the stock listed; but, generally speaking, that is impossible, and the young business man must start by assuming that his stock cannot have this advantage. It must be an inactive stock that is not readily salable.

On the other hand people are coming to have less and less confidence in stock exchanges, and if the proposition is put up to them right it is possible to make people think that an unlisted, inactive stock is better than one gambled in on the stock exchange—especially as it will be impossible for stock-exchange dealings ever to be restricted to actual investment transactions.

The idea that a stock exchange can be operated without speculation is—at present—about as feasible as the idea that one can mine copper or gold without at the same time taking from the earth the rock that bears the copper or gold. It has been said that "Speculation is the water on which investment dealings are floated"; and, considering the water contained in most stocks, that is not a bad simile.

Let us continue the above mine illustration, however. Until an upheaval occurs in the crust of the earth and all the precious metals are lifted to the surface, or until those metals grow upon trees, it is utterly absurd to talk about mining without delving into the earth and hunting the metals in their native beds. Whereas it is a thing quite possible that sufficient securities of an investment character could be sold by auction, by subscription and over the counter, by town and city and county treasurers, by the national treasury itself—and by other agencies, most of which would be entitled to and would receive public confidence—to supply the real needs of the community for constructive capital.

Selling Stock in Person

The inflation of corporate capital has for its secondary, if not for its primary, object the promotion of speculation, and is quite frequently destructive of real or investment values.

Whether correction of the alleged faults of the exchanges will accomplish the desired end is something the not-remote future should render clear. However, such conditions exist today that the young business man must see that the stock in his little business is not marketable on the great exchanges.

This means that the only remaining attractions he has to offer are security and rate. When exhibiting the security of preferred stock there are two things to be shown—namely: 1—The percentage the amount of preferred stock bears to the liquidating value of the business—the smaller this percentage, the greater the security—and this is a very simple test that can be clearly presented by any business man and readily understood by any investor; 2—The percentage the dividend requirement bears to the total net earnings of the business. Here, again, the smaller the percentage, the greater the security.

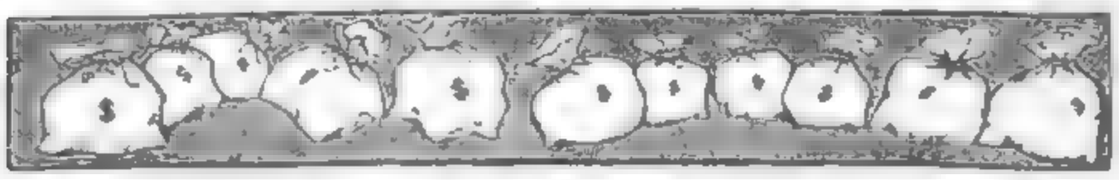
In other words if a business will liquidate for one hundred thousand dollars, an issue of only twenty-five thousand dollars of preferred stock is more attractive to the investor than an issue of fifty thousand dollars; likewise if the net earnings are fifteen thousand dollars preferred stock with dividend requirements of only twenty-five hundred dollars would be more attractive to the investor than a larger amount of preferred with dividend requirements of five thousand dollars.

Hence it will be seen there are several combinations and ways to readjust the matter. The liquid assets of the business or the net earnings may be increased, or the amount of preferred stock may be decreased. There is only one readjustment the investor does not appreciate, and that is reducing the rate of interest in order to increase safety; in fact, in the long run it is the rate of interest that counts. Everything else is eventually dependent on that.

Theoretically security of principal is important and marketability is to be desired, but eventually both come after a good dividend rate has been paid for a long number of years, while ultimately both become impossible under any other conditions.

Therefore, after you have obtained the confidence of the community and have presented your proposition in a dignified way to a few friends—and it is a great mistake to offer anything broadcast or by letter—then it is simply a question of making the interest rate attractive and safe. In other words people will yield to marketability and waive security of principal if they can obtain a satisfactory rate of interest.

Any young business man can raise additional capital for extending a good business by obtaining the confidence of the community and offering to his friends—in personal interviews—a preferred stock that pays seven per cent or eight per cent dividends. Moreover, this is the way for the merchant to raise capital, rather than by giving notes or executing mortgages.



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THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: When I was a boy one of the popular songs detailed the woes of a beauteous young woman who was listening to the voice of the tempter with one pearly ear and heard the stern edicts of paternal obligations with the other. The refrain ran:

She stands between love and duty,
Fighting the bitter fight.

Well, Jim, that distraught young woman has three hundred or four hundred male prototypes up on Capitol Hill. If there ever was a bunch of concerned persons who stood and are standing between love and duty, it is the bunch of patriots who have been legislating here since the early days of April last.

Love, Jim, on the one hand—love for twenty-cents-a-mile mileage—and duty, Jim, on the other hand—duty to the President of the United States, who wants them to stay here and go ahead with the currency legislation! It has been a hard summer. They have been obliged to remain on the job and to use up their salaries for the benefit of Washington landlords and Washington food purveyors; and that is a different proposition from staying at home quietly and drawing down a paycheck each month from March fourth to the first Monday in December, as is the ordinary procedure when there are no special sessions to vex and impoverish.

Now they want to adjourn for a few days; they hanker to stop for a breathing spell before taking up the added responsibilities that must come with the regular session. More than that—far, far more than that—they want the mileage that will accrue if they do adjourn, go home and come back—or stay here, when the mileage will accrue just the same. Mileage is one of the few remaining perquisites of a statesman and one of the most admired. It is so soft—so easy! They get twenty cents a mile, these statesmen, for coming to a session and going back.

You can figure it out for yourself. If a man lives a thousand miles away he garners two hundred dollars each way. That is just like finding it.

Of course it doesn't make much difference to Charley Carlin, say, who lives in Alexandria and who can collect only about one dollar and twenty cents or thereabouts; but when you get beyond the five-hundred-mile limit mileage counts up rapidly—and they want it.

Once, when a special session ran into a regular session, the Republicans being in control, they collected their mileage, even though there was a collision between the extraordinary gathering and the ordinary, by declaring there was a constructive recess—or something of the kind. There wasn't, of course; but they declared one and drew down their mileage with many demonstrations of glee. It was a neat bit of financiering and it helped the boys out amazingly.

Oh, You Mileage!

It was observed that the Democrats, then in the minority, took their mileage—that is, if there are any records of mileage checks returned those records have been concealed expertly! But that didn't prevent the Democrats and the Democratic papers from making a frightful pother about the business, and it did prevent a considerable number of statesmen from remaining after the next election in a position to gather in future mileage checks.

The harrowing remembrance of what happened then is what is delaying the boys upon the Hill at this writing. They want the mileage and they want to get it in accordance with the usages of time. They are eager for an adjournment that shall provide for a definite time—not a constructive moment—between the date of closing down and the date of starting up.

They—I am speaking now of the majority, the Democrats—feel a high sense of duty toward the President and his desires. They are loyally anxious to support him. They want to uphold his hands—to help him in every possible way; and they view with grave concern his rather set idea that they should stay here and go on with the work regardless of any mileage sweetness that may be possible.

And staring them in the face, chuckling at them from the neatly engraved checks, is that twenty cents a mile—so soft—so honeyed—so needed—so yearned-for! They want it. They pant for it. They reach for it with clutching fingers. They have a high regard for the President's wish, but—oh, you mileage!

Of course the Republicans are willing. They have nothing to lose and some considerable chunks of money to gain. The Republicans would take their checks and immediately begin to yowl and yammer about this dissolute raid on the Treasury. That is human nature and that is politics. The responsibility is not the Republicans'. Theirs but the dough and a chance to scream about the sin of it all.

Maybe they will not have the nerve—these hungry Democrats. It will all develop between the time this is written and when you see it; but, whether or no, the ardent desire for that sweet mileage will not be subdued. It will merely be controlled by a question of expediency.

The pressure from the boys who want their twenty cents a mile is tremendous. They consider this a legitimate perquisite—as it is—established by time and custom; but they are afraid the adjourning for ten days or so will be too raw even for an easily fooled public, especially as the public will know instantly that the sole object of the adjournment is the mileage.

Senatorial Ping-Pong

You know, Jim, the boys who would profit most wouldn't be able to do much more than go straight home and back again in ten days. It will be interesting to watch them perform. There isn't a man of them who is not pleadingly anxious for a rest—ten days of rest—and the money that will bring in. They talk and think of little else. And there, glowering at them, is that gorgon of duty—that Frankenstein of economy they made with their own hands—and they are harassed and perplexed; but, oh, my! oh, my! how they do need the money!

All of which made rather pertinent a few remarks emitted by Senator Ashurst, of Arizona, in the Senate one Monday morning when John Kern, in his exalted capacity as leader of the majority, suggested that when the Senate adjourned it should adjourn until Thursday, and intimated the correct time for making such adjournment was at that precise moment—after an exhausting session of some seven minutes.

Ashurst, who is an intense person, used to running great bands of sheep down his way and accustomed to action, was chafing under the idleness of the Senate. He protested. He demanded work. He wanted something done.

"The people of the United States," he said, "are beginning to believe that this great Congress, from which they hoped so much—the committees of this Congress are graveyard committees!"—which is a bit mixed; but it was fervent.

Furthermore he said the people are beginning to think Congress cannot do anything and will not do anything, wherein he struck twelve. Turning to his Democratic colleagues he warned them that if this sort of thing went on they would be thrown out of power; and then he shocked the finer sensibilities of those present by declaiming:

"Here are forty-eight sovereign states demanding legislation from us, and we are ping-ponging from Monday to Thursday and from Thursday to Monday!"

All of which, especially the ping-ponging reference, was quite rude in view of the fact that this was the program; and all of which was equally ineffective—for, one minute after the Arizona senator had accused them of ping-ponging, they straightway ping-ponged again, and adjourned until Thursday; which shows once more that the system remains quite systematic.

And that wasn't the only shock the Senate has had recently. Senator Cummins rose one day and introduced a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee to scan the requests for the printing of outside stuff as public documents, aiming a fell blow at the ancient senatorial privilege that allows a senator to rise and say:

"I hold in my hand an interesting discussion of the exact manner in which a hen should lay an egg, which I ask to be printed as a public document if there is no objection."

There rarely is an objection, and this illuminating discussion is thereupon made a public document and as such can be franked wherever it is desirable.

Senator Cummins had a little list of documents printed which showed that since this Congress has been in session until that day there had been printed ninety-four documents, on requests of senators, making a total of twenty-two hundred thirty-nine pages, mostly piffle. That was an interesting list. The senator showed there had been prepared for the public, at the public's expense, interesting brochures on a great variety of topics.

I select a few: Alcohol and Officials; Mortality Statistics of Pennsylvania; What is Progress in Politics?; Agricultural Conditions in Denmark; New Cure for Tuberculosis; Who Bought Louisiana?; World Peace; Essentials of the Constitution; The Mission of Women; Washed Money; Levantine Grapes—and so on.

These, however, are not our only troubles. There is a social war in this capital, Jim, that bids fair to cause as much trouble socially as the Mexicans are causing politically. It is—I have been told—war to the knife and the knife to the hilt, and then some, between the ladies of the Cabinet and the ladies of the House of Representatives.

You see, official society in Washington is predicated on the call. You call on certain persons, and certain persons call on you.

Furthermore, the precedents are rigid. Certain persons must call on certain other persons before certain other persons will call on them. We are a great, free, untrammeled republic, hating rank and precedence with a hate that knows no cessation; but, at the same time, there is no place on this earth where the question of social rank and precedence—which, in official society, means official rank, of course, as bestowed on the wife by virtue of the husband's position on the payroll—no place on this earth where the question of rank and precedence is so vigorously contended for and adhered to.

And the End is Not Yet

It seems, as the story goes, that the Cabinet women, oppressed by their exalted position and conscious of their places at the top of the list, held a conference over social affairs and decided they had entirely too many social duties. Therefore the obvious thing to do was to chop somewhere—cut off some portion of those to whom there had seemed obligations—reduce the strain.

They looked over the list and decided they could dispense with the wives of the members of the House of Representatives; and, as it is reported, they decided they would return no calls made by those wives.

Well, you can imagine with how many salvos of cheers the wives of members of the House received that determination! There was a chorus of Why, the very idea! that was heard as far as Baltimore. And the ladies of the House met and decided that the Cabinet ladies should have nothing on them. They wouldn't call on the Cabinet ladies—so there! Catch them paying their respects to persons who refused to return them or acknowledge them!

So thus it stands. And when I say there is turmoil in our social midst I am keeping well within the facts. We are profoundly agitated. As if the Cabinet, which is supported by appropriations made by the Congress, should set itself above its creator!

However, there are possibilities of pacific intervention, and hostilities may be prevented while the rights of the combatants are protected; but there is great gloom in card-printing circles.

Yours, in the cyclone cellar,

BILL.

THE FOREHANDED MAN

By Will Payne

THERE is an everlasting fight between money and enterprise; and when money gets on top—as has been the case all this year—the investor comes into his own. If it were not for these recurring stringencies in the money market I do not know what would become of him.

For one thing, tight money brings down the prices of bonds and stocks so that the investor can get a better return on his capital; but another benefit—and an equally important one—arises from the fact that a sharp pinch in money is the only sure corrective of reckless speculation and promotion. The melancholy fact is that imperfect human nature can no more be trusted with an unlimited supply of money than with unrestricted access to whisky. A debauch is the certain result of perfect freedom in either case.

A few years ago time money was going begging at three or three and a half per cent. Possessors of it were anxiously looking for borrowers. The common result of such a situation is a great speculative movement on the Stock Exchange. City banks carrying idle balances on which they are paying two per cent interest often invite brokers to borrow. Experienced operators help themselves to a barrelful of the cheap money and get up bull pools in various stocks. Less experienced operators tail on and presently there is a boom -then a collapse.

During the last three years, however, conditions aside from money have not been propitious for a boom in stocks. Speculative enterprise rather turned in other directions. For one thing, there was the promotion of relatively small industrials, which resulted last year in the flotation of half a billion dollars or so of new securities. Starting conservatively enough, as usual, this industrial promotion finally ran into excesses, as the subsequent history of some of the securities shows.

So long as there was a ready market for the new stocks, however, there were great profits in the business for the promoters and underwriters. Naturally the success of the more conservative promoters stimulated less conservative ones. If the money market had not grown tight this promotion of industrials would no doubt have been carried to more reckless lengths.

Advantages of Consolidation

Again, in the last three years there has been a tremendous business in promoting public-utility companies—combinations of street-railroad, gas, electric and like concerns. Of course the business dates much farther back. Some houses and individuals have prosecuted it very successfully for a dozen years or more; but in the last three years it has assumed very large proportions, the flotation of new securities incidental to it running into the hundreds of millions. A dozen or so houses and individuals have been engaged in it in a very conspicuous way.

Nowadays wherever the population is denser than one hundred to the square mile you are pretty sure to find electric lights, while every town that is called a city by anybody besides the editor of the local paper has a gasplant; and if it is big enough to support a free library it will probably have a trolley line. Improvements in the manufacture and distribution of electricity and gas have been astonishingly rapid the last few years, and these improvements have largely pointed in the direction of bigger units.

For example, in Chicago fifteen or twenty years ago almost every large building had its own independent electric-light plant; but now a single company supplies current for lights in nearly all downtown buildings, large and small. Even in the case of great department stores, burning thousands of lamps, this company will sell the current cheaper than it can be manufactured by an independent plant in the building. More than that, this one company sells current to the elevated and street railroads.

In short, by consolidating the production of current for almost a whole city in a few huge plants that have the advantage of every mechanical improvement and the highest technical skill, the cost of production is much less than it would be with two or three hundred small independent plants. And nowadays both electric current and gas can be economically transmitted over distances that would have been out of the question some years ago because leakage would have made the cost prohibitive.

The electric-light, gas or street-railroad plant in a small city, however, is pretty apt not to have the very ablest management or the most improved methods of manufacturing and distribution.

The promoter—being himself a very able electrical engineer, or having the best of engineering talent in his employ—can buy that plant, paying all it is actually worth in its present state, perhaps paying more than it actually cost, and by bringing it up to date make it more profitable than it was under the old management.

He may buy half a dozen or more plants in the same part of the state and link them together, reducing the cost of current by producing it in bigger units. If there are several separate, independent street railroads not far apart he may weld them into a single concern.

Figures That May Mislead

Perhaps the old local management was not very strong on the selling side—mostly contenting itself with such business as came to it. The promoter, if he is up to his job, is a good advertiser and salesman, and goes out for all the new customers he can find, thereby increasing the plant's output. If he is up to his job he really tries to establish and maintain neighborly relations between the company and the public it serves.

The promoter, of course, has a big, competent organization all round. Under his management the company gets the benefit of engineering skill and experience that would probably have been beyond its reach in its old independent state. If an improvement is made in one plant, that improvement will immediately go into the other plants under the same management.

You can readily see, in short, how the promoter performs his seeming miracle of buying relatively small public utilities, paying all they are worth, and yet making a handsome profit on the operation. He does it, of course, by increasing the concern's earning capacity. Presently he will be able to issue bonds against the concern for about as much as he paid for it.

This sort of thing resulted in the flotation of a great many million dollars of public-utility bonds and debentures, the great bulk of which, no doubt, are quite sound; but it began to be carried to extremes. The profits of the successful promoters were large, which stimulated competition. The success of the operation, broadly speaking, always depended on increasing the plant's earning capacity, and in individual cases undoubtedly too rosy a view was taken of the prospects in that regard.

All over the country public-utility plants were bought up to be added to this or that promoter's string of properties. Former consolidations were taken over to be merged into bigger consolidations. One result was a rather confusing multiplicity of artificial persons.

For example, here are ten separate local public-utility companies. They are bought up and put into one pot. Of course the ten old companies retain their corporate existence, for the local franchises run to them, and each of them has bonds and stock outstanding. A new corporation is organized to operate all ten plants and a holding company is incorporated to hold the stocks.

Over yonder are ten other public-utility concerns. They are bought up, a new corporation is formed to operate them, and a holding company is incorporated to hold their stocks. Presently both sets of companies—and perhaps several other sets—go into a bigger combination, with a new holding company to hold the stocks of the old holding companies.

All this may not imply any unsoundness whatever in the securities; but as the various layers of stocks and bonds multiply it becomes more difficult to form a satisfactory judgment as to their worth.

For one thing, the fiscal statement of a holding company, taken by itself, is usually of little value as a basis for opinion. To illustrate, take an issue of collateral trust bonds or debentures by the X. Y. Z. Company, which is a holding company. The company's income account shows:

Gross income	$1,000,000
Expenses	100,000
Net income	$900,000
Bond interest	450,000
Surplus for dividends	$450,000

Looking at that, you say: "Net income is twice the interest requirement; the bonds must be safe because income might shrink fifty per cent and still leave enough to pay the interest." But this million-dollar income of the holding company is derived from the surplus earnings of fifteen or twenty operating companies. The consolidated profit-and-loss accounts of those operating companies may show a situation like this:

Gross earnings	$10,000,000
Operating expenses and taxes	6,000,000
Net earnings	$4,000,000
Interest on underlying bonds	2,600,000
Surplus—out of which $1,000,000 in dividends was paid to holding company	$1,400,000

That puts a rather different face on the matter, for a shrinkage of ten per cent in gross income—the other items remaining as above—would cut into your bond interest. In short the margin of earnings over the amount required to pay the bond interest is very much smaller than it appears to be from the statement of the holding company alone.

Again, the statement of the operating companies shows a large amount of bonds outstanding that come ahead of the bonds or debentures issued by the holding company. In short there should always be a statement of the earnings of the operating companies and at least enough of a balance sheet to show the total amount of underlying bonds.

Lack of Continuous Records

The securities issued in connection with these public-utility promotions mainly involve properties that are in process of change—local concerns that have been bought up and are now being welded into a system, with various improvements and extensions. Hence, as a rule, there is no continuous history back of them as there is back of the bonds of a standard railroad or of a large public-utility company in a city. You cannot turn back five or ten years and see what the property was doing then, because the property was not then in existence in its present form. Pretty generally a comparison covering a couple of years is all you can get.

Naturally, therefore, these bonds rank below railroad bonds and the bonds of large city utilities, and offer a correspondingly higher interest return to the investor, commensurate with the larger risk. This year issues have been marketed on a basis yielding the investor six per cent and on up to seven. In some cases bonuses of stock have been given with the bonds. High interest makes these securities attractive; but at the same time it connotes larger risk.

The promotion out of which the bond issue grew was predicated on extending and improving the properties. Consequently your first reliance in buying bonds of this sort must be on the character, experience and reputation of the promoter.

Of course I am speaking now of junior issues, and the big bulk of securities of this class that have been marketed during the last two years consists of junior issues. A given promotion may embrace properties of long standing against which straight-out underlying mortgage bonds may be issued. Such a bond can be judged on the record of the individual property it covers, exactly like an underlying railroad bond.

Most of the issues are not first liens on well-established properties, but are junior securities covering the equity in various properties that have been bought up to be put into a new system. As to them, the first thing you need to know is the record of the promoter.

No doubt most of these public-utility promotion bonds and debentures are good, but the business began running to extremes and a wholesome check imposed by tight money is a good corrective.

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MAKING HEADS FOR THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 5)

was now willing to go a step farther and gain the inestimable asset of youth by investing in young men who promised well. The old system should not be disturbed; merely he would inaugurate quietly an additional system, with enough swivel chairs hung at the top of the ladder to make the new method of climbing worth while.

Two college presidents were appealed to for help. Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, and Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, announced to their senior classes in engineering that the Espee had something interesting to say to such members as might feel themselves equal to absorbing the strong medicine of railroading in stiff doses. A score of grave and reverend seniors called at the railroad offices. The company offered to start them, at graduation, on a three-and-a-half-year course, which should carry them successively through the work of many departments of railroading, and on satisfactory completion of the course they would be deemed competent to become petty officers of the company.

The student would not remain in any department long enough for his services to become of standard value. He would start at a monthly wage of fifty dollars, which might be slightly increased in the latter half of the course. The collegians felt that the remuneration during the long training was too small for men who had already spent four years in reaching the status of graduate engineers. Lack of enthusiasm was due even more to the fact that the majority of them had already planned careers that began with their names in three-inch letters on a ground-glass door.

Mitchell Carmany—you will not find him in the university register under that name—was a member of one of the senior classes. He did not accept the invitation to call on the railroad in common with his classmen, being detained in the hospital by the childish disease of measles; but later he passed a satisfactory interview. After commencement Carmany and three other sheepskin engineers entered the service of the railroad company as the first class of students.

It was this quartet that established the profound wisdom of the student system in railroading. When they had proved that the plan worked, the course became regular and definite, and much thought was devoted to its details. The four first students are regarded today as yielding compound interest on the Kruttschnitt investment. Young men are not importuned to follow in their footsteps—young men now struggle desperately to win that privilege.

The First Week on the Job

When Carmany started in he was mystified to learn that he was to begin in the accounting department. With an engineer's diploma sticking out of his pocket he had supposed his first work might be setting grade stakes and laying track. On presenting his letter to the auditor he was passed along to Stevens, head of the conductors' bureau, in offices overlooking the depot yards. When the noon whistles blew Stevens asked: "Where do you expect to lunch?"

"Usually I lunch at the Tavern or the Palace when in the city," Carmany replied. "Will you join me?"

"Right across the street there," said Stevens, "you'll find a clean little damp, where you can get an egg on your hash for twenty cents. I'll give you twenty minutes to scoop it up. Perhaps you haven't realized that we're paying you fifty dollars a month not because you are going to be of the slightest use to us for some time, but because we expect you to live on it."

Carmany realized all at once. He had not known he must tackle hash while digesting bits and scraps of railroad knowledge. He went over to Mike's and negotiated a meal ticket on a credit basis.

Carmany started in so earnestly that at the end of the first week he was able to get a positive impression from his work. It was the sensation of being set down on a chip in mid-Pacific. He was a part of something that was going on and, so far as he could see in any direction, there was neither end nor meaning to it. At college everything had begun with an axiom and had grown stone upon stone. Here men added figures ceaselessly and turned in lists. Carmany finished with a hundred columns while getting up courage to ask a foolish question of the man at the next desk.

"How long were you here before you found out what it is all about?" he finally inquired.

His neighbor, a man often appealed to by the room when a question of method arose, laid down his pen and ran his fingers through his graying hair.

"I've been here twelve years," he smiled, "and I haven't found out yet."

For two months Carmany was at grips with the puzzle. At the end of that time he could see with some accuracy the relationships of things. He knew that he and his associates were reducing earnings and expenses to forms that could be put before the stockholders; more important still, they were providing statistics for the guidance of the officers in their management of the property. It was a happy day when he was able to read fully the secret of sheets covered with figures that he held in his hands—the sheets would enable the officers to tell even which trains were making money and justifying their operation.

The student came to the conclusion that he had been assigned to the accounting department first of all on the theory that if he could solve the mysteries of checking, certifying and auditing, he must at once find himself somewhat in touch with the whole scheme of railroading.

A Course Under One-Wing Jackson

The room never understood what Carmany was or why such a green one should have been dumped on them; they guessed that his case was like that of a young German who once had been pushed through the accounting department at the request of the German government. But Carmany knew exactly what he was. At the end of six months he felt that the company had been paying him forty-nine dollars a month more than he had been earning. He was a potential investment.

Passed along to the stores department, Carmany learned from first-hand acquaintance about the materials a railroad uses. He adopted a rule, followed later in other departments, of mastering the clerical side before taking up the physical. When he had learned all about requisitions he went to the huge general stores at Sacramento. An attack of chills caused him to move his desk into the stifling atmosphere of an adjoining sand drier, he being too happily absorbed in fitting steel rails and wooden toothpicks to yellow tissue-paper requisitions to accept a proffered transfer to the hospital.

Next came eight months of field work and drafting for the maintenance-of-way department. In the drafting room the college student for the first time shone through the railroad freshman. Finally there was need temporarily of an assistant engineer at Sacramento, and Carmany was sent there at one hundred dollars a month—to become McPherson's right-hand man. The student developed something of a stride of his own. There is no doubt McPherson took a huge, though secret, joy in the youngster. Nor is there any doubt that McPherson humbled him so completely that he had been on the Garden Junction job a long time before he could believe it was real power he held in his hand.

Properly Garden Junction was not student work, but the San Francisco disaster had suddenly doubled the company's maintenance necessities and big burdens went on shoulders little tried. McPherson's recommendation was immediately approved at headquarters; at the moment Mitchell Carmany, engineer, was of much more interest than Mitch Carmany, student. Through the foremen, the young engineer drove the three hundred workmen well; the real test of his mettle came when the big job was at an end—when a code message from headquarters informed Carmany that a one-armed switchman was waiting to teach him the operating difference between the high, the low, the main and the scale tracks at West Oakland.

Vanishing from Garden Junction in the way he loved, the student reported to One-Wing Jackson with no visible signs of suffering a heartbreak. He went through his months of switching freight, firing a locomotive and doing the rough work of the roundhouse with a joy not wholly to be expected from one but recently so much higher in the railroad world. Afterward he confessed:

"When I went to Garden Junction I dreamed of becoming a great railroad builder. Before I got through there, having read every book I could obtain on the history of railroad building, I concluded that most of the truly great railroad construction was done. Very little work of the importance of pioneering across a continent was left. What the future held for the builder was mostly extensions and additions. Wisdom told me that a fellow making the railroad his lifework had better become an expert at operating the lines already built. I was glad when I was sent to One-Wing Jackson, because I saw my real career beginning at his shack. One-Wing was operation."

A genuine temptation came when Carmany had learned a locomotive and had passed the engineer's examination; he loved the machine to the point of longing to spend his life on the seat at the right-hand side of the cab. However a month of jockeying circus trains with Meredith opened such dazzling problems in operation to Carmany that he never wavered again in his determination to overtake a division superintendent's private car. The act that counted for Carmany while big Overton's assistant was his seizing the Tehachapi grocery store and establishing a transfer point through which the traffic instantly flowed like vinegar through a siphon. His student period expired while he was with Overton and he was called to headquarters when an emergency arose.

A certain division superintendency demanded the services of a rounded specialist. A dozen men were eligible under the customary requirements. The G. M. added a special requirement. Nobody except Carmany could qualify. The G. M. demanded youthfulness.

Four years out of college Carmany became the youngest Old Man, at three hundred dollars a month. The next four years were to bring him three promotions and as many elevations in his salary. When he had been riding in his own car a year he dropped in on the auditor one day and ran over the payroll just to see how his former associates had fared. He found that his friends of the accounting department, who were receiving from forty to seventy-five dollars a month when he worked with them, now ranged from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars—the better paid were perhaps those who had found out what their endless figuring meant. His fellows of the stores department and the drafting room, who drew from sixty to one hundred dollars in his day, had advanced about fifty per cent.

Chances to Specialize

Steady old McPherson was still at Sacramento, drawing two hundred and fifty dollars. Carmany whistled cheerily. It seemed to him that in selecting the student course he had chosen about the nearest approach to a short cut to riches that might be found round a great corporation whose charter did not specify benevolence as one of its functions.

The railroad company's satisfaction with the results of its radical experiment is indicated by the importance it now attaches to the student course. The ideal seems to be to fill about half the petty offices with course graduates, the other half of the offices being held religiously for ambitious ones working up in the old way.

Any single man between twenty-one and thirty years of age who is an employee of the company is eligible for student appointment. The personal address, temperament, habits and education of applicants are considered. The student is not promised an official position as a reward for completing the course successfully; but he is assured that he will be given preference in the filling of vacancies. The beginner now receives seventy-five dollars a month and by the time he is through he will be drawing one hundred dollars.

The course is so designed that the first two years cover the entire field of railroading in a general way. Thereafter the student specializes, according to his preference, in one of the three main divisions—operation and maintenance, passenger and freight traffic, or accounting.

When the beginner rides on his first pass to some outlying station, where he is to transform himself into an expert at handling, loading and storing freight, he carries in his pocket a little book, between the blue cloth covers of which is printed an epitome of his course, together with many sage observations for his guidance; and these heart-to-heart whisperings reflect strikingly the changed attitude of the up-to-date railroad with relation to the public it serves.

"The old attitude of 'The public be damned!'" the little book assures the student, "must be relegated to the shelves of antiquity once and for all. The time is here when every employee of a railroad, be he high or low, must recognize that he is executing a public trust whenever he participates in the work of conducting the business of a common carrier. The public has a legitimate interest in everything a common carrier does and therefore has a right to know how its business is being conducted."

The keen sensitiveness to public opinion is exhibited in this:

"Keep posted as to actions taken by officials in cases of emergency, accidents, and the like. There is nothing more important than quick and considerate action in cases of emergency—the proper care of passengers in accidents. The public will not be charitable toward your shortcomings; and it will many times occur that on a single act of yours, at the time of an accident, the entire management of the road will be praised or condemned."

The little blue book not only introduces the student to each department, defines his general duties and prescribes his course of reading, but it constantly imparts bits of wisdom that are the pure crystals of experience.

The student, for instance, is cautioned not to be a shrinking violet. In freight shed or baggage room he is to tell his own name, to learn the customer's, and to be mighty sure he pronounces the customer's name correctly. Information is usually asked over the telephone, and he is warned that it is over the telephone that the human voice is most likely to show impatience and irritation. The telephone must be handled like so much dynamite, for more friends have been lost over the telephone than in wrecks.

When the youth has learned, under the master mechanic, how to care for cars and engines he becomes a brakeman. As he feels himself a factor in train movements the little book whispers: "Safety first! should govern every act of a trainman."

In the accounting department he learns to draw facts out of figures, just as Carmany did; but while tracing cause and effect through statistic sheets he is warned that "Post-mortems never cured anything!"—that "Stale statistics are dangerous!"—and that "A railroad cannot be operated from an accountant's cloister!"

Criticism That Counts

The student is taught that railroading is not such a different business as he supposed. He learns that the department of operation and maintenance corresponds to the manufacturing end of an industrial concern, just as the department of traffic corresponds to the selling end. He is warned that he must always guard against the costly mistake of an overproduction of transportation. He learns that the right kind of personality is an inestimable asset. When it comes to the art of selling transportation the personality of the salesman counts for about eighty per cent.

The young railroader is expected not only to develop ideas but to express them. In making their regular reports of what they are doing and thinking to the officer in charge, says the blue book: "Students should not hesitate to criticize adversely, commend, or suggest improvements. It should be remembered, however, that destructive criticism, without the recommendation of something better, is mere faultfinding."

There are twelve or fifteen young men engaged in hard grind along this company's lines in the West today whose names are extremely likely to figure in the future railroad history of the country. The game fight many of them made to get into the greasy overalls of a student raised this expectation; the extraordinary things they are doing after getting the overalls on seem already to confirm it.

For instance: Not long ago a student in charge of a worktrain on a track bordering the ocean broke his locomotive loose and ran up to the second bend in the ocean bluff to see what all the whistling was about. He found a passenger steamship driven on the rocks close to shore. The student saw that the ship must pound to pieces. He rushed back and got his men, after dispatching a messenger to a telegraph station with a call for extra gangs. The doomed ship shot a line to the shore. The student made it fast and directed his men in pulling on the overhaul lines, thus bringing the entire ship's company of more than two hundred persons to the shore on lifeboats and a trolley.

Five of every seven of the students are university graduates, whose college allowance was considerably in excess of their present salary. The course of forty-two months is equal to their four-year college course, with the summer vacations left out. Physical weaklings could not hold their jobs for a day; before these fellows reach the swivel chairs of the general offices they will know all about every backache in railroading from experience. In the future it may be common for a president to stop his private train long enough to show a section foreman how to set an angle bar so that it cannot lift the spikes.

How Rule One Was Broken

The case of student M—— is exceptional. By sheer merit he was able to force the setting aside in his favor of the strictest rule in the student regulations. His uncle is a railroad operator who ranks almost as a genius. M—— graduated from Cornell in 1912 as a mechanical engineer; and, having independent means, he took a wife before considering a career. One day he entered the presence of his brilliant uncle and said:

"Take me into your New York offices."

"Not much!" replied his uncle. "If you don't know enough to look out for the cars go West and break into the Espee as a student."

A fortnight later M—— walked into headquarters, in San Francisco, with a pocketful of glowing letters.

"I want to be appointed a student," he announced.

"You are not eligible," said the officer in charge of students, strangely unmoved by the letters.

"Why not eligible?" demanded M——.

"We appoint only regular employees of the company to studentships."

"Then give me a job," said M——, "I must get in line."

The rich nephew of the railroad genius was sent to Santa Barbara as a freight hustler at the ruling wage of eighty dollars. In ten weeks he won promotion to night bill clerk. In four months he was yard clerk at San Pedro. At the end of a year he took a pen in his calloused fingers and applied—just as any employee of his age had a right to do—for a student appointment. He told all about himself on the application blank.

The officer in charge of students replied in a kindly letter, which said in substance:

"Why didn't you tell me, in the first place, that you had a wife? Rule One says only single men may be appointed students."

M—— was not feazed. He took his marriage license, his college diploma, a legal document showing that he had arranged an annuity so that the financial demands of married life could not affect his work as a student, and his calloused hands to headquarters—and made the speech of his life. After a conference the officials wrote under Rule One: "This rule shall never be broken again!"—and handed M—— his certificate of appointment. He is now in station service in the Arizona Desert and his pay will soon be sufficient to cover the rent of the town house of his wife.

When B—— came West he brought an engineering degree from Princeton. He carted scrap-iron at the Oakland Shipyard of the Espee to win eligibility. Having been sent to a busy station in the Sierra foothills, he told in one of his monthly student accounts of himself how he got a week's experience in twenty-four hours. His partner on the day shift was sick, doubling his duties; a mountain storm had held back the night trains, so that the day schedule saw them all arrive. When relieved at supper-time B—— was too tired to sleep. He caught a light engine up the road to the scene of a derailment and helped the wrecking crew until they had picked up the last splinter at midnight. He spent the hours until breakfast repairing signals and got back to the depot in time to go to work.

After he had worked out a system for expediting the mail between his station and the post-office, B—— began to devote his leisure hours to a study of the baggage room. In the course of time he filed with the officer in charge of students the most scholarly treatise ever penned on the best method of handling baby-carriages, tool-chests, bedrolls, bulldogs, overweight trunks, bicycles and corpses. A high official who had an opportunity of observing this station clerk made a memorandum as follows: "In investing in this young man we are putting our money in the bank."

F—— was an interesting young man from Harvard. He did not write the first two letters of the alphabet after his name or wear a big H on his sweater, though he had the right to do both. He had been a football star of the first magnitude. He tackled the daily congestion of trunks at the Sacramento depot with such energy for half a year that his application for a studentship was acted on with favor.

The student was turned over to Murray, a division superintendent, who sent him to a village in the Vine Belt to study the handling of perishable fast freight. Murray was an effective railroader of the old school. He was a giant who carried out one idea at a time and who would cheerfully eat anybody threatening to interfere with the carrying out.

Murray happened along one day while F—— was wrestling with the geometrical problem of how to reduce a dozen crates of cantaloupes to the smallest possible bulk on the station platform. Murray had a contrary theory concerning the handling of melons, which he vocalized in a way that made the depot windows rattle.

The day was warm. The work was hard. F—— experienced a temptation that was almost more than perspiring flesh could bear. He was tempted to tackle Murray physically and reduce him to a mere mass.

Reflections on the Semaphore

F——'s good fairy whispered to him just in time. Whooping, he turned and ran to the semaphore pole. Climbing up thirty feet, he caught a leg over a crossarm, pulled his blue book of instructions for the student out of the hip of his overalls, and buried his nose in the wisdom of its pages. He did not descend until long after Murray had roared himself silent and boarded a passing train.

F—— wrote to an old friend, a veteran railroader, about his woes. He received in reply a kindly letter, counseling him to add to his prescribed reading course the Book of Job. His friend pointed out that in having to listen to Murray, who was a good man when measured by his results, F—— now had an opportunity of learning how to get at the good corn of wisdom regardless of the husks of language in which it chanced to be wrapped. When next the superintendent broke loose while talking with the student F—— was able to keep his feet on the ground and his hands in his pockets.

F—— received friendly letters from the officer in charge of students that helped him greatly in maintaining harmonious relations. The student came to wonder whether it was melons or Murray he had been sent there to assimilate. When his period on the division reached its end Superintendent Murray wrote a report on the student that had the ring of enthusiasm in its statements of approval. The officer in charge sent F—— a copy of the report, with his personal congratulations.

"I am glad," F——'s reply ran, "if my work has merited the approval of the superintendent. I am happy to complete my period here without having fractured the serenity of the division. At the same time, I wish it understood that I am very much opposed, on principle, to allowing the fear of making enemies to lead to the habitual adoption of pussy-foot policies. It may be that some day the meek shall inherit the earth—but I do not think it will be this year."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Mitchell Carmany when shown F——'s letter by his friend and confident, the student officer. "This is the most promising case I have seen in some time. If there is any line in which the man with his armor on and his lance in position is today indispensable it is in railroading. Some day this fellow will be making our drivewheels go round. A fighter under control is the most nearly perfect thing in the human roundhouse. Write the student a stiff letter criticizing his lack of faith in Scriptural statements. He is one of the truly meek—and he is really going to inherit the earth."

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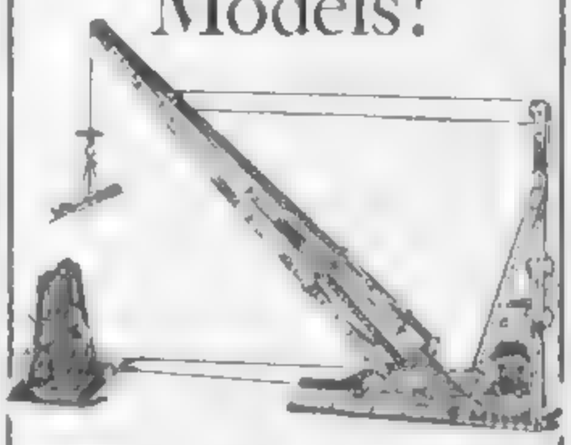

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CHRISTMAS PREFERRED

(Continued from Page 8)

A silence followed. During it Mr. Pincus drew out a pocketknife and reflectively pared his nails.

"Vell," he said presently, as if musing to himself, "if a feller sells pencils f'm a street corner he makes him a living—maybe." Raising his eyes then he glanced at a calendar on the wall. "December, eh? Vell, we see! We see! Maybe we do it by Christmas anyway."

Beeks gazed at him, startled.

"Huh?" he inquired.

Mr. Pincus did not answer, however. The night's close was coming in. Consolidated was quoted at 92¼ bid; a half asked. And Mr. Pincus gave vent to an ejaculation.

"*Himmel!*" he exclaimed, his air concerned.

The next morning the customers' room at Rooker, Burke & Company's began early to fill. Excitement was again in the air, for the London opening gave promise that something still was impending in Consolidated Eastern Common. Among the first arrivals was Mr. Pincus. At nine o'clock he bustled in, his manner more than usually alert; and after he had looked over the morning's news dope he walked across the room to where Mr. Sugden, the dental gentleman, sat immersed in a newspaper, his feet cocked up on a radiator.

"Say, Sug," said Mr. Pincus, "listen!"

Mr. Sugden had arrived earlier than Mr. Pincus. The fact is, in his nervousness he had lain awake most of the night reflecting on what Mr. Pincus had said to Beeks—his allusion that "one was born every minute." One what? In Mr. Sugden's heart lived the nagging certainty that Mr. Pincus knew something, though what the something was he felt it would be futile to ask. At any rate Mr. Pincus had always made it a rule never to give a tip to any one; and with sulky indifference Mr. Sugden now looked up from his newspaper.

"Huh?" he responded elegantly.

"Sug, this here Easy Con now," said Mr. Pincus seductively; "I hear something about it maybe."

At once, with celerity, Mr. Sugden removed his feet from the radiator and put them on the floor.

"What?" he ejaculated.

"Sure!" said Mr. Pincus. He was grinning covertly. "Only a feller gets him a tip, a real tip—no moonshine just—vell, it's worth something for his trouble, ain't it?" Here, as if oblivious of Mr. Sugden's sudden scowl, Mr. Pincus beamed at him, his face more benign than ever. "Yes; that's right!" averred Mr. Pincus, and then he abruptly leaned forward. "Margin me fifty shares of the stock, Sug," he proposed hurriedly, "and I tell you what Consolidated does! Think of it—how cheap! Carry me for fifty shares only and maybe you make a knockout!"

The proposition was commonplace. In the margin shops tips are bought and sold every day on this basis; and swiftly Mr. Sugden debated. To margin fifty shares for Mr. Pincus would cost him nothing—provided Mr. Pincus' tip proved right. If it proved wrong, however, it might cost him the full amount of the margin—that is, five hundred dollars. Was it worth the risk? Perhaps if he held his tongue Mr. Pincus might unwittingly disclose his information. Then it would be had for nothing. This is the risk all Wall Street tipsters face. Mr. Sugden waited cautiously.

"You understand," Mr. Pincus added, his tone more anxious than before, "it ain't I knock down a rake-off my own self—nix! Yes," he added, his manner uncomfortable now, "my old woman tells me f'm Christmas I want to get her one of them tango turkey dresses only that ain't it either. It's a kid I gotta get a skates and a bicycle in his stocking; besides which——"

"Say, Pink, what's eating you?" interrupted Mr. Sugden, his air as eloquent as his diction. "If you've got anything to say, say it!"

So Mr. Pincus said it; and what he said had as little to do with stocks and the stock market as it had to do with Mrs. Pincus' tango turkey dress.

For his theme was Jerrold—Jerrold, their unfortunate fellow dabbler. He had not only lost his sight, he had lost as well every cent he had in the world. With rest and care, however, his sight might return. Consequently, in Jerrold's behalf, Mr. Pincus proposed to become one of four to make up a two-hundred-share pool in Easy Con. A five-point turn in the security would realize enough to put the man on his feet. When he had finished Mr. Pincus gazed at Mr. Sugden, his eloquent eyes alight.

"Vell?" he inquired anxiously.

Again Mr. Sugden slyly debated.

"I see," he ventured—"you think Consolidated's going up?"

The light in Mr. Pincus' eye abruptly died.

"It might—then it mightn't," he answered dryly.

Mr. Sugden returned hopefully to the charge.

"Oh, I see!" he laughed. "You think it's going down! Of course you do," he added, "or you never would have gone short!" Then he shrugged his shoulders, grinning. "Thanks for your offer, Pink only I don't think it's worth the price!"

"Vat!" exclaimed Mr. Pincus, staggered. "You mean you don't put up something for a pool?"

Mr. Sugden was grinning more widely, his air utterly negligent now.

"I don't see why I should pay anything for something I already know! Nix!" And now satisfied, even exultant, Mr. Sugden walked over to the cashier's cage. "Say, Joe," he said, his tone important as well as loud enough for all in the room to hear, "those four hundred Easy Con I'm carrying—I'll take my profit on them; then sell me six hundred short! Get it, don't you? Six hundred!" said Mr. Sugden as he raised his voice a little higher.

Half an hour later, however, just after the gong had rung, Mr. Sugden was not only astonished—he was startled—when Mr. Pincus, in company with three other customers, stepped up to the cashier's cage, where, in turn, each ordered Beeks to cover a short sale in Easy Con. As Mr. Sugden had seen Mr. Pincus previously buttonhole each of the three gentlemen, he began lightly to sweat.

"Eh? What's that?" he exclaimed in spite of himself.

Mr. Pincus turned on him a cold, fishy eye.

"Vas you speaking to me?" he inquired.

"Why, yes," stammered Mr. Sugden, "I—I was."

"Vell, I don't hear you," returned Mr. Pincus, and he turned his back on him.

In an agony of trepidation Mr. Sugden mopped his beaded brow. Mr. Pincus again addressed Beeks:

"And, Joey," he urged, "on that other two-hunnerd-shares lot, you get the order in quick, won't you? Maybe we knock down an eighth or a quarter should we hurry?"

Beeks nodded.

"All right, only you've not told me yet what name to give that pool account."

Mr. Pincus glanced at the quotation board. Easy Con had just opened at 92¾, half a point up from the close; and he smiled with satisfaction.

"Vell," he said reflectively, "on account of this here season you might call the account Christmas Preferred."

The next instant an excited exclamation escaped him. In three sales Easy Con had crossed 93.

"*Ach, Himmel!*" cried Mr. Pincus, his eyes bulging. "See her hop!"

Mr. Sugden could stand it no longer.

"Quick, Beeks!" he cried feverishly. "Cancel that short sale! I want you to buy me six hundred and fifty instead!"

Imperturbably Beeks wrote down the order. Then, his air curious, he looked at Mr. Sugden.

"Any instructions, Sug?—or is this all?" he asked; whereat, in his agony, Mr. Sugden exploded.

"All? For heaven's sake, Joe," he appealed, "tell me what's happening in Consolidated!"

Beeks paused long enough in his writing to jerk a thumb across his shoulder.

"Pincus knows," he answered. "Why don't you ask him?"

That was too much. A low rumble of rage escaped Mr. Sugden; and, his form quivering, he glared across the room to where Mr. Pincus stood plucking his chin as he gazed at the Chicago board.

"That piker? Why, he don't know anything!" snarled the dental gentleman. "He's nothing but a bluff!"

Beeks, smiling vaguely, turned away; and, drawing up a chair, Mr. Sugden slouched down on it, both hands in his pockets, his hat pulled down to his eyes. He scowled savagely at the board. Consolidated in a dozen sales had whooped up to 94¼, only to react as swiftly to the opening quotation—92¾; and in his bones he knew he had been made to pay the top figure for his six hundred and fifty shares.

He was still cursing under his breath when over his shoulder he heard Mr. Pincus again speaking to Beeks.

"Say, Joey," said Mr. Pincus, "don't forget! Ven she touches 94 again be sure to switch us four's orders like I told you!"

That was the last straw. Baffled and bewildered, Mr. Sugden could have wept in sheer rage.

"Yes, I'm on," answered Beeks, his tone nonchalant.

And, no longer able to contain himself, Mr. Sugden scrambled to his feet.

"Aw, say, Joey!" he began, his tone wheedling; but Joey seemed to be in too much haste to delay.

"In just a minute, Sugden—just a minute," he returned.

Opening the door of Rooker's private office he stepped inside; then carefully closed it behind him. Rooker stood beside the ticker in the corner, his eyes glued on the tape.

"Well?" he asked, swiftly looking up.

Beeks' lips parted in a grin.

"It was Jerrold, the blind man, who spread the tip. He said some one in the Consolidated Company gave it to him. Then, when he found he hadn't money enough to play it, he passed it on to Pincus."

Rooker exclaimed in disgust:

"Is that where he got it? Pshaw!"

Beeks waited a moment.

"Pincus and the three others seem to think it's straight though! They've ordered me to switch deals and sell twenty-five hundred the first time Consolidated touches 94."

Rooker held out his hand for the orders.

"Give them to me. I'll telephone them to the Exchange," he growled contemptuously.

As it turned out, however, for some reason Rooker did not carry out his first intention. He did not telephone. Instead, he crumpled the slips into a little ball and thrust them into his side pocket. In the pocket were also other little paper balls. All were of the same size and color and all had been gathering there since morning. Briefly he was bucketing every short sale. Outside, meanwhile, Consolidated had sagged back to 92¼.

The history of that day's doings in Easy Con yet remains too fresh in the minds of every Wall Street dabbler to require repetition. It is enough to say that, having been whooped up at the opening to 94¼, step by step it sagged back to 91½. There for three hours it hung pegged, now and then drifting up half a point, only to sag back again. At this momentary low—namely, 91½—Mr. Sugden again switched, by doing which he incurred a loss in the neighborhood of nineteen hundred dollars! However, not satisfied with this, he sold for his account another six hundred and fifty shares!

Apparently the unseen hands that shuffle the cards in Wall Street only waited for this as a signal. At any rate five minutes later pandemonium broke loose on the Exchange floor and in a furious onslaught by the bull element Consolidated again began to climb. At half-past twelve, a brief half-hour later, the bears apparently sought cover; and recovering to 94¼, its high for the morning, the stock still went on soaring.

In the corner over by the deserted Chicago quotation board Mr. Pincus sat dangling his legs from a table. Consolidated Eastern had just touched 95.

"Vell, now f'r the real business!" he grinned. As Consolidated, hitching upward, touched 95½ his smile subsided somewhat. "Hey? Vat?" he murmured to himself.

Three pike sales at the same figure followed; then the rasping ticker, whirring briefly, clacked again. Clack! Clack! Clack!

"A thousand for five-eighths!" called the quotation clerk; and as the lad turned to slap the pasteboard numeral card into place Mr. Pincus lowered his feet to the floor. "Huh?" he uttered abruptly.

As in answer the ticker again raised its staccato chatter.

"Easy Con, three-quarters!" cried the clerk, himself infected with the excitement that charged the air round him. "Another at the same! Same again! Three hundred more!" Then, his tone exultant, he gave a sudden ejaculation: "A thousand Easy Con, 96 even!"

And so it went! A few minutes later, as if at a concerted signal, three gentlemen in different parts of the room elbowed their way through the crowd to the corner where Mr Pincus sat. Consolidated had just reached 96½; and, moistening his lips, Mr. Pincus braced himself against the table. Uneasily his eye roved toward the three fellow dabblers now approaching.

The first was a Mr. Veazey. Like Mr. Pincus, Mr. Veazey's only occupation was playing the Street—that is, gambling; and he may be said to have lacked illusions.

After vigorously chewing the cigar he held in his teeth he cocked it up at an acute angle and gazed at Mr. Pincus.

"S-a-y?" he said—and that was all.

However, in the way he drawled out the word it was enough. Before Mr. Pincus could reply the second gentleman spoke. He was a Mr. Dobley, the proprietor of an upper Broadway shoe store—a bald man attired in what he would have called a Prince Albert, and wearing whiskers cut like Justice Hughes'.

"Yes; that's right!" he cried, backing up Mr. Veazey's remark. "I'd like to hear about this!"

Afterward, using the fingers of both hands, Mr. Dobley furiously combed his whiskers. His air weary, Mr. Pincus addressed himself not to the two who had spoken, but, instead, to the third gentleman, a Mr. Clogg, who was something or other in the whitegoods trade:

"Vell, Bill, ain't you got some holler to make either?"

He did not wait, however, for Mr. Clogg to reply; but, as if suddenly animated by some active inward mechanism, Mr. Pincus raised both hands in the air and rapidly revolved them. At the same instant he spoke. Speech poured from him in a torrent; and the more he spoke, the more animated he became. The gist of his remarks was that, if they had been bewildered by the extraordinary and unlooked-for behavior in Consolidated Eastern, their wonder was as nothing compared to his own incredible stupefaction. Then, as abruptly as he had begun, so abruptly Mr. Pincus concluded.

"Sure!" he proclaimed. "S'help me!"

Mr. Clogg, the third member of Mr. Pincus' pool, was a person of magnificent proportions with, however, a somewhat inadequate voice. It now emerged from him, piping shrilly, much as the last note on the keyboard emerges from a concert grand piano.

"Bosh!" he said. "Pincus, bosh! I don't believe you knew a thing!"

"Don't you bosh me! You dast!" cried Mr. Pincus, instantly bristling. "If f'r a lot of pikers I give a tip it ain't up to me the tip don't work right away! Vat d'you want anyhow? A feller would think, instead of the information, he should hand you out the money! . . . All right!" said Mr. Pincus significantly. "I tell you what: Should Easy Con cross 98 I take over the account; then you none of you don't lose anything."

He was pale as he spoke. If they called him, Consolidated at 98 would spell ruin for Mr. Pincus; his shoestring could not stretch that far. The bluff worked, however. He was still gazing at them, a mocking grin on his lips, when Mr. Dobley, the shoe man, let fall an exclamation.

"Oh, look!" he cried, and Mr. Pincus looked.

Consolidated, having climbed to 96½, at the next sale sold down to 96¼. A third sale followed at an eighth. It was this that had attracted Mr. Dobley's attention. As he spoke, the stock on a single transaction of one hundred shares dropped to 96 even. After that, as if all support had been withdrawn, the stock fell like a landslide—like an avalanche—a cataclysm. The rout in Consolidated was complete.

At a few minutes after three Mr. Pincus removed his hat and vigorously mopped its interior with his handkerchief. Easy Con had closed weak at 88. The indications were that in the morning it would tumble still farther, but Mr. Pincus did not think of that. He was limp. He was conscious that his knees were weak and that his clothes stuck dumply to his spine. In his hand was a check for sixteen hundred dollars. It represented the profits of the Christmas Preferred account; and, gazing at it, Mr. Pincus drew in his breath.

As he knew, in the few hours of that brief afternoon many things had happened. Among them, for example, was Mr. Sugden's ruin. Having again at the high point switched his trade, the dental gentleman had been wiped out completely. Ere the morrow passed, his chain of get-filled-quick dental parlors would be his no more, nor would the gentleman himself probably ever again be seen at Rooker, Burke & Company's offices.

However, this was by no means all. At three, or shortly before that hour, Rooker had emerged abruptly from his private office. His jaw outthrust and somewhat white about the gills, he confronted Mr. Pincus.

"If I'd known what it'd cost me," he growled, "you bet I'd never let that feller sit round here!"

"Vat feller?" inquired Mr. Pincus.

In his wrath Rooker snapped out the name.

"Jerrold—that's who!" he growled; and Mr. Pincus, after a quick glance at Rooker, thoughtfully scratched his head.

There was only one way under the circumstances by which Jerrold could have cost the broker anything, and instantly Mr. Pincus guessed it.

"Huh!" he exclaimed, startled.

At once Rooker realized his mistake. To be caught redhanded bucketing his clients' orders would mean his expulsion from the Exchange. Without replying he lurched off, swearing under his breath.

Mr. Pincus gazed after him. A ghastly desire to laugh affected him, but after all his excitement he felt too limp even to emit a cackle. Once, uptown on Broadway, he had seen a joyriding chauffeur dive through the glass windshield of a touring car and somehow he knew now how it felt. It was at this moment that the street door opened: and, looking up, Mr. Pincus let fall an exclamation.

Jerrold, accompanied as before by his son, the shockhaired boy in knickerbockers, was again entering the customers' room; and, dashing forward, Mr. Pincus impetuously halted them.

"Wait! Wait!" he begged. "Wait!"

Jerrold did not seem to understand. Still striving to enter the brokerage office, he put out a fluttering hand, feeling his way before him.

"Oh, Pincus! Pincus!" he said brokenly. "If I'd only had a little money just think how much I could have made! My tip was right after all!"

Somehow Mr. Pincus did not feel it would be safe for Jerrold to enter Rooker, Burke & Company's. Mr. Sugden, overwhelmed, still sat hunched up in a corner staring wildly at the quotation board; while at the back Buck Rooker's bulky figure was to be seen silhouetted against the ground glass of his office door. For this reason Mr. Pincus gripped Jerrold by the elbow with one hand, while with the other he delved into his pocket. Presently he found what he wanted. It was the check for sixteen hundred dollars, and he thrust it into the hands of Jerrold's son.

"Here! It's a Christmas present!" he said; and almost wildly he was pushing Jerrold through the doorway when the man began to protest.

"I want to tell you something!" he cried. "It's about Chicago ribs and shoulders! I've doped out why they didn't go up during the war!"

"Huh?" inquired Mr. Pincus, startled.

"Why, yes," said Jerrold animatedly; "the Turks aren't allowed to eat them! It's the Koran, you know."

Mr. Pincus had never heard of it. Bidding Jerrold's son put the check in his pocket, he took Jerrold by the shoulders and turned him round until he was facing uptown.

"On your way!" he said; and as he said it his voice broke. "On your way!"

Then, reëntering Rooker, Burke & Company's, Mr. Pincus walked over to the Chicago quotation board and for a long while stood there studying it while he painfully plucked his chin. Apparently the puzzle was too great for him. However, when he had turned away he began to grin lightly; and, going to the telephone booth, he called up a number in Harlem.

"Say, Becky," said Mr. Pincus over the wire, "go out and get yourself a Christmas present f'r New Year's. I just made a killing in ribs—I mean stocks, y'know!"

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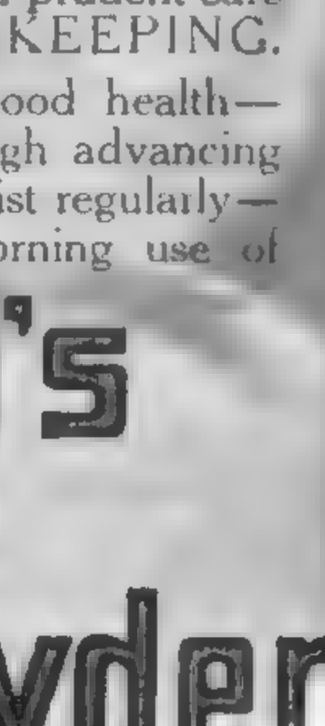

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THE KISS

(Concluded from Page 10)

"She says she's got a part to get over tonight that is more important!"

"Then ask her ——"

The words were cut into by the shrill and throaty young voice inside.

"If that cat doesn't get away from my room I'll call Uhlmann!" There was the sound of something being thrown angrily to the floor. "I'll call Uhlmann!" was repeated in a higher note ecstatic in its abandonment of protest, followed by the sound of quick steps and the slamming shut of the dressing-room door.

Sumner, the author, whitefaced and anxious, hovering like an unhappy ghost about the fringe of things, drifted up to the woman still facing the closed door.

"She's all in—that girl," he tried to explain. "They've been feeding her on strychnine pills the last two days, trying to keep her up!"

Helen Deremeau turned slowly about and went back to her dressing room. There was no look of protest on her face—it was rather one of vague compassion. She went on with her task of making up quietly and mechanically, secure in some sense of inner tranquillity she could not quite understand. She felt sorry for the girl in the first dressing room. She felt suddenly superior to her. She pitied her as a mother might pity a child whose blindness could never be made clear to its own eyes.

This same feeling remained with her as she stood waiting for her cue. It stayed with her as she stepped out into the white glare of the stage. On that stage Helen Deremeau witnessed the ancient miracle of a dual personality at play—her own spirit, unruffled and contemplative, watching over that outer and unreal body which was struggling so frenziedly with its pretense of another life. She seemed able to look down at herself as from a great height. She seemed able to utter her lines without willing their utterance, as though by some trick of ventriloquism they were thrown by another into her mouth. Remote as her soul seemed from her body, the sternly coördinated machinery of the latter duly moved and gestured, hung suspended and broke again into action; but all the while she felt sorry for the younger actress, whose face, at close range, showed so mottled and gray even under the heavy make-up.

This same sense of compassion swayed Helen Deremeau's thoughts as the first-act curtain went down on a house that was only perfunctory in its applause. It grew stronger during the second act as she watched Irma Wrenn's ghostly and ineffectual efforts at lightheartedness.

And as they worked their way on toward the letter-reading scene a new perplexity merged itself with this feeling of pity. For she saw that the younger actress was no longer sure of herself; that two or three of Uhlmann's pet pieces of business had been overlooked; that cues were not being caught up as they should; that even a vital line had been dropped from the dialogue. Helen Deremeau, with the adroitness of the stock actress inured to stage mishaps, quietly threw her this line and went patiently back in the text for a new start. She saw the struggling girl catch at the line as a drowning man catches at a lifebuoy, flounder ahead for a few speeches and then go dry.

There was a pause of several seconds which even a "cross" could not cover; and from the wings the older actress could hear Uhlmann's frenzied: "I love Albert!" But consciousness, for the moment, seemed to have gone from the girl so close beside her. She could see terror—terror blind and stark—come into the heavily penciled eyes, and again that vague and vast pity for youth meeting its first defeat tore at her heart.

Helen Deremeau knew that nothing was more fatal than a stage wait—it was a wrench on every cog of the wheels of make-believe. It was something that could not be hidden from an audience. Any movement, however foolish, was better than inaction. Any reasonably improvised line, she knew, was better than silence; but her frenziedly groping mind could find no speech to fill the gap. She was afraid, too, that at any moment the swaying figure in front of her might collapse on the stage-boards. And it was then that she thought of the kiss.

She reached forward with a quick gesture, which she hoped the audience might accept as the expression of a sudden maternal hunger, and gathered the girl in her arms. Then she forced back the white and inert face a little and placed her lips close beside the powdered cheek. It was, however, her own cheek, and not her lips, that was actually pressed against the white face of the younger actress. Helen Deremeau remembered, as she felt the contact of that twitching cheek, how it was on this precise spot that she had planned to plant the betraying splash of lip-rouge. This was the spot, one part of her dual-acting intelligence reminded her, where she was to stencil her rival with defeat. And now, by the grim irony of destiny, as she stood there straining the girl to her breast she was frantically whispering into her ear:

"Tell me that you love Albert! Your line's: 'I love Albert!'"

Not ten persons in that breathlessly waiting and watching audience knew what was taking place. They saw a heartsick mother straining a sorrowing daughter to her breast and, having surrendered to the sweep of the story, drifted comfortably on, wondering for only a moment whether this side-eddy of pantomime was a trick of the author's or a master-stroke of Uhlmann's. But to every straining eye behind the footlights those few seconds of suspense, stretching themselves out to an interminable length, seemed to mark the crumble preceding a collapse that must be final and complete. It brought stagehands into the wings, hearts up into anxious throats, and the pallor of abject fear to the faces of those who had engineered a complex machinery of illusion—only to witness its ruin.

The one figure that seemed to stand between them and ruin was the benignant figure in the silver wig. This figure still stooped over the inert white face. The kiss had been given; but no kiss could last forever.

Helen Deremeau's hand tightened on the girl's arm as she drew away a little.

"You were going to tell me of your love for Albert," she suddenly prompted aloud, still fighting to keep the scene from falling dead by gently drawing Irene to the center of the stage. Sumner, with a face like chalk, leaned gasping against a wing-end at this unknown line and this unlooked-for business.

"You love Albert, don't you?" still softly prompted the figure in the silver wig. She could feel the girlish shoulder under her hand shaking with a small chill—a chill born of utter panic. She could still see the look of antagonism in the terrified eyes so close to her own. That blind questioning as to what such a pretense at kindness could mean, that forlorn wonder as to what final trap was being laid for her, seemed double-edged in its pathos to the older woman. It would have been less cruel, she felt, to have scarred that agonized face with its blotch of carmine. She had tried to be kind when it was too late; and again a great pity tore at the older woman's heart.

"You came to tell me of your love for Albert!" Helen Deremeau frantically implored with a break in her voice she could not control.

"Did I?" asked the dazed girl, at last finding her tongue. It was foolish, but it was at least better than blank silence.

"Something tells me you did," went on the stage mother, stooping over Irene again with a gesture of maternal pity that came without an effort. Yet, as she essayed that gesture with her face averted, she again threw the other her line.

It was then, at a moment when the fabric of illusion seemed about to rend under the undue strain, that the older actress could see intelligence creep back into the dazed eyes, like those of a sleepwalker slowly awakening. She could see the relaxed figure stiffen; and again, as she beheld it reorganizing its scattered forces, she threw the line.

This time it went home, and was caught at and returned. Then came the antiphonal line and its faltering response; but by this time reason was on its feet. The trails blazed and trodden through many weeks of rehearsal opened once more before the dazed eyes. The give-and-take of the long-familiar dialogue went on with gathering speed, like an engine once more under way. The white-faced figures in the wings breathed again.

As Helen Deremeau fought her way on through the storm and stress of that increasingly emotional scene, a recurring sense of divided personality took possession of her. Some remoter portion of her being was crying out against an injustice it could not accept. She had been cruel, even in her kindness. She had dreamed of being generous with a rival who had been schooled to look for nothing but enmity from her. She knew, as they worked there, face to face, that she could not even make amends; that every movement toward expiation would convert itself into the refinement of torture—would further defeat and bewilder the girl so much in need of help.

The consciousness of being so helpless brought actual tears to the older woman's eyes. As the scene approached its climax and she still caught that look of dazed antagonism on Irma Wrenn's face, the woman in the silver wig was torn by a vast sense of pity. It was all so blind and foolish, so empty and useless! There was so much she could have told that bewildered younger spirit. She herself was now an old woman and life had made her wiser.

She had to stop in her lines once or twice to fight back a sob. She found a handkerchief and dabbed surreptitiously at her eyes. Then she saw it was useless to try to hide it further from the audience.

For the first time in her life she was crying openly on the stage. For the first time in her career she found emotion interfering with her speaking voice, tightening her throat, making her tears wash vertical streaks in her make-up. She even began to be harassed by the thought that her lines were not getting over; so she threw into them during the last passionate moments of the scene all the strength at her command. She was even tortured by the fear that Uhlmann and the audience would think she was breaking down; so she struggled to atone for those weakling tears by a more torrential display of feeling in her work. She tried to cover the traces of her misery by an exaggerated parade of love for the figure beside her. Even her relationship toward this figure had grown misty, the theatrical and the actual merging in a slowly wheeling blur.

Irene seemed indeed her daughter—a daughter she was helpless to deliver from pain. For the first time in the older woman's breast wakened that dormant maternal instinct which hitherto had never sought or craved expression. She could not account for that confusion of values, just as she could not altogether fathom the source of her own weeping. She was oblivious of those about her. She no longer even realized that she was dominating the act. She gave no thought to the audience—to that precipitous cavern stippled with faces, silent row on row, intent on watching a novel play with what was proving a novel heart-throb in it. She only knew that she had closely escaped some vague peril and that in a night she had achieved a vision of life that was new to her.

As Helen Deremeau came off panting at the end of the act, the reverberating roar from the front of the house startled her a little. She was looking hazily about for Irene, racking her brain for words that would be of help to her, when Pop Wenzell leaned out from a wing and caught her hand.

"So it was that sob act you had up your sleeve!" he said with a triumphant headshake.

The house was still applauding, only the lowered curtain for a moment putting a soft-pedal on the tumult. The woman in the silver wig stared at the heavy—stared at him with the eyes of a cataleptic, for the spirit part of her was still in another world. She felt a sudden ache for quiet, a passion for privacy. It was Uhlmann himself who stopped her as she started to push her way weakly through to her dressing room.

"Here—take your curtain!" was Uhlmann's harsh shout in her ear. He was mopping a moist forehead and barring her path at one and the same moment. She saw him turn to Sumner, who was reaching over and trying to shake hands with her.

"Fatten up that mother part and make it the lead!" were the words she heard Uhlmann bark out to the still gesticulating author; but before she quite knew what it all meant Uhlmann swung her brusquely about by the arm.

"And you turn that trick a couple of times, my girl," he exulted with a fervor he tried to hide in a frown, "and I'll make a second Bernhardt out o' you! Now—get out there and take your curtain!"

THE LUMP OF GOLD

(Continued from Page 3)

the outside. I remained up on my elbow a while as my heart returned gradually to its regular beating; then my muscles also relaxed. I lay on my back and composing myself went to sleep again.

How long I slept I do not know—it may have been a very short time; but again I found myself awake—again with that abominable pounding of my heart. As I had done the first time I lay quiet, using my senses on the ambient darkness and commanding my body against this unreasonable, this odious fear. I succeeded at last and sank relaxed on my pillow—and was up again, this time on my feet! There was an acridity in my nostrils; I was smelling smoke!

I slipped on a few clothes and went sniffing about the house. In the dining room I thought the smell increased, and in the kitchen no doubt was possible. I choked and coughed; somewhere about the house something was burning. I called George; heard his sleepy answer, and then, as he caught the word smoke, the thump of his feet to the floor.

"See whether you can find where it comes from!" he shouted as he fought at his clothes.

And with his voice I became aware of another sound. Beneath me, on the other side of the flooring, in the basement, someone was moving—moving with hurried and heavy steps. This sound became suddenly an almost ludicrous crash as the mysterious one stumbled across a heap of old bottles gathered there; and at the same time I reached the kitchen door.

I turned the knob and threw my weight against the panel; the door was locked! I slipped my hand down for the key; there was no key—the door was locked from the outside! The headlong steps through bottles now became a drumming outside.

"Bring your gun, George!" I shouted, and walked right through the window, taking the sash with me, to the veranda outside—stepped to the edge of the veranda in time to see the plunge of a galloping shadow into the blackness of the chaparral. The bush crackled to some heavy, desperate flight.

"Your gun! Your gun!" I shouted again into the house, and George came through the broken glass with his gun.

He had first leaped into the kitchen for it, forgetting that he had placed it under his bed when retiring. By the time he stood at my side, gun in hand, even the sound of escape had vanished. We craned our necks and looked through the night at the dense blackness of chaparral copse, in which there was no more stir than if it had been the solid bronze it looked.

My brother sniffed the air. "Petroleum!" he said. And just as my nostrils agreed with the diagnosis we both sprang into the air—the soles of our shoes were hot! The floor was hot! And now, just as if our jump had been a signal, or as if we had pushed a button, all along the edge of the veranda a smooth inverted cataract of fire flowed upward. It was as if the stage mechanic had turned on the footlights.

We looked at each other for the fraction of a second, then together hurdled the railing and came down in a heap on the ground outside. As we sat up to look the entire bungalow seemed fairly to explode in black smoke and red flame.

We rolled away from the heat; then, seated on the ground like sleepy children, we looked alternately at the burning house and at each other, astounded in the clear glare.

"The bungalow is burning," my brother remarked.

"It was well set," I observed.

Then we burst abruptly into absurd activity. I got the garden hose and played its futile stream on the conflagration; my brother, moved by some romantic reminiscence of firemen in action, got an ax from the shed. The flames now had gained the roof; they crowned the house, and the glow was lighting with rose the town's main street below. The town was waking up.

Bells began to ring; horses galloped; and distinctly at last we heard the shouts and the rumbling of the volunteer firemen pulling at the end of a long rope the little red engine. They came cavalcading down the slope of the main street, reached our hill and attacked it bravely. We heard for a while their panting effort, their slipping feet on the rubble, their concerted: "Now, all together!"

And suddenly they burst into view with a cheer; they swung a pretty circle with the little red engine and brought it to a triumphal stop at a respectful distance from the fire—at a distance where its virgin paint would be safe from the blistering heat. There it remained for the rest of the night—perfectly useless of course.

There was no hydrant up there. We continued to play the garden hose, which one of the fire laddies had courageously taken from my hand; the others stood round with red axes, which they had taken from a rack built on the little engine. Then a bucketline was formed from an old well near by. By this time the house was one twisting flame, which danced with sudden undulations. I drew my brother off with me to the stable and began saddling the gray.

"Saddle up! Saddle up!" I said.

"But why ——"

"Saddle up!"

He threw a saddle on the bay, cinched; we mounted and got away. We circled behind the barn and were not seen, I think, by the gathered throng, whose attention was on the burning house. We slid down the knoll, galloped through the town along the main street—out on the main road; and then, all we had left behind us a silence now, entered the trail that led to the pocket mine. My brother stopped his horse in wordless question.

"Come on!" I urged. "We've no roof now anyway; we might as well make the cabin our home for a few days."

And we went on. I rode ahead—he behind, wondering. I pressed the gray hard—at a fast and somewhat dangerous walk while in the rough; at a lope across the meadows. As we went on I found myself more and more urgent; a constant impatience kept me leaning forward; I had a strange prescience of something ahead on which I was gaining.

And thus we came soft-footed into the flat and saw the cabin in the first grayness of day. A wisp of smoke was coming from the chimney and at the small window was a light, damp and pale in the rising dawn.

"They get up early," George muttered.

"Or retire late," I suggested.

We dismounted, left the horses with the long reins on the ground, and made immediately for the door. I pushed it open and we entered on a scene of domestic comfort. Here, at four in the morning, the German and the Canadian sat about a table on which big glasses stood and a pitcher full of steaming grog; a fire was in the stove, the room was blue with tobacco smoke.

Our entrance for a moment changed the character of the place. Both men got to their feet and, palms of hands heavy on the table, regarded us silently in tremendous yet dull, oxlike surprise.

"We're burned out, boys!" I announced airily. "The house is burned—the house is gone; we've come to you for hospitality!"

The German was the first to recover.

"Come in! Come in, boys!" he shouted. "Come in and make yourselves at home! Lots of room for everybody. I guess the house is yours anyway!" We stepped within. "And you say the bungalow is burned?" he went on with anxious sorrow. "Burned down! And your curios, Mr. George—the Japanese swords and things—you don't say they are gone—and the beautiful books?"

My brother, as if these words had made him conscious for the first time of his loss, sat down wearily on one of the bunks.

"All gone, Winkelmann—all gone! The place went as though it had been oiled."

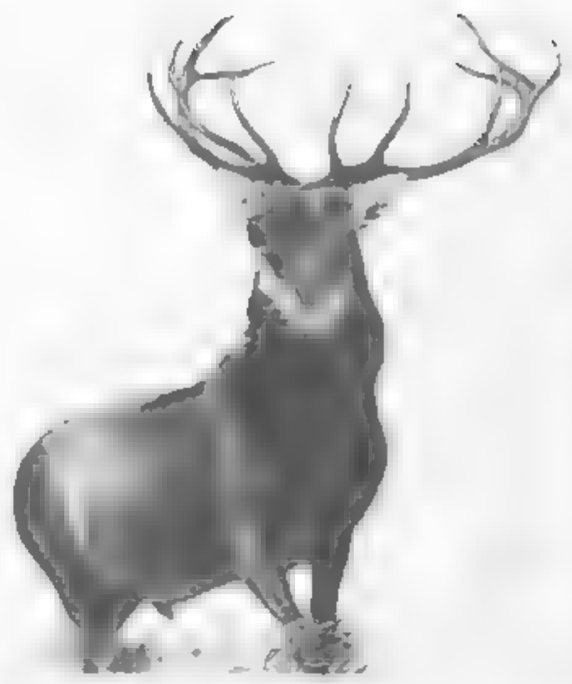
"Sit down! Sit down!" said the German now turning to me. "Take a chair and a little drink; it's hot and strong and good. You need something like that after your cold ride ——"

He paused as he saw my eyes go to his feet, which were shod—to the Canadian's, which were not; saw that there was something else more urgent to speak of and hurried into it.

"I just got back myself an hour ago," he said lightly. "Been in town—on a liddle tshamboree. If I'd stayed a little longer I'd seen the fire, I guess ——"

The Canadian was still standing as he had risen when we came in, leaning heavily with both hands on the table. Winkelmann's long, hairy arm went across him.

"Sit down! Sit down, Stewart!" he said. His arm, across Stewart's chest, pressed



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backward and suddenly the Canadian went limply back into his chair. "Stewart's a vunny vellow," went on the German, his tongue beginning to dry on him and some of his national accent coming back. "Ven I go into town for one of my liddle tshamborees he stays up till I come back. He can't sleep alone in the cabin—can you, Stewart?"

The Canadian gave a start.

"Sleep? No, I couldn't sleep!"

"Drink! Drink!" shouted the German heartily as he clinked the glasses.

We drank. Tobacco was passed, pipes were filled, cigarettes were rolled; we relaxed. Winkelmann was as garrulous as an old woman. He deplored the fire; he shook his head sadly at the thought of the Japanese swords and the beautiful books; there were tears in his voice. Suddenly Stewart, who had seemed not to listen and in his chair to pursue gloomily some vestige of thought—his alone—untelescoped his huge length and stood on his feet like a toastmaster at the fag-end of a banquet.

"Gosh!" he bellowed, looking at my brother and at me. "I'm glad to see you boys again! You're fine boys—that's what you are! Fine boys! Gosh, but I'm glad to see you again!"

"Sit down, Stewart," said Winkelmann. "Sit down; you've had too much."

The giant lurched toward us, however. He stood before my brother, took his hand and shook it loosely in his big paw.

"Gosh! I'm glad to see you again! I am!" He stood before me and took my hand and shook it loosely. "Gosh, but I'm glad to see you again!" he repeated.

He shuffled back to his chair; plumped into it; his hands rose to his eyes; and abruptly he broke into a queer noise—half grunts, half sobs. In the moment of half-consternation Winkelmann winked at us to emphasize the joke.

"Just like roast pig! Roast just like pigs!" gurgled the weeping Colossus. "Roast just like pigs—that's what the Dutchman said ——"

Winkelmann again winked at us heavily to help us savor the joke; but I, having watched the Canadian, said to Winkelmann:

"Winkelmann, did you cut your shoes?"

"Cut my shoes!" the black German exclaimed, puzzled. "Cut my shoes?"

"Yes—on the glass."

"What glass?" His eyebrows now had gone a little rigid.

"Why, of the bottles—the bottles in our basement!"

Winkelmann leaned back in his low chair; his long, gorillalike arm swept under the bunk and flashed back, holding a shotgun. With a quick tilt he presented the sawed-off muzzle toward us.

"Hands up!" he said.

The very devil was in his face; his eyes were pinpoints. My brother's hands went up; my hands went up. And I sat there sick with a nausea of contempt at myself. To have started thus on this expedition unarmed! To have entered this house unarmed! And to have pronounced this phrase without the support of a gatling! It seemed incredible now. Yet I had done it—it was done! The medicine was coming now. The medicine ——

"Go up against that wall!" said Winkelmann.

We rose, backed up and stood against the wall, close together, our hands up. He came forward another step, which brought Stewart, still in his chair, behind him, and stood with legs apart before us, his gun lightly poised hip-high, like a quail hunter before the bush his dog is beating.

"The gun is sawed short," he said. "She's full of slugs, she scatters like a machine gun. I couldn't miss you if I tried. Just a liddle bull of the drigger and it's good night! Just a liddle move from you and I bull. So maybe you better not move!"

"Well, what are you going to do?" said my brother with some defiance.

"We'll see. There's no hurry. Of course I could pull de drigger!"

He stood silently before us, swaying slightly from side to side like a bear, and most evidently considering the advisability of pulling that trigger. Then he smiled darkly to himself, as if he had found something better.

"Stewart," he called, "get some rope!"

The big Canadian rose unsteadily and seemed for the first time to catch sight of the situation.

"Get some rope—quick!" repeated Winkelmann impatiently—and still, of course, without looking at Stewart, who was behind him.

Stewart went shambling off to a corner of the cabin and began to fumble inefficiently among coils of rope heaped there. He swayed unsteadily—partly from drink, partly from the weight of an immense indecision. He came back with a silly piece of hemp.

"That all right?" he asked, placing it under the nose of the vigilant Winkelmann, but remaining still behind him.

"You fool! I want it to tie them with. Get a strong, long one! Get the packrope!"

Stewart went shuffling back to the corner and tangled himself up in rope. Indecision passed in ripples over his weak face as though over water. Winkelmann was plainly becoming nervous with the necessity for alert watch in front of him and the feeling of his partner's incompetence behind him. Once he tried to steal a quick look back, but the muscular tremor instantly evident in my brother and myself made him give up the attempt.

"Hands up!" he snarled.

Our eyes now tried to remain on Winkelmann, but irresistibly they would steal past his shoulders, back to Stewart; for now the Canadian was returning from the corner carrying not a rope, but a pickhandle. He went up behind Winkelmann and began to raise the pickhandle above the German's head. It must have been our eyes that unwittingly warned.

"Stewart!" roared Winkelmann, vaguely suspicious, but keeping his eyes, by a prodigy of will, still glued on us—and the Canadian dropped his arms limply along his sides. He stooped and laid the pickhandle noiselessly on the floor. "Stewart!" said Winkelmann. "What in hell are you doing, Stewart?"

"Oh, nothing," said the Canadian in an absurd little voice. "Nothing—I'll get the rope."

He went off a third time to his corner and came back this time with the coiled packrope. From behind he held it out in front of Winkelmann.

"Is that what you want?" he asked, like a small boy.

"That's better," growled the German. "Now you go to those fellows; and while I hold them quiet you tie them up—tight! We'll leave 'em in the tunnel and ride off on their horses. Tie 'em up tight! Truss 'em up like pigs!"

"Pigs!" the Canadian wailed. "Pigs! That's what you said before! 'Roast 'em like pigs,' you said! Like pigs!"

And, with tears streaming down his face, Stewart rose up high, the pickhandle in his two hands, and brought the weapon down, with a smart tap that made my own cranium tingle, on Winkelmann's head. The German went to the floor as if dead. His gun, striking as it fell, was discharged; it tore through the table a shocking hole, eloquent of our past peril.

I think we remained quite a while as we were—against the wall, with hands up—while the smoke cleared and the abominable detonation slowly left our ears. Then in the profound silence that followed we leaped on the prostrate Winkelmann and tied him up securely with his own rope.

Stewart meanwhile zigzagged to the big cask that served as a cooler and, with a flip of his big hand, upset it. It came rolling toward us, inundating the floor with a film of cold water.

Then I noticed that what was rolling was not the whole cask—only the upper two-thirds of it. The lower third remained on the flat stone in the corner. Stewart bent into the tub this formed, rose from it with an effort, threw off a wrapping cloth, freed what he held—and there it was!

There it was—the cause! That which had sawed the frame of my brother's carriage; which had sprinkled poison in the trout; had rolled boulders on us in the dark; and nearly had trapped us to an abominable death by fire!

There it was—the gold!

It was a solid lump as big as two heads. For a month it had lain there in its cache, brooding—sending out cupidity, deceit and murder, as radium sends out its mysterious rays. It was a wonderful lump; the biggest pocket I had ever seen—round as a man's head and as big as two; solid; and, by a final coquetry of the powers of hell, beautifully crystallized.

The exterior looked like the hair of some yellow-headed Medusa; but the interior was solid, compressed gold. And little veins of white quartz, like the nuts in nougat, made of it something that looked almost good to eat! It possessed all the lures!

Stewart carried the heavy mass of metal toward us. He raised it above his head. For a moment he looked like the Atlas of some new and infinitely precious world. Then his hands lowered and the treasure struck the floor with a dull thud.

"There it is!" said the Canadian. "There it is—the curse!"

Winkelmann, wrapped round with rope as if in a cocoon, gave a tremor of returning life. His eyes opened—they opened not a foot from the lump of gold—this maddening ball of fortune that looked good to eat. They flashed in a moment with covetousness, then veiled themselves with melancholy—with a desire like homesickness—so big and sad that for an instant I understood and was almost sorry.

"If only I'd got you fellows!" murmured Winkelmann.

Railroad Red Tape

THERE is a man, a shrewd and veteran station agent up in New England, who will smile if any one suggests that progressive ideas are always welcomed at headquarters. And if you question his pessimism he will tell you of an incident that happened to himself and at his own station. Call that station Middleford. It is on a sideline of a fairly big road, but it is in a town that has had a pretty good spirit for almost two centuries and a half. Some of that spirit in the younger generation of the place let an icy snowball go adrift and smash through one of the windows of the waiting room of the old depot. That waiting room in winter is none too warm a place, so the agent acted promptly. He wrote to his division superintendent down at Rockville after this fashion:

"If you will give me authority I will have the window fixed tomorrow or the next day. The pane was 22 by 36, which is a stock size. I can get it uptown and put it in myself between trains. It is pretty cold in our waiting room just now and I am getting lots of complaints."

The superintendent did not give him authority; he could not. His own path was as definitely marked as the agent's, and so he merely acknowledged the letter, and passed it on with a formal letter to his general superintendent. From him it went to the general manager, and finally it reached the engineer in charge of bridges and buildings. A week had passed. It was cold in the waiting room, but the engineer of B. and B. took his time and passed the letter through a deputy to a man who with a pocket-rule made a trip up to the agent's town and measured the window.

But even then the job was not finished. The agent of the B. and B. department might have bought the window-pane in the village and then put it in himself, but he could not. The magnificent business engine, of which he was but a small cog, did not permit such shortcuts. Instead he had to return to headquarters, add to the archives a requisition upon the general supply department for a 22-by-36 pane of glass, and spend another whole day returning with the window-glass and inserting it in conformity with the road's established standards.

When the agent at Middleford recovered from his near attack of pneumonia—for the season of the broken window in the waiting room was particularly sharp even for a latitude which is not exactly tropical in February—he made up a little memorandum:

MY METHOD

Cost of glass at local store	$0.75
Time for setting	.00
Other expenses	.00
Total	$0.75

THE ROAD'S METHOD

Cost of glass to road's supply department	$0.50
Two days' time for man from B. and B. department	6.00
Expenses [illegible]	2.25
Total	$8.75

And in this statement he did not include his own lost time or sickroom bills.

This story may seem incredible, but it is perfectly true, and is just one instance of the high cost of red tape.

How Advertising Works

MOST people know how powerfully advertising works for the man who has something to sell.

Not everyone realizes how powerfully it works for the man or woman who has something to buy.

Do you understand how the direct economy of national advertising benefits you?

Fourteen years ago grapes cost $10 a ton. Last year they cost $40. Fourteen years ago a certain widely known grape juice manufacturer was losing money. Since then he has advertised persistently. Today he is charging less for his grape juice than he did then. And yet,

(1) paying four times as much for his grapes.

(2) investing heavily in advertising and

(3) charging a lower price, he is now making a comfortable profit. From where did this profit come? The manufacturer himself answers the question—"Great volume at a small margin."

"Good advertising," he says, "is an investment. Only by advertising can we secure a widespread sale. Only with a widespread sale can we afford to give low prices. The high prices of grapes justified an advance in the price of our grape juice—but there is none."

How Everybody Gained By It

What was the influence of advertising here?

For the manufacturer it turned a loss into a profit.

For the consumer it held down the cost of a desirable food at a time when the cost of foods was rising.

For the grocer and the druggist it increased business and brought new trade into their stores.

Time and time again this principle has worked out. A certain article sold for 35 cents. Investigation proved that there were about four times as many people who would pay 25 cents, as 35. And so, without lessening the quality, the manufacturer reduced the price. He knew that running his plant night and day, and producing in great quantities, he could manufacture and sell far more economically. He was right. Today the net profits on his business at the end of the year are greater than when he charged 10 cents more for his goods.

As you know, the increase since 1900 in the prices of food has ranged from 25 to 100 per cent. But nearly all of the widely advertised foods, such as cereals, canned beans, canned soup, crackers, condensed milk, have held fast to the same prices at which you bought them ten or more years ago.

Why should advertised goods resist a rise in price? There are two reasons—one of which has already been touched upon.

Making Dollar Watches

If you were a watch maker, and turned out only ten watches a day, you could not sell them for a dollar. Suppose you made 12,000 a day. You could install rapid automatic machinery. You could purchase metal by the carload. You could place expert watchmakers in charge of each department. At every turn, production in great quantities would effect savings by which you could manufacture a good, honest watch for less than a dollar. Now consider the selling. Even if you could make a dollar watch in small quantities at a considerable margin of profit, your total business on ten watches a day would not be worth while. By selling 12,000, however, you need make only a few cents on each watch in order to derive a very satisfactory income. It is this which advertising, by creating a wide sale, has actually accomplished.

Giving a Public Bond

The other reason is this.

When a man writes his name on his goods he thereby indorses them. Then by advertising he puts a heavy investment behind that indorsement. He promises to be responsible. He separates himself altogether from the manufacturers who will not put their names on their handiwork, but send it out into the world like an anonymous letter, for which no one can be held responsible.

The manufacturer who, by advertising, has given the purchaser a bond dare not take liberties. He must fulfill every expectation that his advertising may have aroused or lose part of his investment. He must keep up the quality. He must make the goods make good. He must see that they are in the stores so that when he has sent you there you will not be disappointed. He knows that goods which can be called for by name can also be rejected by name if the consumer becomes prejudiced against them.

The Net Result

Advertising standardizes prices and qualities. In this one respect—if in no other—advertising would be rendering a great service to the American public.

Advertising tends to tone inferior goods up to a higher quality in order that they may be nationally advertised. It tends to scale down excessive prices in order that they may be nationally advertised. And it is the net result of this process which counts for the benefit of the consumer.

Advertising is based on an enlightened self-interest.

Self-interest for the manufacturer, because it helps him to occupy a commanding position in the markets of the world.

Self-interest for you, the consumer, because it bonds that which you buy with the full responsibility of the house which put it forth.

The Curtis Publishing Company

Only One Toot!

A tug-boat owner bought a big second-hand whistle which previously belonged to a great ocean steamship. The first time the whistle blew, it used up so much steam that it stopped the tug.

Likewise, a young chap of our acquaintance, clever and versatile, but without the reserve power and ability which come from a good education and trained mind, connected with a fine position through his large claims of personal worth.

When he came to put these claims in practice he soon exhausted his stock of mere cleverness, and, having no real reserve fund of information from which to draw—lost the job.

If you are bright and clever it will be worth a lot to you when you get out into the world, but these qualities will carry you up only to a certain point. You want to be a big whistle and on a big boat, but you also want to be able to make more than one toot. The way to keep up a continued blast in your life-work, whatever it may be, is to lay in now a stock of reserve power, which nothing but a good education will give you.

Any Young Woman or Young Man

who wants to gain an education, but who has not the necessary funds, can nevertheless obtain it in return for work done for us in leisure hours this winter. We will pay the bills. Select your own college, agricultural school or musical conservatory and your own course. You can obtain all details by addressing

Educational Division, Box 192

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Saturday Evening Post
The Ladies' Home Journal
The Country Gentleman

SHAKSPERE'S SEVEN AGES AND MINE

(Concluded from Page 17)

million variations of the theme were printed during the past year; and in time I believe the annual output will fall away to possibly a hundred thousand.

That other popular conceit of the cartoonist, showing a circus in 1935, with a lady ringmaster in top boots and a cutaway coat, popping the whip, while a gentleman bareback rider in lamp-chimney skirts of pink tarlatan leaps jauntily through a paper hoop upheld by a comical lady clown, and comes down on the tips of his dainty toes on a galloping horse—sex of the horse not given—that picture is not quite so numerously featured in the public prints as it once was either.

We are not confronted by a joke, but by a reality. All about us we behold multiplying testimony of woman's activity in the spheres formerly dominated by men. Woman is taking dictation in the counting house and passing it out in the home, as formerly. She is active in business—her own and other people's. Who is the champion swimmer? Little Cousin Ysobel, aged sixteen. And who won the cup at the country club this fall for the low score at golf? Aunt Clara Jane—sixty-seven her last birthday and still going strong.

Who—on a wage that would not keep the average male biped in smoking materials—stands eight or ten hours a day on her feet in a department store, breathing air that has already been breathed by a large number of strangers; keeping her body neat and her soul decent, her shirtwaist clean and her hair tidy; and—harder perhaps to do than any of those things—keeping her spirits keen and her courage high? Why, little Maggie Reilly and little Rachel Einstein and little Hilda Schultz—that's who! It does seem just barely possible that a girl who can make four dollars a week go as far and do as much might be able to handle a ballot intelligently.

An Eight-Hour Law for Hobbies

The average man considers these things and he says to himself: "Well, perhaps we had better make suffrage universal and nation-wide. Probably if we give the dear things the vote they'll learn in the course of a few hundred years how to get off a street car the right way; and maybe they'll even begin wearing clothes that they can button up all by themselves. And, if it is not expecting too much, perhaps the day will yet come when, if two women meet, they won't pick out the place where the passage is narrowest and the traffic is thickest to stop and have a nice, confidential chat."

And then—doggone it all!—just at the precise moment along comes a woman with a pair of shoes four sizes too small for her, and a complexion made all in one piece, and a dead songbird's breast feathers stuck in her hair, and she upsets the whole calculation. Women certainly do do mighty foolish things at times. Why, some of them do things that are almost as foolish as the arguments advanced by those persons who hold that women have not sense enough to exercise the suffrage—and that's the foolishest thing there is.

At times, though, a fellow gets to wishing that some of our professional women agitators would not be quite so ardent. Enthusiasm is all right; but, like most of the great cosmic forces, it may be overdone. A little spontaneous combustion is fine for an opera hat, but too much of it is a bad thing for a celluloid factory. As a general thing a man with a hobby does not ride it all the time. Occasionally he gets down and walks a spell, and lets the poor thing rest up. But a woman's hobby has no Thursdays off. It works seven days a week and then goes on the night shift.

In the old English writers I used to find frequent mention of tirewomen. I was constantly running across references to a tirewoman doing this and a tirewoman doing that. I wondered what a tirewoman was. I know now! It is a professional lady reformer who has no darlings of her own running round the house—except a little crusade or two. She is the most busy woman we have. And I know what a humble husbandman is too. A humble husbandman is the man who is married to her.

Still, we must remember that the cranks of one age are the heroes of the next. Sir Isaac Newton, sitting out in the orchard waiting for that apple to get ripe enough to drop, when he might have been helping Mrs. N. with the housework, came in, I'll bet you, for many a tongue-lashing in the neighborhood. But today if it were not for his theory of the attraction of gravitation we would not know which way to fall when we slip on the ice. Columbus, drifting from one country to another, drooling his maniacal theory about the world being round and making an egg stand on end to prove it, must have been an awful pest—a sort of cross between a harmless lunatic and a pretty sad parlor magician. And as for Martin Luther—well, you know yourself how the authorities regarded him at the time.

Dogs That Have Nine Lives

Howsomever, let that pass. It is not Martin Luther's time, but this present time, when women are the warriors and men follow the pursuits of peace, that engages our attention now. It is an age of progress, and war has no place in it. So we all agree.

Just think what the last few years, speaking comparatively, have given us: First, the cotton gin—now the gin rickey; the push button, the Murphy button, and the buttons down your wife's back; the appendix and the proper tools for excavating it; the wireless telegraph and the wireless wiretapper; the canned bean and the steam laundry; the washing machine, which lightened woman's labor, and the talking machine, which stole away some more of her stuff; the joy rider and the night rider; the vacuum cleaner and the Pittsburgh spender; the Australian crawl-stroke and the Fletcherized chewing motion; the two-minute trotter and the five-day boat; the summer novel and the bunny hug; the European-plan hotel and the American-plan insanity defense for well-to-do murderers!

As we look back, it seems but a little while ago that electricity was a toy for doctors and children to play with. Now from the cradle to the grave it is our constant companion. With it the infant's pap is warmed. Growing up, we wear electric belts for what ails us. We have our trousers and our rheumatism pressed out with an electric iron. We are run over by the electric cars, and for the killer who made the mistake of picking out the wrong lawyer to defend him the electric chair waits.

Our fathers of the pioneer days figured the hours by the sun; we tell time by our wrists. No longer ago than yesterday or the day before, the only things we needed to look out for when we ventured abroad in the busy city street were the automobile, the bill collector, the trolley, the truck, the hansom, the taxi, the bicyclist, the woman who looked one way and walked the other, and the man who carried his umbrella under his arm with the ferrule pointing to twenty minutes past two. Today we not only have to be on the watch for all these things, but we must likewise keep a weather eye cocked aloft, because at any moment an aëroplanist who pulls the wrong lever is liable to come hurtling out of the blue sky and splatter us all up!

Peace, not war, has given us most of these boons; and so it is the custom of the multitude to decry war. We laugh at Jorgenson and his gaudy trappings. Universal disarmament is lurking just round the corner of The Hague, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie is about to throw salt on its tail. The dove of peace coos in the portico of the temple. The dog of war is picking the coverlid; and when he dies we are going to have him stuffed and set up in the natural-history museum along with the dodo, the great auk and other extinct creatures. All is serenity and quietude. There will never be another war—not in our own country anyhow.

And then something cracks—somebody's foot slips! The dog of war emerges from the mausoleum. He appears to be as lusty as ever. He looks as though he had just dined heartily. He is wiping a few dove feathers off his upper lip; that pleasant cooing sound is no longer heard in the portico. Boston retires to the subcellar and calls for help. Sudden unpopularity descends upon the congressmen who killed off the bills for the new battleships and better coast defenses, in order that Pilot Oak might have a new million-dollar post office, and Mink Pond an appropriation for a dredger, so that it could be made navigable for bathing parties all summer.

The flag begins to mean something more than a scrap of painted bunting. Primeval instincts, long buried, come to life. Mr. Carnegie is disappointed, but he is still active. On the side, he has been manufacturing a little armor-plate suitable for war vessels. Half a million young men drop whatever they are doing and depart for the barracks and the camp. We do not snicker at Jorgenson now. We cheer for him—the hero! as he marches to the transport, and we weep for him after he is gone. The soldier has his day again.

I have purposely refrained until now from mentioning the enlisted man. He is not in the picture and never was, except for the few minutes immediately following the moment when he halted in front of the lithograph showing Private Jones hobnobbing with Brigadier Blank, and harkened to the siren song of the recruiting sergeant. In times of peace we do not see him. We hear of him only if he deserts. He is back of Officers' Row somewhere, in a pair of overalls, currying the general's horse, or mowing the major's lawn, or minding the adjutant's baby, or doing plain washing and ironing for the second lieutenant's family.

He is bearded like the pard—since the captain's youngest started teething he has not had time to shave. He is full of strange oaths—he is thinking of the good ladies who took the canteen away from him.

And when war comes—if it does come—we do not feel called upon to cheer for him. He is not a gallant volunteer—he is only a regular. It is his business to fight. That is what he is hired to do! Do not we taxpayers pay him some large sum, such as forty-five or fifty cents a day, to do our fighting for us? Certainly we do! Cheer for him? We rather guess not! He is no hero—he works by the month!

Let us pass on to the next subject.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series of six articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Walking on Wings

WHEN the big, safe aëroplane of the future comes the passengers will not be required to sit still in a narrow cabin, but may stroll at will round the wings of the machine, just as they stroll on the decks of an ocean liner. Incidents that have occurred in this year's flights in many lands give sound ground for this expectation.

To the average spectator an aëroplane in flight appears to be so delicately balanced that any movement of a person from one part of the machine to another, and especially any shifting of weight out on the wings, would bring disaster. Late experiences show, however, that it is no more difficult for some kinds of aëroplanes to adjust themselves constantly to shifting weights than to do the ordinary adjusting, from second to second, to varying wind-currents. Many of the records made for passenger-carrying were accomplished with passengers sitting out on the wings.

The Grahame-White aerobus has not only flown with passengers on the wings but with one passenger moving out along the wings during flight. A pilot of the Dunne aëroplane, which has obtained wide notice recently for its stability, has in the middle of a flight climbed out of his seat and wandered back to the engine to adjust the spark, and out on a wing to demonstrate his confidence. Very similar feats have been performed with the Moreau machine.

Though these proofs have been given that movement round the wings is not apparently dangerous on some machines, the tendency to stouter and stouter wings has developed. Many aëroplanes are now built with steel framework for the wings; and thin metal surfaces for the wings are not considered absurd.

All aëroplane wings are curved more or less, which of course will somewhat hinder promenading; but this will not necessarily prevent it. Guardrails would have to be provided round the edges, of course; and this is objectionable, for the wind resistance of cables and struts on an aëroplane is out of all proportion to the wind resistance of wings and inclosed bodies. Yet a little additional power in the engine will take care of this resistance. So, assuming that big and safe aëroplanes are coming, it is not unreasonable to expect that their wings will not be forbidden ground to passengers.

MADE-BEAVER

(Continued from Page 12)

For some time Jean Baptiste McDougal engages in deep thought. There on the counter are ten things called dollars. Here in his hand are ten things called skins, which are not skins. One by one he counts his fingers over and over again. There are just as many fingers on his two hands as there are dollars or bullets. He cannot understand why his ten bullets will not buy the white capote just as well as ten dollars; but after a time he ceases to protest, gives it up as an intellectual problem and lets the trader take the twenty bullets.

He does the same when he buys a pair of blankets for twenty-four skins. He needs another ax, and a file, and several little things. Nothing goes for less than a skin. He buys matches, too, for the days of flint and steel are gone, together with the days of the old flintlock.

Jean Baptiste engages in still another problem, which at last he passes over to the trader.

"My cousin heap want boat," said he. "Go down river one hondred mile, two day. How much boat cost—boat which go by wind, beeg boat, boat like Napoleon Ballou he got?"

"Boat like Napoleon Ballou?" says the trader thoughtfully. "It cost your cousin one hundred mink skins, one hundred marten skins, twenty lynx skins—then seventy marten skins more. Suppose two years—three years—he keep his fur; maybe so he can get boat like Napoleon Ballou."

This is too much for Jean Baptiste McDougal to comprehend. He gives it up. For himself he must rely on his dogs and his birchbark canoe—as he knows very well.

At last he turns away from the counter. The clerk knows that tomorrow he will come back and trade out to the last limit the debt he has been allowed. He would not have been given so much debt were he not known to be a good Indian and a good hunter. The real reason that Jean Baptiste goes now is that he cannot carry all the outfit he has purchased, even in the two trips he must make between the store and his ragged tent in the edge of the bush. Besides, Jean is hungry and he knows his people are hungry.

As he leaves with a bagload of stuff the clerk turns to the book and enters up the new debt, which he hopes Jean Baptiste McDougal will be able to pay by Christmas. He knows very well that the amount of that debt is something that never will be clearly defined in the Indian mind. If Jean Baptiste wanted to take the remaining bullets and carry them home with him, to come back and trade the next day, the clerk would laugh at him, and Jean Baptiste would not understand what he meant by suggesting that Jean would add to these bullets others from his own pouch.

Getting Ready to Move

If the clerk wished to sidetrack some of the bullets from the pan and give nothing for them in return Jean Baptiste would not know. It is a question of honor between them after all.

Jean Baptiste steps out into the twilight. Something white falls on his hand and he looks up. Winter is coming. Up aloft he hears the clamorous honking of the southbound clans of the wild birds; but Jean Baptiste—ragged, with no underwear, with no stockings, with only half a blanket in the bed to which he is going—does not button his coat the tighter about him. He walks along steadily, stolidly under his load—tall, sinewy, and very gaunt of waist.

There is a feast at the little tent tonight. People come from other tents to drink tea and to eat flour and bacon with Jean Baptiste. Some of these are hunters who could not get so much debt as he—but they can get as great a hunger, as Jean Baptiste reasons very logically. The little fire at which they sit, the wind blowing its ashes here and there, shows bright against the edge of the forest, the background of the wilderness. Yonder lies the home of Jean Baptiste. It is from this wilderness farm that he must wrest his living.

They eat freely, these children, for they are hungry. Tomorrow Jean Baptiste will cheerfully fire away at a mark, or at some worthless animal, half of his box of ammunition for his moose rifle.

Not tomorrow do the people start out for the winter work. It requires time for Jean Baptiste McDougal to make his plans. A little at a time for a day or two he and his wife sit and talk, and talk with others who come. Then, without any definite word, the woman rises and pulls up the tentpegs and takes down the tent. She makes into bundles the different belongings—the ragged, dirty bed; the articles of food; the scanty cooking utensils; the tiny bits of finery which, wrapped up carefully, you will find somewhere at the bottom of every Indian parfèche or bedroll, or heap of buckskins or rags.

Jean Baptiste does not take down from the poles at the rear of the tent any little medicine bag, as once his fathers may have done. He and his are Christian Indians. They will pay something to the church as well as something to the trader. There is a rude sense of honor in the heart of Jean Baptiste McDougal—he wants to pay his debts to everybody; but he does not understand just how the debts come so often and so large.

After a time the woman rounds up a number of gaunt dogs, which have stolen their living as they could about the trading post these past weeks. They are here the only horses, and the journey ahead of them is to be a good part of a hundred miles. She packs each dog with a double pack, set well toward the shoulders, thirty-five to forty pounds for each. They make quite a little canicade, so to speak, a dozen or more of them—whining, protesting, lying down; sometimes rolling over in the endeavor to loosen their packs.

The McDougals on the March

However at last, when they bid fair to be left behind, they will get up, straighten up their tails and, howling piteous protest, follow along the trail. Ahead of them will start Jean Baptiste, carrying seventy-five pounds; after him his wife carrying almost as much and her youngest child. The other children must follow as best they can. They soon learn to walk. It is thus that the McDougal family start out to their wilderness farm.

It will be several days' march before they come to the hunting-ground Jean Baptiste has spied out the foregoing summer. And now there has been the first light snow—wet, soft. The moccasins of the McDougal family, drenched completely, give no more protection than so much brown paper; but there is no whimpering from any of them. Now and then they must pause by reason of the children's inability to travel. Once in a while a dog's pack may become loosened. But steadily, in a businesslike fashion, they fare on the best they can.

It will be necessary for Jean Baptiste to have his family with him; he is going so far he cannot come back to them if he leaves them near the post. There are no relatives with whom he can leave his woman and his children. He is not going alone to make his winter hunt, but with his people close to him. So they will take their time and make out the best they know.

The great forest fires of last spring made trouble for Jean Baptiste and for Fort Steadfast also—indeed, endangered the profit of the post for the entire year. The Indians are scattering now for new hunting-grounds. Jean Baptiste found his far off in a country of little hills and thickets and swamps, which he prospected in the summertime. He found some lakes where there are whitefish; some swamps where the lynx would hunt for rabbits—such as were left. He found some moose sign. He killed one moose and cached its dried flesh at a point he will reach on his third day out. He hopes to get other moose throughout the winter.

Ordinarily the rabbits would feed him and his family as they march, but there are few rabbit signs now. The willow thickets are gnawed off, prostrate trees have been trimmed clean of bark—trunk and branch; but all this is old sign—dry. In the mysterious ways of Nature the seventh year, that of mortality for the rabbits, has taken its customary toll.

Jean Baptiste feels himself fortunate when he sees one rabbit—none too strong—and, following it into the brush, he kills it with the butt of his rifle. The woman has the twenty-two-caliber rifle in her pack. The shotgun has been left behind, because Jean Baptiste says the lakes are going to freeze; so the geese will not stop.

At night they make a rude bivouac, spreading the ragged canvas tent that serves them as a home over a rude triangle of poles. They build their little fire without any axwork and they sit about it drying as best they can, eating, drinking the cup of refreshing tea. The children cry, but after a time they are stilled. They sleep with no more covering over and under them than would cause any white family to perish the first night out; but they survive, because they have through many generations grown fit to conquer this rude environment.

When Jean Baptiste comes to his meat cache he stands for a time in trouble. It has been torn open; the bundles have been thrown down from the scaffold, the poles torn apart. A wolverene has found the cache! Jean Baptiste and his wife speak of it together. They are now near their chosen hunting-grounds. This meat on which they had counted cannot now be used.

Nevertheless they have some food and they get a rabbit or two as they go about building a camp—near, but not too near, a straggling village where others of the people have come in the past. Jean Baptiste is perhaps fractionally white after all, and he wants a cabin—a real cabin, with a bark roof and a canvas door and a place to make a fire inside. He brought out last summer the little sheet-iron excuse for a stove on which he will rely for heat this winter. He is going to cut loose and make a really swell home in the wilderness for his wife and family and himself. He is one of the more independent and self-reliant of those who live about the post.

They build their cabin little by little, over several days—build it rudely, chink it none too well; but make of it a better home than the tent. They throw down some boughs in a corner for the beds. The stovepipe is difficult for Jean Baptiste, but he arranges it after a fashion—it was bent when he brought it out last summer. He would have built his cabin last summer, with his cousin as help, but in some way it did not then seem so necessary.

And now the snow begins to come steadily. The woman, with her butcher knife, rives out some bows for snowshoes, and begins to fill them from the rolls of babiche—thongs of caribou hide—which she has among her belongings. It is time now for Jean Baptiste to begin his work.

Jean Baptiste's Line of Traps

He starts out at last to lay his line of traps—mostly deadfalls, because he could not carry very many steel traps even if he were rich enough to own them. He has already determined the general direction of his line—off toward his cousin's line, fifty miles away. He looks along the ridges for the trails of marten; drops down into the thickets where the rabbits live and where the lynx will do his hunting.

Once in a while he sees the track of a lynx along a rabbit runway, and he sets a snare for him. He makes the loop just as high as his own knee from the ground and puts a piece of rabbit hide back of it for bait, throwing a little pen of brush on each side so that the lynx will put his head through the loop. The spring pole will strangle him or a clog hold him fast. He knows the lynx will not make much fight in any case when the loop tightens on him.

He knows that back home his woman will be setting snares for rabbits—just little loops spread in the rabbit paths, most of them with twitch-ups to throw the rabbit in the air. Jean Baptiste will set a rabbit snare or so for himself once in a while, for he knows he will need bait; but mostly he contents himself with making deadfalls now—traps for marten and mink. It takes him less than twenty minutes to make a deadfall—bait log, fall log, spindles and all. He covers his bait in the hollow of a log, under the stump of a tree, or in a box made of bark or slabs.

Sometimes he will build a deadfall on the top of a tree stump, which he arranges so that it will lie above the snow. Sometimes he will set a steel trap on the top of the amputated tree, so that a marten climbing up will get into the trap and fall off and die. He works simply and rapidly, but with a good system. His deadfalls will work true and will not fail. He makes the upright spindle the length of his four fingers' width.

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His hands put side by side measure the length of the bait spindle. If the marten crawls between these logs and touches the bait his hide will go to Jean Baptiste.

At a little mossy spring hole, not yet frozen, Jean Baptiste sees fox tracks. His eyes brighten. He walks out and places the head and neck of a mallard just beyond a little mossy place the length of a fox's step from the shore. Cautiously he removes the top of the moss and hides his trap under it. It is under water, stake and all, when he is done. The fox will not smell it; but he will step in it if he reaches it, cautiously, one foot at a time, from the shore toward the duck's head. And in the ashes of his own next campfire—for he will be away from home a couple of days or more—he leaves a couple of steel traps set, hoping that a fox will come round to hunt in the ashes for bits of food.

This is Jean Baptiste McDougal's trade, his profession. He learned it from his father, who learned it from his, in turn. All his family have been good hunters—that is to say, patient and industrious men, with energy to keep going.

Jean Baptiste McDougal keeps going farther and farther into the wilderness, paying no attention to his course, for he knows which way he must go to find his camp when he returns.

Now, however, he meets something that does not please him. In the snow he sees the deep, plunging tracks of some large animal. He stops, his face frowning. He mutters something under his breath. It is the wolverene—perhaps the same one that destroyed the moose cache. Jean Baptiste knows that all his work has gone for nothing. Here is his enemy! It is the wolverene now, or Jean Baptiste!

Men have met this danger before, though, and conquered it. Jean Baptiste follows on the trail of the wolverene as it winds about through the country. He sees what he takes to be the range of the creature, finds a path where it has crossed several times, drops in the path, as though by accident, pieces of clothing, little bits of fur. He leads his enemy deliberately toward the line of tracks.

After a time he comes to a place where two logs lie across the trail at just the distance apart that made it necessary for the wolverene to step down between them when he crossed. Jean Baptiste's eyes gleam at this. He takes his largest steel trap—a number four—one strong enough to hold a beaver with its double springs and its toothed jaws, and cautiously, very cautiously, he hides this between the two logs. Ninety chances out of a hundred are against him. He takes the other ten—and he wins. Three days later he finds the carcajou fast by the foot, hampered by the clog and within reach of a rifleshot.

Then Jean Baptiste's eyes brighten indeed. He will get two or three dollars for the hide at the trading station; but that is the least of his joy. He has slain his enemy, the one that might have made difficult or disastrous all his winter's hunt.

Jean Baptiste's Christmas

Jean Baptiste works back in a wide circle toward his shack now, setting thirty or forty deadfalls a day when he is busy, dropping but rarely a steel trap, of which he had but a dozen in all when he carried them out last summer. He lives like a wild creature of the forest, the fire protecting him when he stops at night, however, with his half-blanket to keep him fenced against the cold. Here and there he arranges plans for a lynx; yonder a series of baits are left for marten. Here at the edge of the creek he hopes to find some mink eventually.

Now and then he shakes his head as he sees how few the lynx tracks are, how rare the marten, but three times during the day he has seen the trails of moose—once of a cow with two young moose; twice of bulls. He believes that he will be able to get meat enough.

So, after all, he returns to the bosom of his Slavi family, after three or four days on the trail, not displeased with the outlook. He can make his crop report, his bank showing now, and into that will come a shrewd estimate of many economic conditions.

Thus day by day their life goes on—not anxiously, not under the strain that ours knows; not so unhappily as ours. Jean Baptiste has little imagination. If the people must starve they starve—that is all. A man does the best he can—that is all. Somewhere there is a Great Spirit. And thus, day by day, they are busy, these people of the wilderness. They have few things that are not needful; they have been economical and they must be industrious.

They are industrious. The woman cooks, fleshes the moosehide that Jean Baptiste brings in after a time; mends the snowshoes; makes the moccasins. And Jean Baptiste is busy making the long round of his traps—bringing in his hunt; skinning the animals; stretching the skins; drying them in the back part of the cabin away from the fire.

It is not long before the time for Christmas has come. It is a Christian festival; but Jean Baptiste knows it at the post as the time when the people will meet, and there will be merriment for both white and red. So he and his wife, and perhaps the two oldest children, will go back to the post with the dogtrain and the toboggan that has been made. His wife is sick; she wants to see the doctor at the police barracks. The younger children will be left at the cabin of Jean Baptiste's cousin.

If Jean Baptiste were not so much white he would not live alone in this way, with his wife and family. He would round up with others of his people at some village of shacks or tents, or hang round the post itself all winter. But he is bold and enterprising. He bushes it; he is a good hunter and he brings in the fur.

Outside the post a little way Jean Baptiste McDougal leaves his wife to come in as she likes. For himself he puts on his best moccasins, his best garters of porcupine quills, his best leggings and his new white capote. The woman has put on the backs of the dogs little beaded blankets, and above their collars rise little standards carrying sleighbells—the bells the dogs love to hear.

When Spring Comes In

Jean Baptiste is fatter than when he left the post, hardy and strong. His long dogwhip, braided and tasseled, cracks merrily in his hand as he starts in bravely with his early winter hunt for the Christmas trade. He makes a figure picturesque enough when he comes into the open space before the post. He meets there others of his people from different parts of the country—men who have lived in tents or cabins here or there after different fashions, as the conditions demanded.

And these—all of them—from time to time go into the store and lay down their fur, and pay their debts, and get more outfit for their people out in the bush. They want tobacco and tea, flour and bacon, grease, sugar—something to give them warmth; fuel for their lean bodies.

Some of them have fur left when all their debts are paid and all their outfits bought. A man who has taken three or four good dark foxes is rich. Jean Baptiste has twice seen a black fox in his hunt. He hopes to get him before the winter is over. He has several cross foxes now in his packet. He takes from the cariole of his toboggan enough fur to make any woman's eyes glisten and enough to interest even a disdainful clerk behind the counter.

"It would be fine," thinks Jean Baptiste McDougal, "if one could get whisky like the white man."

Slyly, indeed, the trader does give him a drink or two of a fiery white stuff, and the fire of this goes through Jean Baptiste's veins swiftly. He poses, vaunts, becomes in his own mind a great man, promises many things. The trader knows he is a good hunter, and so indulges him particularly, as Jean Baptiste tells him about the country he has found far out in the bush.

So, after a time Jean Baptiste and his people go back to their work of farming, their task of reaping where no one has sown. It is the only life they have known these many generations. And so the winter wears on and only one or two children die; and Jean Baptiste lives and his woman lives.

Spring comes. After a time the wild geese will be passing, northbound, and the ptarmigan again will become brown. Perhaps there will be more rabbits next year. Jean Baptiste, the red half of him, hopes so—indeed, prays so.

Sometimes out in the wilderness he sweeps out a clean place in front of his door and lays down on it clean birchbark and clean praying sticks. Then, the two halves of him blending oddly, his white hope for prosperity expressed in his red way of prayer, he lifts up his eyes and utters the old prayer of the people of all climes and all races: "Now, God, feed me."

So—now here, now there; in and out of the trading post, but hanging to his own range of perhaps fifty miles or so—Jean Baptiste and his family spend their seasons—the long, dark winter; the short, light summer; the short and swift spring and the sudden autumn. When they have meat or fish they are merry; when they have none, they are philosophical. They do not complain. When they have fur they pay their debts and get more of the white man's goods, which now are necessary in their lives.

The only thing certain is that Jean Baptiste never sees that made-beaver. It is more elusive than the rat on the trader's floor—visible and then gone, like the poet's snowfall in the river. The older trading companies do not much like to encourage the Indians in an acquaintance with cash. Not a great deal of cash actually is found at any time in that Northern fur country, furs being paid for in trade for the most part.

The Indian Department of the Canadian Government now, however, annually pays out large sums of money as treaty money to the Indian tribes—annuity payments for lands ceded by the Indians; so we have the curious commercial condition of a company selling goods reluctantly for cash.

Some few traders trade part cash and part skin fashion, as the phrase goes, and some of the independents are slowly educating the Indian to the dollar as a unit of value; but still, to large extent and over a large region, the made-beaver holds its original sway as the unit of value. It is worth less than a dollar, but brings many times the value of a dollar.

The made-beaver is a most elusive animal at either end of the furtrader's line. It may be thought very liberal of a trader to buy fur on a basis where a skin is a skin—that is to say, to take, ungraded, at a flat price, all the Indian's fur killed within the accepted dates of killing fur in that particular district; but when the trader begins to sell his fur in the great London market—or in the American markets at auction, as some of the independents do—grading becomes a fine art and profits are very great.

We pay enormous prices for manufactured furs today; and most of us know nothing of their actual cost at different stages of their production. Always the profit has come out of the gaunt ribs of ignorant natives; has been ripped off from their meager backs—ripped out of the wilderness—ripped from the backs of animals, and of men and women. It is waste. There is no replenishment. It is reaping where one has not sown—and that is a game which ends in ruin for any country. You come back from that country and always you still can see the naked tendons, the bared flesh—alike of men and animals—where the fur trade took its profit. It is enough, at least, to leave you thoughtful.

The Little Dead Marten

And then there are the lean seasons. Any way you fix it, the price of that lean season, no matter what its cost, falls on Jean Baptiste McDougal. He settles for the sliding value of that made-beaver, which he never has understood, though it has been his unit of value for generations. It is not right to say that we in the States pay for the cost of those lean years in our increasing prices for manufactured furs—because we whites pay for these furs as luxuries, out of our surplus. The Indian pays for them with his own hide. The real translation of made-beaver is: No Chance! As to the origin of the made-beaver, physically speaking, search out the centuries-old, vast series of whitened, grinning skeletons—the little dead animals scattered here and there. We use horses, cows, goats, sheep, cats, rats, rabbits, moles and ground squirrels for fur today. We are, for the most part, combing the world for a crop that no one sows.

I do not know what the Indian really has inscribed on his wooden cross when he dies, but I know what he feels in his heart before he dies. I do not propose to say whether or not it is right to trap fur. Some good men—fine men—do it. I only say that in my own inconsistency I have never done so. My dislike for trapping began when once I saw a little marten dug out from under the snow, fast in a steel trap. It was curled up in a little ball round its frozen foot—and it was frozen stiff and hard. Somehow it did not look right to me. Beginning at that dead marten I have seen the fur trade, in large and in little, over thousands of miles of country on this continent. Until you yourself have done so you perhaps will not know the full significance of made-beaver.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Forthcoming Serials, Articles and Fiction Features

What Happened to Cecile

By Henry C. Rowland, Author of The Pilot Fish

This clever serial will immediately follow The Amiable Charlatan. Doctor Rowland, using some of the characters that appeared in his great success, The Pilot Fish, is at his best in this new love story.

The Street of the Seven Stars

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Mrs. Rinehart is one of the most popular of all women writers of fiction, and her latest offering, a love story of American student life in Vienna, is a charmingly unconventional story with a vein of tenderness through it all.

Shorter Fiction by Popular Writers

Tin Cowrie Dass

By Henry Milner Rideout

Mr. Henry M. Rideout, who delighted *Post* readers with his Oriental romance, The Siamese Cat, now offers a new mystery story, involving political intrigues and the ways of the secret police of India. There is action in every line.

The Strange Boarder

By Will Payne

This is another mystery story of extraordinary ingenuity. The scenes are laid in Chicago and the unexpected outcome is led up to with Mr. Payne's characteristic skill and humor.

Among other bright fiction features soon to appear are John Fleming Wilson's Cupid in the Laboratory; Mary Roberts Rinehart's The Buckled Bag; Rupert Hughes' A Man for a While; Justus Miles Forman's Two Grand Duchesses, the first of a series of stories of the diplomatic adventures of a young legation secretary. Meredith Nicholson, author of The Imprudence of Prudence, will tell some of the further adventures of that remarkable old Boston lady. Among frequent contributors whose work will appear in early numbers are Montague Glass, George Randolph Chester, F. I. Anderson, creator of the Infallible Godahl, Maximilian Foster, James Hopper, Josephine Daskam Bacon, Melville D. Post, Fannie Hurst, Charles E. Van Loan, Edna Ferber, Henry K. Webster, Ida Evans, J. Allan Dunn, James Hay and Harris Dickson.

Irvin Cobb's European Baedeker

Irvin S. Cobb is just home from Europe, where he spent three months in the interest of *Post* readers. Many Americans think of Europe as a land of picture galleries, cathedrals, bathless hotels and rapacious tip-extractors. Mr. Cobb did find Paris, France, just a little different from Paris, Kentucky, but wherever he went he saw the comedy side. His observations on the Atlantic Ocean, the people, the food, baths, guides and institutions of the Old World will appear in early numbers. There is a laugh in every line.

Special Articles On Timely Topics

The timely character of the articles to appear during the coming months makes it impossible to give a full list of them many weeks in advance of publication; but many contributors are at work on papers summarizing the great tendencies of the day in Business, Politics, Merchandising, Legislation and Economics. All of these articles are practical articles, designed to meet the needs of practical men and women. It is largely for such articles that live business men, progressive merchants and high executives in great corporations read this weekly with the closest attention.

National Trade Organizations

Mr. Forrest Crissey, whose writings have won for him the confidence of many of the greatest commercial interests of the country, has spent several months in investigating the scope, the workings and the future of National Trade Organizations. In a series of four interesting and important articles, he tells what can be done for the common good when competitors get together. These articles will be of vital interest to every American manufacturer, jobber, merchant or banker who is not now deriving the extraordinary benefits that may accrue from membership in one of these highly efficient organizations.

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THE GOLDFISH

(Continued from Page 15)

feet of the sleeping watchman. But the birds were twittering in the bushes; the grassblades threw back flashes to the sun.

Not before a quarter to ten could I secure a cup of coffee, though several footmen, in answer to my insistent bell, had been running round apparently for hours in a vain endeavor to get one for me. At eleven a couple of languid young men made their appearance and conversed apathetically with one another over the papers. The hours drew on. Lunch came at two, bursting like a thunderstorm out of a sunlit sky.

Afterward the guests sat round and talked. People were coming to tea at five, and there was hardly any use in doing anything before that time. A few took naps. A young lady and gentleman played an impersonal game of tennis; but at five an avalanche of social leaders poured out of a dozen shrieking motors and stormed the castle with salvos of strident laughter. The cannonade continued, with one brief truce in which to dress for dinner, until long after midnight. *Vox, et præterea nihil!*

I look back on that house party with vivid horror. Yet it was one of the most valuable of my social experiences. We were guests invited for the first time to one of the smartest houses on Long Island; but we were neglected by male and female servants alike, deprived of all possibility of sleep, and not the slightest effort was made to look after our personal comfort and enjoyment by either our host or hostess. Incidentally on my departure I distributed about forty dollars among various dignitaries who then made their appearance.

It is probable that time has somewhat exaggerated my recollections of the miseries of this our first adventure into ultra-smart society, but its salient characteristics have since repeated themselves in countless others. I no longer accept week-end invitations—for me the quiet of my library or the Turkish bath at my club; for they are all essentially alike. Surrounded by luxury, the guests yet know no comfort!

After a couple of days of ennui and an equal number of sleepless nights, his brain foggy, his eyes dizzy with the pips of playing cards, and his ears still echoing with senseless hilarity, the guest rises while it is not yet dawn and, fortified by a cup of lukewarm coffee boiled by the kitchen maid, and a slice of leatherlike toast left over from Sunday's breakfast, presses ten dollars on the butler and five on the chauffeur—and boards the train for the city, nervous, disgruntled, his digestion upset and his head totally out of kilter for the day's work.

Talking Tobacco and Botticelli

Since my first experience in house parties I have yielded weakly to my wife's importunities on several hundred similar occasions. Some of these visits have been fairly enjoyable. Sleep is sometimes possible. Servants are not always neglectful. Discretion in the matter of food and drink is conceivable, even if not probable, and occasionally one meets congenial people.

As a rule, however, all the hypocrisies of society are intensified threefold when people are thrown into the enforced contact of a Sunday together in the country; but the artificiality and insincerity of smart society is far less offensive than the pretentiousness of mere wealth.

Not long ago I attended a dinner given on Fifth Avenue the invitation to which had been eagerly awaited by my wife. We were asked to dine informally with a middle-aged couple who for no obvious reason have been accepted as fashionable desirables. He is the retired head of a great combination of capital usually described as a trust. A canopy and a carpet covered the sidewalk outside the house. Two flunkies in cockaded hats stood outside the door, and in the hall was a line of ten liveried lackeys. Four maids helped my wife remove her wraps and arrange her hair.

In the salon where our hostess received us were hung pictures representing an outlay of nearly two million dollars—part of a collection the balance of which these people keep in their house in Paris; for they are not content with one mansion on Fifth Avenue and a country house on Long Island, but own a palace overlooking the Bois de Boulogne and an enormous estate in Scotland. They spend less than ten weeks in New York, six more in the country, and the rest of the year abroad.

The other male guests had all amassed huge fortunes and had given up active work. They had been, in their time, in the thick of the fray. Yet these men, who had swayed the destinies of the industrial world, stood about awkwardly discussing the most trivial of banalities, as if they had never had a vital interest in anything.

Then the doors leading into the dining room were thrown open, disclosing a table covered with rosetrees five feet in height, in full bloom, and a concealed orchestra began to play. There were twenty-four seats and a footman for each two chairs, besides two butlers, who directed the service. The dinner consisted of hors-d'œuvre and grapefruit, turtle soup, fish of all sorts, elaborate entrées, roasts, breasts of plover served separately with salad, and a riot of ices and exotic fruits.

Throughout the meal the host discoursed learnedly on the relative excellences of various vintages of champagne and the difficulty of procuring cigars suitable for a gentleman to smoke. It appeared that there was no longer any wine—except a few bottles in his own cellar—which was palatable or healthy. Even coffee was not fit for use unless it had been kept for six years! His own cigars were made to order from a selected crop of tobacco he had bought up entire. His cigarettes, which were the size of small sausages, were prepared from specially cured leaves of plants grown on "sunny corners of the walls of Smyrna." His Rembrandts, his Botticellis, his Sir Joshuas, his Hoppners, were little things he had picked up here and there, but which, he admitted, were said to be rather good.

The Gentle Art of Killing Time

Soon all the others were talking wine, tobacco and Botticelli as well as they could, though most of them knew more about coal, cotton or creosote than the subjects they were affecting to discuss.

This, then, was success! To flounder helplessly in a mire of artificiality and deception to The Tales of Hoffmann!

If I were asked what was the object of our going to such a dinner I could only answer as did my wife on the occasion previously referred to, that it was in order to be invited to others of the same kind. Is it for this we labor and worry—that we scheme—that we debase ourselves and lose our self-respect? Is there no wine good enough for my host? Can such arrogance go on without a blast of fire from Heaven?

There was a time not so very long ago when this same man was thankful enough for a slice of meat and a chunk of bread carried in a tin pail—contented with the comfort of an old brier pipe filled with cut plug and smoked in a sunny corner of the factory yard. Sunny corners of the walls of Smyrna!

It is a fine thing to assert that here in America we have, "out of a democracy of opportunity," created "an aristocracy of achievement." The phrase is stimulating and perhaps truly expresses the spirit of our energetic and ambitious country; but an aristocracy of achievement is truly noble only when the achievements themselves are fine. What are the achievements that win our applause, for which we bestow our decorations in America? Do we honor most the men who truly serve their generation? Or do we fawn, rather, on those who merely serve themselves?

It is a matter of pride with us—frequently expressed in disparagement of our European contemporaries—that we are a nation of workers; that to hold any position in the community every man must have a job or otherwise lose caste; that we tolerate no loafing. We do not conceal our contempt for the chap who fails to go down every day to the office or business. Often, of course, our ostentatious workers go down, but do very little work. We feel somehow that every man owes it to the community to put in from six to ten hours of activity below the residential district.

Young men who have inherited wealth are as chary of losing one hour as their elders. The busy millionaire sits at his desk all day, his ear to the telephone. We assume that these men are useful because they are busy; but in what does their usefulness consist? What are they busy about? They are setting an example of mere industry, perhaps—but to what end? Simply, in seven cases out of ten, in order to get a few dollars or a few millions more than they have already. Their exertions have no result except to enable their families to live in even greater luxury.

I know at least fifty men, fathers of families, whose homes might radiate kindliness and sympathy and set an example of wise, generous and broad-minded living, who, already rich beyond their needs, rush downtown before their children have gone to school, pass hectic, nerve-racking days in the amassing of more money, and return after their little ones have gone to bed, too utterly exhausted to take the slightest interest in what their wives have been doing or in the pleasure and welfare of their friends.

These men doubtless give liberally to charity, but they give impersonally, not generously; they are in reality utterly selfish, engrossed in the enthralling game of becoming more successful men, sacrificing their homes, their families and their health—for what? To get on; to better their position; to push in among those others who, simply because they have outstripped the rest in the matter of filling their own pockets, are hailed with acclamation.

It is a grimly humorous condition of things—is it not?—in which people presumably of ordinary common sense point with pride and envy to those of their number who are now rich and "in society," and who heretofore "didn't have a cent." It is pathetic to see intelligent, capable men bending their energies, not to leading wholesome, serviceable lives but to gaining a slender foothold among those who are far less worthy of emulation than themselves and with whom they have nothing whatsoever in common except a despicable ambition to display their wealth and to demonstrate that they have "social position."

In what we call the Old World—though it is as new as ours—a man's social desirability is a matter of fixed classification; that is to say, his presumptive abilities and qualifications to amuse and be amused; to hunt, fish and shoot; to ride, dance and make himself agreeable—are known from the start. And, based on the premise that what is known as society exists simply for the purpose of enabling people to have a good time, there is far more reason to suppose that one who comes of a family which has made a specialty of this pursuit for several hundred years is better endowed by Nature for that purpose than one who has made a million out of a patent medicine or a lucky speculation in industrial securities.

America's House of Lords

The great manufacturer or chemist in England or Germany, the clever inventor, the astute banker, the successful merchant, have their due rewards; but, except in obvious instances, they are not presumed to have acquired incidentally to their material prosperity the arts of playing billiards, shooting game on the wing, entertaining a house party or riding to hounds. Occasionally one of them becomes by special favor of the sovereign a baronet; but, as a rule, unless driven to bay by the lion hunters, he continues to pursue the even tenor of his way in the laboratory, counting house, factory or workshop.

His so-called social position is not affected by his business success, and there is no reason why it should be. He may make a fortune out of a new process, but he invites the same people to dinner, frequents the same club and enjoys himself in just about the same way as he did before. His newly acquired wealth is not regarded as in itself likely to make him a more congenial dinner-table companion or any more delightful at five-o'clock tea.

The aristocracy of England and the Continent is not an aristocracy of achievement but of the polite art of killing time pleasantly. Yet it can at least be said for it that its founders, however their descendants may be regarded, gained their original titles and positions by virtue of their services to their king and country.

However, with a strange perversity due perhaps to our having the Declaration of Independence crammed down our throats as children—we in America seem obsessed with an ambition to create a social aristocracy, loudly proclaimed as founded on achievement, which, in point of fact, is based on nothing but the possession of money. The achievement that most certainly lands one among the crowned heads

of the American nobility is admittedly the achievement of having acquired in some way or other about five million dollars; and it is immaterial whether its possessor got it by hard work, inheritance, marriage, grand larceny or the invention of a porous plaster.

These people are in society not on account of their personal qualities, or even on account of the excellence of their various wares—which, in truth, may be a real boon to mankind—but because they have that most imperative of all necessities, ready cash. The achievement by which they have become aristocrats is not the kind of achievement that should have entitled them to the distinction which is theirs. They are received and entertained for no other reason whatever save that they can receive and entertain in return. Their bank accounts are at the disposal of the other aristocrats—and so are their houses, automobiles and yachts. The brevet of nobility—by achievement—is conferred upon them, and the American people read of their comings and goings, their balls, dinners and other festivities with consuming and reverent interest.

Most dangerously significant of all is the fact that, so long as the applicant for social honors has the money, the method by which he got it, however reprehensible, is usually overlooked. That a man is a thief, so long as he has stolen enough, does not impair his desirability.

Yet we continue with entire unconcern to eat the dinners that have, as it were, been abstracted from the dinner-pails of the poor. I cannot conduct an investigation into the business history of every man who asks me to his house. And even if I know he has been a crook I cannot afford to stir up an unpleasantness by attempting in my humble way to make him feel sorrow for his misdeeds. If I did I might find myself alone—deserted by the rest of the aristocracy who are concerned less with his morality than with the vintage of his wine and the *dot* he is going to give his daughter.

The methods by which a newly rich American purchases a place among our aristocracy are simple and direct. He does not storm the inner citadel of society, but ingratiates himself with its lazy and easy-going outposts.

Getting in With the Right People

He rents a house in a fashionable country suburb of New York, opens a branch of his Western business in the city, and goes in and out of town on the fashionable special. He soon learns the professional people who mingle in smart society. These he bribes to receive him and his family. He buys land and retains the smart lawyer to draw his deeds and attend to the transfer of title.

He engages a fashionable architect to build his house, and a society young lady who has gone into landscape gardening to lay out his grounds. He cannot work the game through his dentist or plumber, but he sends for the swell local medical man and lets him treat an imaginary illness or two. He has his wife's portrait painted by an artist who makes a living off just such people as they are, and in exchange gets an invitation to drop in to tea at the studio. He buys broken-winded hunters from the hunting set, decrepit ponies from the polo players, and stone griffins for the garden from the local sculptress.

A couple of hundreds here, a couple of thousands there, and he and his wife are dining out among the people who run things. Once he gets a foothold, the rest is by comparison easy. The bribes merely become bigger and more direct. He gives a landing to the yacht club, a silver mug for the horse show, and an altar rail to the church. He entertains wisely and, at first, not too well—gracefully discarding the doctor, lawyer, architect and artist as soon as they are no longer necessary. He has, of course, already opened an account with the fashionable broker who lives near him, and insured his life with a well-known insurance man, his neighbor.

He also plays poker daily with them on the train. He achieves the Stock Exchange crowd without difficulty and moves on up into the banking set composed of trust company presidents, millionaires who have nothing but money, and the élite of the stockbrokers and bond men who handle their private business.

The family are by this time "going almost everywhere"; and in a year or two, if the money holds out, they can buy themselves into the inner circles. It is only necessary to take a villa at Newport and spend about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the course of the season. The walls of the city will fall down flat if the golden trumpet blows but mildly. And then, there they are—right in the middle of the champagne, clambakes and everything else! They are invited to sit with the choicest of America's nobility on golden chairs—supplied from New York at one dollar per—watching nymphs leap in and out of fountains and costumed mummers with crowned heads stalk gravely round amid a flower garden of electric lights, to the strains of the most expensive music and the subdued popping of distant corks.

The Call of the Golden Trumpet

In this social Arabian Nights' dream, however, you will find no sailors or soldiers, no great actors or writers, no real poets or artists, no genuine statesmen. The nearest you will get to any of these is the millionaire senator, the gilded youth who has acquired a seat in Congress as a by-product of his wealth and regards it somewhat as he does a shooting box, or the amateur decorators and portrait painters who, by making capital of their acquaintance, get a living out of society. You will find no real people among this crowd of intellectual children.

The time has not yet come in America when the woman in smart society cares or dares to invite to her table men and women whose only merit is that they have done something worth while. She is not sufficiently sure of her own place. She must continue all her social life to be seen only with the "right people." In England her position would be secure and she could summon whom she would to dine with her; but in New York we have to be careful lest, by asking to our houses some distinguished actor or novelist, people might think we did not know that we should select our social friends, not for what they are but for what they have.

In a word, the viciousness of our social hierarchy lies in the fact that it is based solely upon material success. We have no titles of nobility; but we have kings of finance, merchant princes and coal barons. The very catchwords of our slang tell the story. The achievement of which we boast as the foundation of our aristocracy is indeed ignoble; but, since there is no other, we and our sons, and their sons after them, will probably continue to struggle—and perhaps steal—to prove, to the satisfaction of ourselves and the world at large, that we are entitled to be received into the nobility of America not by virtue of our good deeds, but of our so-called success. We would not have it otherwise.

We should cry out against any serious attempt, outside of the pulpit, to alter or readjust an order that enables us to buy for money a position of which we would be otherwise undeserving. It would be most discouraging to us to have substituted for the present arrangement a society in which the only qualifications for admittance were those of charm, wit, culture, good breeding and good sportsmanship.

What would there be to live for if we did not know that toward the end of the burden and heat of our life's long day we could draw our check in payment for a country house on Long Island, a place at Newport or Bar Harbor, an apartment with seven bathrooms overlooking Central Park, a parterre box at the opera house, and assume the place among the other aristocrats that is rightfully ours by achievement?

Editor's Note—This is the second chapter of confessions of a successful man. The third will appear in an early issue.

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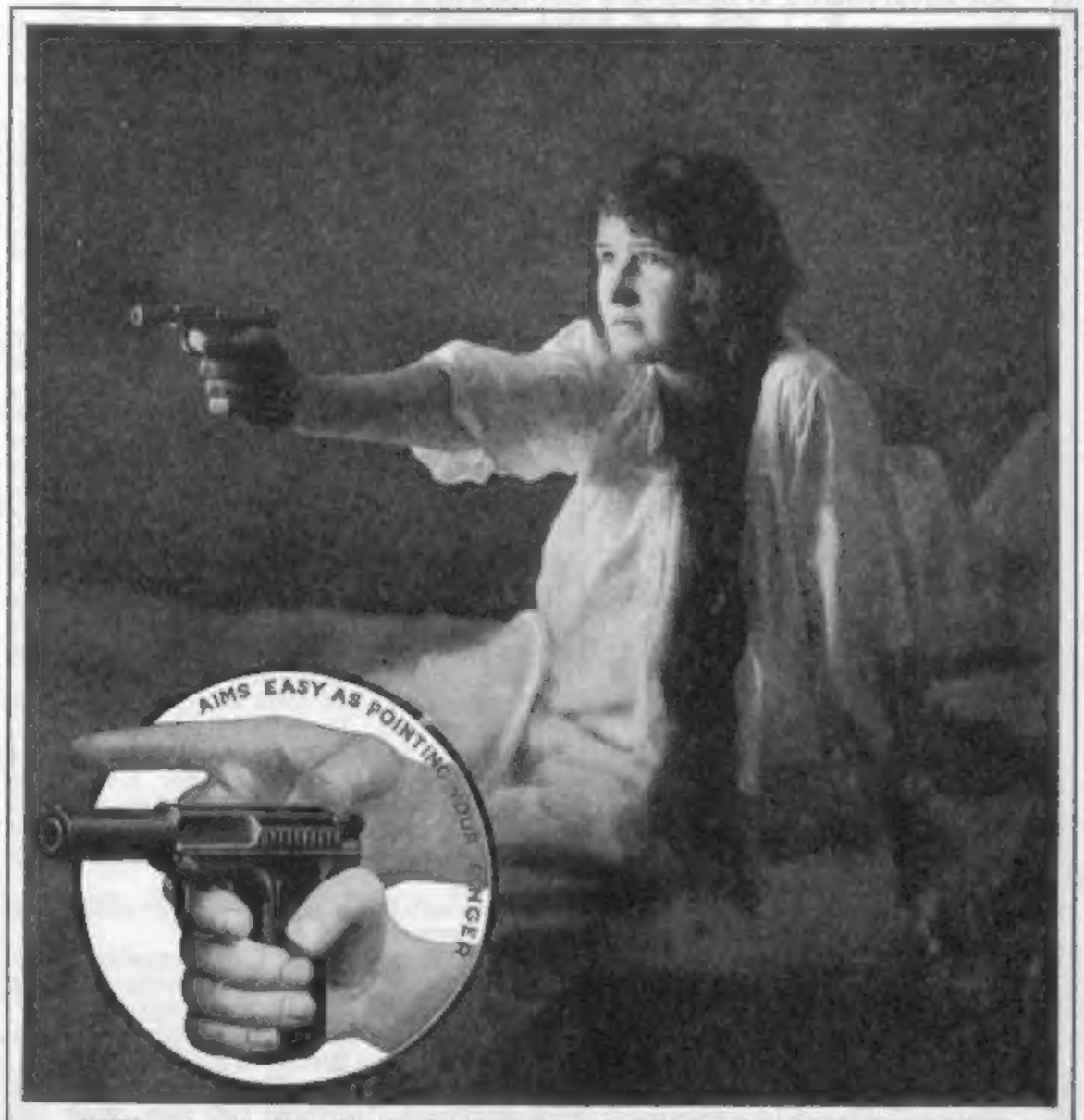

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AN AMIABLE CHARLATAN

(Continued from Page 19)

you would rob those with less brains than yourself. When half your capital was gone, this Hammersmith bank robbery was planned and took place. You were the only one caught and you held your tongue like a man; but, all the same, you were used as a catspaw."

"In what way?" Stanley asked softly.

"You all three had revolvers; you all three arranged that they should be uncharged. Cartridges were put into yours without your knowledge. You held up your revolver and pressed the trigger, believing it to be empty. The others knew better. You shot the bank manager and in the stupefaction that followed you became an easy captive. The others escaped."

Stanley moved a little on his feet. His lips were slightly parted, his eyes fixed upon Mr. Bundercombe.

"What story is this you are telling me?" he muttered.

"A true one!" Mr. Bundercombe continued. "Now listen! The total amount in possession of your two confederates when you went into prison was under a thousand pounds. You heard from them periodically as struggling paupers. Harding met you out of prison. He was almost in rags. They were at the end of their resources, he told you. He gave you a hundred pounds, to procure which, he assured you with tears in his eyes, they had almost beggared themselves. It was to enable you to leave the country and make a fresh start.

"You were even grateful. You shook him by the hand. You left him at the hotel at Southampton only an hour before you got my telegram."

"What of it?" Stanley asked.

"Nothing, except this," Mr. Bundercombe concluded: "Your two partners were so scared at the result of the Hammersmith affair and at your sentence that they turned over a new leaf. They went into business as outside stockbrokers—with your capital. The agreement as to a third profits was still in force. They had what I can describe only as the devil's own luck. I should say their total capital today is at least fifty thousand pounds.

"The time came for you to be released. They had no idea of parting with a third of their money and taking you into the business. All the time they had deceived you. They continued the deception. Harding met you as a poor man. But for me you would have been on your way to South Africa by this time, with a hundred pounds in your pocket."

"Is what you are telling me the truth?" Stanley demanded.

"Absolutely!" Mr. Bundercombe declared. "I stumbled across the truth in making inquiries concerning you and your probable future. I had meant, as a matter of fact, to put up a little money of my own to give you a fresh start. In the course of these inquiries I happened to run across a young woman who had been a typist in Harding's office. It was from her I learned the truth. As he rose in the world Harding seems to have treated the girl badly. A little kindness and a little attention on my part, and I learned the truth. She placed me in possession of the whole story after we had lunched together today."

Stanley at last took the chair he had so long refused. He sat with his arms folded.

"And I kept my mouth closed!" he muttered. "It was their job. I would no more have pulled the trigger of my revolver than I would have shot myself—if I had known. It was they who put the cartridges there!"

He sat for a moment quite still. Mr. Bundercombe rang the bell.

"The gentlemen I am expecting," he said, "will be here in a moment. You can show them in directly they arrive."

The man bowed and withdrew. Mr. Bundercombe turned to his visitor.

"I have made the acquaintance," he continued, "of these two men, your late partners—sought them out and made it purposely. They are coming here to see me tonight. They fancy that it is just a friendly call. They know that I have money to invest. I have even made use of them, employed them to buy for me bonds of my own choosing. They think it is an affair of a little business chat, perhaps, and a restaurant supper. Pull yourself together, Stanley! Go into that corner, behind the curtain. Wait your time!"

Stanley rose slowly to his feet. His face was drawn as though with pain.

"It isn't so much the money," he muttered "only I thought—I fancied they would have been there to meet me, to shake me by the hand, to stay with me! And they wanted to push me off out of the country!"

He opened his lips a little wider and swore, softly but vindictively. Then the bell rang. Mr. Bundercombe hastened to push him out of sight. We heard the sound of strange voices in the hall. When the door was opened it was obvious that the whole house was lit up. From somewhere in the distance came the soft music of a piano.

Mr. Harding and Mr. Densmore were announced. I looked at them curiously. They were both most correctly dressed in evening clothes. They both had somehow the hard expression of worldly men, tempered not altogether pleasantly by symptoms of good living. They greeted Mr. Bundercombe with bluff heartiness. He gave them each a hand.

"Now, my friends," he said, "welcome to my house! Paul," he added, turning to me, "let me introduce my two friends, Mr. Harding and Mr. Densmore—Mr. Paul Walmsley. Mr. Walmsley has just been returned for the western division of Bedfordshire."

They greeted me with more than affability. Mr. Harding assured me he had read my speeches. Mr. Densmore thought no one was more to be envied than a man who had the gifts that secured for him a seat in Parliament.

"It's early yet," Mr. Bundercombe declared genially. "Let's sit down. Tell me a little about English business. It interests me. You bought those Chilean bonds all right, I see. They are up an eighth tonight."

"A good purchase, Mr. Bundercombe," Mr. Harding assured him; "a very good purchase! After all, though, there's not much money to be made out of those government things. Now we've a little affair of our own—what do you say, Densmore?" he broke off, looking toward his partner. "We could afford to let Mr. Bundercombe come in a little way with us, I think?"

Mr. Densmore nodded.

"Not more than five," he said warningly. "Remember what you promised the Rothschild people."

Mr. Harding nodded and crossed his knees. He lit a cigar from the box Mr. Bundercombe passed round.

"This sounds interesting!" the latter remarked. "I dare say Mr. Walmsley, too, has a little spare money for investment."

Mr. Densmore sighed, though his eyes were brightening.

"It's too good a thing," he explained confidentially, "to let the world into. Between ourselves, there's a fortune in it, and we want to keep it among our friends."

He drew a dummy prospectus from his vest pocket and began a long-winded recital of some figures in which I was not particularly interested. Mr. Bundercombe, however, appeared to be greatly impressed by what he heard.

"Gentlemen," he said, "there's just one little thing: American business methods and English are different in one respect. In my country we've got a sort of official guide that tells us exactly whom we are dealing with and what their means are. Now I know you are good fellows and it seems to me I'll be glad to go into this little affair with you; but we are strangers financially, aren't we? Now if you were Americans I should say to you: 'What's your rating?' and you'd tell me, because you'd know that I could look it up in a business guide in ten minutes."

"Perfectly sound," Mr. Harding admitted—"perfectly! Neither my partner nor I have anything to conceal. Last Christmas we were worth just over sixty thousand pounds and since then we've made a bit."

"You've no other partner?" Mr. Bundercombe inquired.

"Certainly not!" Mr. Harding replied.

"Then what about our friend Stanley?" Mr. Bundercombe asked quietly.

Almost as he spoke Stanley walked into the middle of the little group. I have never in the whole course of my life seen two men so thoroughly and entirely amazed. Mr. Harding dropped his cigar on the carpet, where he let it remain. They stared at Stanley as though they were looking upon a ghost. Both men seemed somehow to have lost their confident bearing—seemed to have shrunken into smaller, less assertive, meaner beings.

"Sixty thousand pounds," Mr. Bundercombe went on—"one-third of which belongs to Stanley here."

"Absurd!" Harding faltered.

"Nothing—nothing of the sort!" Densmore declared.

Mr. Bundercombe very carefully lit another cigar. Then he rang the bell. Harding rose to his feet. He was not looking in the least like the sleek, opulent gentleman who had entered the room a few minutes before.

"What's that for?" he demanded, pointing to the bell.

The door was already opened. Mr. Bundercombe indicated the young lady who stood upon the threshold—the lady with whom he had been lunching that day at Prince's.

"I only wished to have the pleasure," Mr. Bundercombe explained, "of presenting you two gentlemen—Mr. Harding especially—to this young lady."

"Blanche!" Mr. Harding exclaimed.

Mr. Densmore muttered something under his breath.

"My dear Miss Blanche," said Mr. Bundercombe, moving toward the door, "I will not ask you to stay, as our interview is scarcely, perhaps, a pleasant one. I simply wished you to show yourself so that Mr. Harding and his friend might understand how useless certain denials on their part would be. My servant will now place you in a taxi; and if you will do me the honor of calling here at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning I think I can promise you a satisfactory termination to this little affair."

The girl patted him on the shoulder.

"That's all right, Bundy!" she declared. "I hope you'll take me out to lunch again! As for him," she added, her eyebrows coming together and looking toward Harding, "perhaps he'll understand now how well it pays to be a liar!"

She turned round and left the room amid a stricken silence. Mr. Bundercombe came back to his place.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I will be brief with you. It has given me the utmost pleasure to arrange this little meeting on behalf of my friend, Mr. Stanley. In the room on the other side of the passage is waiting my lawyer, who will draw up a renewal of your partnership deed with Mr. Stanley upon terms that we can discuss amicably. In the room behind this is waiting a particular friend of mine—Mr. Cullen, a detective.

"Remember," Mr. Bundercombe added, his voice suddenly very stern and threatening, "that through all the years that man—your rightful partner—has been in prison, through all the agony of his trial, the humiliation of his sentence, the name of neither one of you has passed his lips! Is it your wish that the truth shall now be told?"

They shrank back. Harding was pale to the lips. Densmore was shivering.

"Very well, gentlemen," Mr. Bundercombe concluded. "If I send for the lawyer Mr. Cullen can go. If you choose Mr. Cullen the lawyer can go."

Mr. Harding moistened his lips with his tongue.

"We will make an arrangement," he said. "We have been wrong. Now that I see you here, Stanley," he continued, looking up with the first show of courage either of them had exhibited, "I am ashamed! It was a dirty trick! Forget it! After you were lagged we decided to turn over a new leaf and be honest. We've been honest—inside the law, at any rate—and we've made money. Come and take your share of it and forgive!"

"We were brutes!" Densmore agreed.

They were both bending over Stanley. Somehow or other his hands stole out to them. Mr. Bundercombe and I strolled outside.

"You might tell Mr. Cullen that we shall not require him this evening," Mr. Bundercombe instructed the butler. "Bring a bottle of champagne, and tell the gentlemen from Wymans & Wymans and his clerk that we shall be ready for them in ten minutes."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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